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**The North Mountain
as seen from
Tommy Taylor's Hill**

*After a water color by
J. Wesley Little, in the
collection of the author*

The North Mountain
as seen from
Tommy Taylor's Hill

There is a water table of
a. B. 1875. 1875. in the
collection of the author



North Mountain Mementos

Legends and Traditions Gathered In Northern Pennsylvania

By HENRY W. SHOEMAKER
(Author of "Black Forest Souvenirs," Etc.)



*Incipit ex illo montes Apulia notos
Ostentari mihi.*

—Q. Horatius Flaccus

Altoona, Pennsylvania

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To the Memory of
Colonel and Mrs. R. B. Ricketts
of "Ganoga House"

*who more than any other persons
strove to preserve the scenic beauties
of the North Mountain, this book is
dedicated with the respect and appre-
ciation of the compiler.*

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"Fair are thy sunset hues, thy dark brown blessing,
O mountain! with their gift of golden rays;
And the few floating clouds, thy crest caressing,
Seem guardian angels to my raptured gaze."

—J. T. Worthington.

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PREFACE.

Most of the folk-lore contained in this volume was collected by the writer in the North Mountain Country in the course of a number of visits there during the years 1902 to 1911. Some of the legends of the North Mountain were told to the writer in other parts of the state, but as they refer to that region, they are included in the collection. The writer has endeavored to transcribe the legends exactly as he heard them from the very old people, but as in the case with his previous volumes of Pennsylvania Mountain folk-lore, he has exercised the right to change the names of persons, places, dates, etc. While he realizes that this is somewhat of a defect to the historical value of a book of this kind, there seemed to be no other course open without offending many persons now living or the relatives of those recently deceased. In fact, some of the legends would never have been told to him—notably chapter VII in the present volume—unless he had first promised to use the material with names thoroughly disguised. This collection is by no means representative of what might be gathered in the North Mountain region, and some future chronicler, with ample time to devote to it, will doubtless take up the thread and bring forth an assemblage of old tales that will become a permanent part of the historic fabric of Pennsylvania.

The compiler wishes to thank the press and public for their reception of the previous volumes of his folk-tales, this being the ninth volume of the series; a tenth volume is in preparation. He earnestly hopes that through these books a better conception of the spiritual side of the life of the older generations of Pennsylvania pioneers and backwoods people can be arrived at, and a more general appreciation of the North Mountain wonderland, its forests, wild flowers, animal and bird life and historic landmarks. The frontispiece, from a water color by J. Wesley Little, one of the leading landscape artists of Pennsylvania, conveys an impression of the North Mountain that is both impressive and pleasing and shows the noble mountain in all of its happiest moods. However, Mr. Little says that the most charming and unique view of this noble mountain is obtained from the Market Street Bridge at Williamsport; that he greatly surprised Theodore McFarland by showing it to him! Thanks are due to Captain Theodore Arter, Jr., for valuable assistance rendered in revising the proofs.

HENRY W. SHOEMAKER.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA OFFICE,

PHILADELPHIA, PA., MAY 1917.

It is to be regretted that the delay in publication of this book is due to the absence in the Army.

INTRODUCTION

Pennsylvania Folk Lore: Its Origin and Preservation

(From an address by Henry W. Shoemaker, Litt. D., delivered before the members of the Walking Club, Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, June 4, 1917.)

Recently, the *Middleburg Post*, a leading newspaper in Snyder County, published each week a list of its subscribers who had attained the age of seventy years or over. Hundreds of old people, men and women, sent in their ages, some of them close to the century mark. Most of them were born and many of them still lived in remote hamlets in the mountains of Central Pennsylvania, in the wild regions that were the last stand of the old modes of living, the final frontier of the modern complex civilization that the World War tried so hard to destroy. They were born in a day when there were still a few Indians wandering about in the mountains, spiritless old redmen who had ceased to mourn over the fair land that was once theirs. They were born in a day when a belief in ghosts and in the supernatural in general were more widely held, and when, in consequence, religion seemed much more real.

It was a day when newspapers were rarities, books were expensive, and there was no place to go at night except to gather around the inglenook. Churches even were scarce in the Pennsylvania wilderness seventy years ago. They were confined to the towns. Meth-

odism, which brought religion to the pioneers' doors, so to speak had newly arrived in the form of missionaries or circuit riders, who held the first meetings in the settlers' cabins, and then in the log school-houses.

There were long hours that would have hung heavily, passed drearily, were it not for the family story-telling. The old grandfather, or, sometimes, the great-grandfather, was always the most proficient, but sometimes a communicative neighbor would spend the evening in the home circle, bringing a new cycle of tales, or a belated traveler from a distant county, or a pedlar, or even a wandering Indian. It was a day when vast forests of tall original pines, hemlocks and hard woods surrounded the clearings; the tiny farms were literally holes chopped into the blackness of the surrounding woods, oases of sunshine. These dark, trackless wildernesses had lately been peopled with Indians "savages," they called them and were still frequented by many formidable wild beasts. The Pennsylvania lion or panther that roared as if to make the earth quake, the packs of wolves with their doleful and long-drawn-out howling, when the moon was full and the air frosty, the bull elk which trumpeted to their mates from the mountain tops, the hooting owls, the screech owls, the hoarse yelping of the foxes—all these and other strange sounds endued their possessors with an element of unreality that contributed not a little to the state of mind which ruled the backwoods people. It was only natural that from such surroundings stories of other days—of even more remarkable

peoples and animals—were eagerly sought after and always remembered.

It is safe to say that every one of the elderly readers of the *Middleburg Post*, mentioned above, brought up in the Pennsylvania highlands, has remembered one story heard in childhood, one unusual experience that should be rescued from oblivion. If the speaker could be fortunate enough to become personally acquainted with this one group of old people, he could collect enough legends of the long-ago to fill a hundred volumes at least. The pity of it is, that most of them will go to their graves with their stories unrecorded, or, in many instances, untold; for this is a grossly materialistic age in the Pennsylvania mountains. It has come to be that with the passing of the rushlight and the tallow dip, the spinning-wheel and the corner cupboard, the open fireplace and the Dutch oven, and with the coming of the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph and the automobile, there has arisen a feeling akin to shame against the old tales and the old beliefs. The younger generations, clean-shaven, fat-faced and self-sufficient, brusquely demand silence of their elders when they start to tell of the long-ago or mention such a thing as a ghost. "There can't be such things," they say in their egotism, their narrow viewpoints discarding the philosophic credulity of their religious forefather, Wesley, and regardless of such intellects as William James or Sir Oliver Lodge, who could not give up a belief in the possibility of such things.

As a result of this tyrannical suppression, the old

tales, the unrecorded history, the legendary lore of the Pennsylvania Mountains has only been kept alive *sub-rosa*, as it has with difficulty survived a terrorism almost like what was practiced on the early Christians by decadent Rome. But it is hard to wholly suppress a faith that belongs to the better, the spiritual side of mankind. It will not down. For these reasons it has lived on in every locality, in cavernous seclusion.

The speaker, in his boyhood in Clinton County, was fortunate enough to fall in with some remarkable old men. First of all was his meeting with an Indian, Isaac Steele, who from his enforced domicile on the Reservation in Cattaraugus County, New York, took it into his head to revisit the hunting-grounds of his youth. He came to the speaker's boyhood home in the fall of 1892, a venerable man of more than ninety years, with long, straight hair, and eyes undimmed by the passage of time. He was of a friendly, communicative nature, and before he left the locality had sown the seeds of the old traditions in the speaker's heart and mind. Living near the boyhood home was old John Dyce, a poet and orator, who for a short term or two attended Dickinson Seminary in Williamsport, and possessed enough education to give a classic touch to the tales he delighted in telling. With this remarkable man the speaker spent many happy days, going to the forests ostensibly to hunt, but instead sitting on a log for hours at a time to listen to some Indian story; or to the runs to fish, but instead to rest on the mossy

bank to hear a tale of witches or ghosts, with the line trailing down stream.

If it had not been for these stories, the speaker might have become a Nimrod or an angler; as it is, he never killed an animal or bird, or hardly ever caught a fish. He found, instead on these bloodless excursions, the atmosphere of the mountains, a local color for the world of romance that had actually taken place there, far more exciting than shooting a squirrel or hooking a tiny trout.

John Dyce was a typical backwoodsman of the best type of sturdy Scotch-Irish ancestry; he had rafted on the West Branch since he was ten years of age, had hunted deer and bears, could show you where the last beavers had their dam on McElhattan Run, had mingled with the Indians on the rivers, but, best of all, had listened to his elders tell the stories of theirs and earlier generations. In appearance he was a handsome man, his leonine head, keen blue eyes, clear-cut nose and mouth and flowing beard gave him an almost Roman look of distinction, which was further emphasized by his full six feet of stature. But he was simple and kindly as a child; he drifted along with life's current, and as he grew older he felt more strongly that the old days, the wild days, "before the railroad came," as he put it, were by far the best.

Another friend of those days was Thomas Simcox, a subtler type of mind, for he was eternally ranging through the mountains prospecting for minerals, coal, fire clay, iron ore, marble, anything, in fact, that might

be found in paying quantities. He had been brought up by the Indians on Nichols' Run, in Lycoming County, having played as a boy with the fair and fragile Shawana, the last Indian girl in the West Branch Valley; he knew the medicinal properties of all the herbs, and, incidentally, learned many curious traditions which he loved to recount in his latter days. Personally, he was a handsome, black-bearded man of the pioneer type, of the same Scotch-Irish stock that had produced his colleague, John Dyce.

On many occasions the speaker tramped for miles or days with this old prospector, on one or two occasions penetrating as far as Morris, in Tioga County—not in the hopes of finding a mineral treasure trove, but all the way garnering a treasure chest of greater value to him of tales of the long-vanished past.

Then there was Seth Fredell Nelson, probably the greatest Pennsylvania hunter of his day and generation, slayer of 2,000 deer, 100 elks, besides hundreds of panthers, wild cats, wolves, beavers, fishers, martens, wolverenes and other names rare in the list of Pennsylvania *fauna*.

This grand old man was an encyclopedia of woodcraft. It was a delight to sit with him on summer afternoons on the little board bench which stood between two red maple trees on the bank of the Sinnemahoning—it had not been polluted by the Austin paper mills in those good days, and flowed as clear as crystal—listening to the old Nimrod tell of his adventures of the chase, his epic as clear and durable as that

of the Ancient Bard in "The Lays of the Deer Forest," who sang of "wolves and roes and elks." Those were halcyon days, for the end of these grand reminiscences was never reached.

It was with Dyce and Simcox and Nelson and others of this type, and some splendid old ladies as well—Mrs. Anna Stabley, of Clinton County, for instance—that the speaker first absorbed what later became his stock of Pennsylvania folk-lore. At first the stories were listened to for the enjoyment of the moment. There was no thought of writing them down or preserving them. During the speaker's last two years in preparatory school he edited a school paper, and when "copy" was lacking on several occasions he attempted to transcribe some of the old legends from memory, to "fill in." They were not very brilliant attempts and attracted no attention. No further efforts were made until his third year in college—at Columbia in New York City—when a "daily theme" course was given. The juniors were expected to write daily a composition on some subject of supposed interest, the length of a sheet of foolscap paper, and submit it to the then Professor of Rhetoric, Dr. George R. Carpenter. For want of subjects, the old Pennsylvania stories were drawn on, and to the writer's surprise they were praised by the Professor. "Go on with them," he said; "you have found an original field."

With this encouragement he should have gone on, but after leaving college, business responsibilities put them out of his way again for two or three years.

Then came a period of many railway journeys when the thoughts would range to the days spent in the wild mountains. The desire came to write, and write he did, on the trains, in the evenings, at any spare time. And he has been writing down the tales heard in early boyhood and those collected in later years, despite business and other cares of many different kinds. Though he will never be able to collect with system, like, for example, to interview one by one the aged readers of the *Middleburg Post*, time is too limited, yet the joy of gathering legends is so great that he must pursue it to the end. And it is more than a pastime—it is a spiritual necessity. It is the inner life's history of the Pennsylvania mountain people. It is interesting to collect and valuable to preserve.

Of late years the speaker has been most concerned in tracing the origins of the different tales, connecting them with earlier traditions of the North of Ireland, of Scotland, of England, of the Palatinate and France. On many occasions he noticed that the stories resembled tales of Irish or Scottish history. One tale was almost identical with a Caledonian legend—"The Wolf of Strath Glass"—recorded in J. F. Campbell's "Popular Tales of the West Highlands." It is the story of Mrs. Mike McClure, of Wayne Township, Clinton County. This estimable woman had gone to a neighbor's to borrow a Dutch oven. Having secured it, and on her way home, she stopped to talk with a friend, Mrs. Jake Simcox, who resided on the bank of the river. She heard a scraping sound by her side, and,

looking around, saw the head of a brown wolf appearing from a pile of rocks. Quick as a flash she seized the Dutch oven, which had on the top an iron circular handle, and bringing it down, crushed the wolf's skull. She carried the carcass home, where her husband skinned it, and it was used to cover their infant, which was then in its cradle.

So much for that story. Compare it to the following, which is quoted word for word from James E. Harting's well-known account of the wolves of Scotland in "Extinct British Animals": "Another story is on record of a wolf killed by a woman of Cre-Cebhan, near Strui, on the north side of the Strath Glass. She had gone to Strui to borrow a girdle (a thick, circular plate of iron, with an iron loop handle at one side for lifting, and used for baking bread). Having procured it, and being on her way home, she sat down upon an old cairn to rest and gossip with a neighbor, when suddenly a scraping of stones and rustling of leaves were heard, and the head of a wolf protruded from a crevice at her side. Instead of fleeing in alarm, however, she dealt him such a blow on the skull with the full swing of her iron discus, that it brained him on the stone which served for his emerging head."

This emphasizes the words of the late Andrew Lang, which were somewhat like this: "Superstitions are very much the same, despite varying climes and creeds." This story is probably centuries old, and similar occurrences have revived its details in the minds of the old people in the Pennsylvania wilds.

J. R. Ramsey, of Treaster Valley, Mifflin County, relates how when his grandfather was a boy, about eighty years ago, and courting the girl whom he afterwards married, he was followed one night by several black wolves. They pressed him so closely for such a long distance that he determined to ward them off in some way. Backing up against a large tree, he began throwing pieces of meat at the brutes from a basket which he carried. When it was all gone, the wolves made a closer approach, and, not knowing what else to do, he picked up a stone and began striking it against the blade of a scythe, which he was also carrying. As soon as he began this the wolves all ran away, as if scared out of their wits. The woodsman said, disgusted: "The plague take you all. If I had known you liked the sound so well, you should have had it before dinner."

This anecdote is strikingly like one of a soldier in Ireland, mentioned by J. E. Harting, in his "Extinct British Animals." It appeared that a military man, who was on his way to take passage for England, had to pass through a wood, and, being weary, sat down under a tree, opening his knapsack, which contained some victuals, and commenced to eat. Suddenly he was surprised by several wolves, which were coming toward him; he threw them some scraps of bread and cheese until it was all gone. The wolves made a closer approach to him and he knew not what to do; so he took a pair of bagpipes which he had and as soon as he began to play upon them, all the wolves ran away.

as if they had been scared out of their wits. The soldier, disgusted, cried out: "A pox take you all. If I had known you loved music so well, you should have had it before dinner."

As a result the writer scoured the second-hand book-shops and libraries for works on European folk-lore. Many interesting deductions were made and conclusions arrived at. It has become a most fascinating study. As stated previously, he is not content merely to hear a quaint story; he must seek to identify it with something that has gone before, classifying it with one that forms the bridge that carries it over the seas and makes it as old as the world.

There is nothing new in Pennsylvania folk-lore. Its antiquity is its chief charm. It comes of two sources, Indian and European. The Indian legends were told to the speaker by the redmen themselves—Indians such as Isaac Steele, Jesse Logan, the grand-nephew of James Logan, "The Mingo Orator"; Dr. Owen Jacobs, the great-grandson of Captain Jacobs, the immortal defender of Fort Kittanning; Charlie Gordon, Willie Gordon, Johnny Half-White, Betsey O'Bail, the last surviving granddaughter of Ga-Nio-Di-Euh, or The Cornplanter, and there were those related by white persons who heard them in the past from Indians of the Pennsylvania or New York Reservations. The hunting stories, the Indian-fighting stories, the ghost stories and the witch stories were told by old men and women of mixed Scotch-Irish, Palatine or Huguenot stock, and under the most delightful circum-

stances. The stories of supernatural character which are identified with some particular locality in Pennsylvania are in reality of European origin, and are so old that they are almost contemporaneous with the rocks of the Giant's Causeway, or with Stonehenge. They were thus localized in Central Pennsylvania: The first settlers who penetrated the wilderness brought with them a goodly supply of stories from their old homes in Ireland, Scotland or the Continent, the product of conditions similar to those which existed in the Pennsylvania wilds until recently. On long winter evenings they told them to their children, often omitting to lay stress on the fact that they were tales of the Old Country. When their children grew up, they recalled these fire-side stories more and more indistinctly, until when, as old people, they came to tell them to their children's children, they were less likely to dilate on their foreign origin than their parents. As a consequence, by the third or fourth generation these stories were firmly rooted in Pennsylvania soil. They happened in "the next valley," "on the hill over yonder," on the "first fork above," or at the "spring on the next farm"; for if the children demanded to know where these wonderful things occurred, as each generation of children had less "childlike faith," they had to make an effort at being explicit. When these children re-told the tales, years after, they were positive they knew where they had happened, hence Central Pennsylvania had its folk-lore just like the Father and Mother Lands. And it was a good thing that

it came to pass thus. It gave an added meaning, an unconscious charm to every mountain, brook, spring, meadow, tarn or decaying tree. It created that interest of locality which is the reason that Americans loved to travel in Europe—because every rock had its castle brimful of legends, every field was the scene of a battle, every old house had been the birthplace or the abiding place of some one great or notorious, and had its ghosts for good measure. It was not because European scenery was finer—it isn't. Family story-telling bridged over for the backwoods people an age of hard work, of little leisure, of less pleasure. But even in an age of pleasure its sudden obliteration, at least from the surface, left a palpable void in the daily life of the Pennsylvania Mountain people. True enough, there are many churches of different kinds, towns are near with gay shops and theatres, railroads carry them everywhere; yet there has been a spiritual decline. The ease with which the back fields and the mountains could be quitted for the towns begot a restlessness that has become a besetting sin. The sudden acquirement of city modes of thought have been ill-digested by rustic constitutions. "They don't believe in ghosts in town," "they never tell ghost stories," "the Indians were drunken savages"—these were slogans to close the lips of the old family story-tellers. The open fireplaces were blocked up. "They don't use them in town." The old men had to go to the country store and sit on a cracker barrel to spend the evenings; the old women had to go to bed.

At the stores everyone talked politics, or plowing, or Brother Swartz's new automobile—practical enough topics; the traveling men told funny stories, or boasted of their conquests; the old point of view became so warped it hardly could stand the strain. There was a decline in sturdy individuality with the passing of the age of romance. Everything became matter-of-fact, namely, dollars and cents, ploughshares or motor cars.

In the early days an old soldier or tinker could get a good supper and a night's lodging in a comfortable farmhouse in exchange for his stories of the long ago. If such travelers came now, they would be called tramps; and if they started to tell stories, they would be called worse than exaggerators! All this meant the spiritual decline, though apace with it the mountaineers were becoming more affluent; they enjoyed undreamed-of comforts. Those who cling to old customs and old tales seemed an incongruous part of the industrial prosperity of the past quarter of a century; they were known as "has-beens" or "old-timers."

And with this dying out of romance there was a falling off of reverence for age, of courtesy and gentleness. By this we mean the beautiful thoughtfulness of Marshal Joffre, who, during his visit to Washington, kissed the hands of an old lady who shook hands with him after he addressed the Senate, and who tipped his cap to an aged Senate door-keeper. There came—and we see it all over the State, in the plains as well as in the hills—a brusque self-assertiveness, a loudness, a domineering spirit almost Prussian in its

oppressiveness. But, despite all this, the old legends, the old tales, the old traditions, have run like an underground stream; a shallow well will bring them to the surface. They are still to be had for the asking. If you go to the elderly readers of the *Middleburg Post*, you will be well repaid. When on your jaunts, in addition to gathering wild flowers and stopping to listen to the songs of the birds or the music of a rill, or to admire some charming vista, you must stop and talk with the old people along the way. The lonelier the path, the better the legends you will find. Go to the old folks who live about Mount Zion Church, so eloquently described by your fellow-townsmen, the Honorable Robert K. Young, in his inimitable "Tales of Tioga," you will uncover all the legends you can handle. If you will but ask the old folks, you will fill your note books. They are anxious to talk if you are sincere and will be their friend.

Some tales will amuse, others will thrill, still others may clear up some mooted point in history, or serve to further confuse it. You will find some charming heroines and some splendid heroes, the peers of any in our known history or historical novels. You will marvel that things could have taken place in the Keystone State; they all happened; folk-lore is true, though but part of it originated in the cradle of the Anglo-Saxon race, the other part in the dim past of the aboriginal inhabitants of our Commonwealth.

And perhaps you will find that some so-called Anglo-Saxon or Celtic legends and some of the red-

men's legends are the same, and by them you will come close to proving that both races started out from the same point—the white men moving west, the red-men east—until they came together and misunderstanding, fought it out where Tiadaghton, or Cowanesque, or Oswayo flow.

And bear in mind that what we call history will be forgotten before oral tradition fades away. Roman history only dates to 200 years B. C. All that happened before that time was carefully preserved only to be lost. Tradition was called upon. It gave a different version of what had happened. It set up some new heroes who otherwise would not have been known and who may never have existed at all, but it stands as history today.

Who knows but that the Indian chiefs, the Indian princesses, the ghosts and witches, the borderers, the hunters of big game, the raftsmen and bark-peelers of our local folk-lore may be the demigods of the Pennsylvania history of a thousand years from now? The Quay statue in the capitol at Harrisburg may crumble like an effigy of Pompey beneath the waterfall of Tivoli. And we, the anonymous preservers of things archaic, of things hidden and mysterious, may mould the destiny of the youth of that far-off golden age in the future. It is worth the effort, come what may. Most of all, we should collect and preserve our folk-lore as a definite form of spiritual activity. It is a compliment to the grand old people who are anxious that we should hear it before they pass on. It gives

us greater pride of home and birth. It enables us to love deeper our native hills and valleys, by feeling that they were once the homes of brave and true men and women, white and red, whose lives were as highly colored as the heroes and heroines of classic antiquity—Theseus and Helen, Orpheus and Eurydice. Above all, collecting folk-lore takes us into the open, into that Fair World that "Nessmuk" sleeping on yonder hill loved so well and tried so hard to make you understand. It makes you acquainted not only with sturdy, splendid, patient people, but introduces you to blue skies, to unknown paths, where the meadow lark and the redwing haunt, where the grouse flies up, and where an occasional fox scampers by, but where exist people who are close to the pure waters of our spiritual source. It shows you the glories of hopeful sunrise, of the golden hour, and far more golden sunset in the lives of these old people. It gives you broad vistas of humanity and human kindness. But above all, it teaches you that to make a few more dollars than your neighbor is not everything; that there are bigger places than the office or the factory or the shop, beneath God's sky; that the simple life is the abode of lofty thoughts. It makes you feel that there is nothing permanent except truth, that river which has run unquenched since the first days of the world, bearing on its bosom, like leaves fallen from the primeval tree, the unwritten history of dim ages back, which, by your investigation and elucidation, may yet answer the Riddle of the Universe.

Pennsylvania Folk-Lore belongs to us all. It is not the product of any person or persons' imagination. It is a free field of romance for the enjoyment of us all. Go out in receptive mood into the woods and fields, along the bypaths, to the humble cabins of the old folks and collect it, friends of the Walking Club.



I. CORNPLANTER AT WYOMING.

WHEN Ga-nia-di-cuh, better known as the Cornplanter, felt that death was upon him, he was to quote the inscription upon his monument about one hundred years of age," a desire overcame him to revisit certain scenes of his younger days. It was not to his birthplace at Ganawagus on the Genesee River, nor to the region of Braddock's campaign, where he made his debut as a warrior in 1755, nor to Cherry Valley, where he quarrelled with Joseph Brandt over the massacre of 1779, nor to Fort Stanwix, where he was one of the parties to the treaty of 1784, nor to Philadelphia, the scene of his memorable visit to General Washington in 1790, but instead, he journeyed alone and on foot to the headwaters of Muncy Creek in the North Mountain. Why he should have singled out this particular locality for the last activity of his "earthly pilgrimage" has variously been ascribed. Some settlers of the baser sort averred that it was to unearth treasure buried in the mountain as a youth, but he returned to his reservation home poorer than he left it; others declared he wanted to locate some documents which would throw the boundaries of Pennsylvania into dispute, but he carried nothing with him back to Jennesedaga, except good will to all; whereas those persons, farmers and artisans of the better class, with whom he fraternized on his visit, were sure that the

purpose was solely to revive old memories, to feel again the happy days of his youth, "so soon," to use the words of Continental philosophy, "to be snuffed out in eternal night."

Though according to some of his biographers he was the recipient of a vision shortly before his death, which ordered him to destroy all the relics and mementoes which he had received from the whites—he is said to have burned a handsome belt and broken an elegantly tempered Toledo blade to bits—those who recall him on his pilgrimage to the head of Muncy Creek have evidence to the contrary, for he presented many souvenirs to his old friends among the whites, and accepted from them small tokens of regard in return. He said that the tokens would be buried with him, he wanted to be close to these reminders of the happiest days of his life. He asked one old friend to give him a newly coined shilling piece, which was done, the party supposing that he wanted it as a "keepsake." Cornplanter unsheathed an exceedingly sharp hunting knife and cut out the centre of the coin; soldering tools being handy, he welded the piece he had excised on the top of the ring, carving on it the date "1835." He then presented it to his friend, who was overjoyed to become the possessor of such a unique specimen of the aged warrior's handicraft. This ring was in the possession of the late Dr. J. M. M. Gernerdt at Muncy, when the writer first saw it in the Spring of 1901. The greater part of the famous Gernerdt collection of Indian relics is now owned by

Bucknell University at Lewisburg, and it is hoped that Cornplanter's ring has found its final lodgment there.

The Cornplanter was a remarkable, many-sided personality; his strange conduct at times was undoubtedly due to his mixed blood, for his father, as is well known, has been variously described as a Dutchman named Abeel, and an Irishman, O'Bail or O'Boyle. Cornplanter, it is said, preferred the spelling "O'Bail," and emphasized the fact that his father was familiar with the English language, though such proficiency was not infrequent among the shrewd Dutch traders of that period.

On the last evening spent in the vicinity of Muncy, the old warrior confided to his friend his conviction of early death—he had seen the Long Hunter. One evening earlier in the fall, he had prolonged his stay at his favorite sycamore tree near the old ferry which crossed the Ohe-Yu, "the Beautiful River," between Jennesedaga and Gawango, the air was so mild, and the cloud-like dusk stealing over the richly tinted landscape had a soothing effect. He had felt a gust of cold wind at the back of his neck, had looked around, and there stood the swart form of the Long Hunter, his lean lips drawn back over his wide expanse of white teeth in a fiendish sort of grin. The Cornplanter always carried his favorite rifle with him, the stock of ebony, decorated with silver ornaments, the shining lock and barrel beautifully inlaid with gold. Quick as a flash, despite his hundred years, the ancient war-

rior fired point blank at the sinister intruder. When the smoke cleared away the Long Hunter was gone, but the veteran chieftain knew that he would be dead within a twelvemonth. When he returned to his lodge-house his grandchildren asked what he had shot at. "Only a long-legged heron in the river to test my eye—but it escaped. My day is done."

Among the Senecas, as well as other tribes of Indians, and some whites, there is a belief that when a great Nimrod is to die, he is visited by the Long Hunter, a black faced, skeleton-like figure of enormous height, who wears the purple heron's wings as a headdress and carries a long spear. The Long Hunter seems to be the Scout of Death, rounding up the sheaves to be garnered by the Grim Reaper. He invariably comes up behind the victim, who is apprised of his presence by feeling a gust of icy air at the back of his neck; on turning around he beholds his Nemesis, who shows his white, horrid teeth, the emblem of approaching dissolution. Sometimes the shock of the icy blast produced chills and heavy colds, from which the victim succumbed in a few days; other times he would live on, broken in spirit, perishing before a year had elapsed. Cornplanter knew the portent of the Long Hunter, for had he not appeared shortly before to his gifted brother, Beautiful Lake, called the "Prophet," who died six days after being greeted by Death's Harbinger?

Cornplanter's doom was sealed, but he would trust that Death would favor him to the extent of allowing

him to revisit some of his earlier scenes, and breathing again in air that was the high-water mark of his existence. Though he had been described as broken, and twisted "like an aged hemlock, dead at the top, and whose branches alone are green" by a visitor to Jennesedaga about a year and a half before his demise, the old tree took on fresh life and vigor for his final journey to the realms of his youth. He spurned all bodyguards, all idea of stage coaches or packet boats; he would make the journey on foot. He was a patriarchal figure with his massive head, his shock of snow-white hair and flowing white beard. He was much stooped, but he had always given that impression, his head being set on a short neck, and more forward on his shoulders than in most persons. But despite the ruined appearance he is supposed to have had when visited by the Venango County scribe, his step was firm and elastic, his eyes clear and piercing, when he left Muncy Town for Beaver Dam Run, near where it rises from the Bald Mountain escarpment of the North Mountains.

It need not take him long to make the journey from his Reservation, men half his age would have been exhausted, but it did not seem to feaze this veteran of a dozen wars. Naturally superlatively secretive and discreet, he held the belief that a thought to be immortal must be imparted. It was therefore a grave responsibility to launch an evil thought in the world by expressing it—to send it echoing down the ages to the possible detriment of the many. But a wise thought,

a useful thought, a good thought ought to be told, else it die within the brain of its creator. Cornplanter was modest in all things; he disliked to talk about himself, to make himself a hero in any conversation, but he longed to tell a story which had rested close to his heart for almost two-thirds of a century.

It was, as such things usually are, not until the last night of his return journey down the Muncy Valley, that he found conditions just as he wished for telling his story; the young folks gone to bed, the tall clock pressing close to twelve, a good fire on the hearth, and a single old friend as sympathetic listener. Then he could reveal a side to his character that his foes would have disbelieved and his best friends never suspected. But those who would doubt unmeasured possibilities to such a soul only showed utter ignorance of the true nature of the Indians, especially the Senecas.

The whole structure of their existence was built upon a reverence for the beautiful, a romantic appreciation of the world, and man's relation to it. It is demonstrated to-day on the Cornplanter Reservation by a group of men and women, keenly sympathetic and sensitive to art, music and poetical lore. Cornplanter was one of those deep, introspective natures that find much pleasure and pain from their thoughts, natures given to long hours of musing, during which time they lose all connection with their bodily selves and live amid the episodes of their mental existence. To such natures come certain grand impressions, striking chords that ever reverberate through the

years, that time cannot dull, and the stress of life only make more intense. Impressions that they feel ante-date birth and will survive the grave. The power of such thoughts makes them beings apart from their fellows, dwellers in a land to which only the spiritually-elect can penetrate. Hence the lowliness complained of by such natures, even amid "crowded hours of glorious life" that would seem to gratify all the soul's wildest cravings. Underneath it all, some hidden memory, relating mayhap to some seemingly trivial incident, will regulate the spiritual existence of the haunted soul.

Therefore Cornplanter, as the clock ticked loud in the dark, silent house, that had once been a fort for protection against the redmen in the stirring days of '11 and '18, felt all the pangs and surging of hot blood, such as he had not for years, when venturing to repeat for the first time an incident of his life, wherein his participation in the foul massacre of Wyoming was for the first time fully explained. History only by inference connects him with that bloody event, the Indian outrages of which were presided over by that cruel savage, Ge-en-quah-toh, "He-Who-Goes-in-the-Smoke," or, literally translated, The Skulker, and in which some histories claim Joseph Brandt was also a participant.

According to Cornplanter, when Colonel John Butler's force of British, Tories, Indians, and half-breeds descended upon the Wyoming Valley, they were unaware of the meagreness of the force that would op-

pose them. They should have realized that all the able-bodied men were at the front fighting for American liberty, but their thirst for a speedy and impressive victory clouded such comparatively unimportant items as ascertaining the strength of the garrisons. Had he known their weakness, Colonel Butler would never have trusted his Indian allies to accompany him. Cornplanter, one of the chiefs-in-command of the Indians with the expedition, it was a motley crowd of redmen, though they were mostly of the Seneca and Cayuga tribes, determined the night before the fatal incursion into the valley to reconnoiter the situation. It was a dark night, and the Chief, taking advantage of it, slipped away from the encampment on the mountain at the head of the valley and was soon in the region of the forts and blockhouses. Some of these were private dwellings transformed; others, like Forty Fort, were built especially for the purpose of defense. The first house at the foot of the mountain, a large, square, stone manorial-looking structure, attracted Cornplanter's attention. It stood on an island in the Lackawanna at its confluence with the Susquehanna near the Iron Mines, and was connected with the mainland by two arched stone bridges. "It must be the home of persons of quality," the redman thought, "the first place to be ransacked in the morning."

It was a dark and forbidding spot, more like a fortress than a mansion. The windows were all heavily boarded, with here and there musketry loop-holes cut in for the dual purpose of ventilation and defense.

Several fierce-looking dogs roamed at large on the island, yelping and barking as if continually aware of the presence of intruders. There were high gates on the island end of both bridges; a visitor must wade the stream to approach the island, and as all the timber was cut away, he would be an easy target for bullets by day and the noisy dogs at night. The wily Indian was not to be baffled. He walked up the creek for about half a mile, to where another stream emerged from a mountain gorge, a foaming torrent, where he was safe from being winded by the watchful hounds. Then he waded into the middle of the current and walked down stream until he reached the upper end of the island. The dogs meanwhile had scented a fox on the shore and had run to the extreme lower point of the island in their eagerness to be at it. This gave the Indian his opportunity, and he strode boldly to the rear door of the castle. The door was too heavily barricaded to tear down without arousing the inmates. He rested his rifle against the house, climbed on the barricade and lifted himself up on the roof. There he found a hatchway, which he pried open without making any noise. In an instant he was on the staircase leading to the gallery which ran around the upper story and looked down on the main floor. Everything was quiet, except a tall clock ticking directly under where he stood leaning over the balustrade. There was some kind of a reflected light below, which he soon discovered came from the rosy embers of a fire in the huge open fireplace. All the doors which led

out on the gallery were closed, no lights came from beneath them. If anyone in the house was up and stirring and on guard, he would find them near the fireplace.

It had been a raw, cold day; no doubt the watchman liked a little blaze apart from its air of cheer. After accustoming himself to the surroundings, and reasoning out his course of action, Cornplanter turned and descended the great staircase. Used as he was to travel noiselessly in the forest, his moccasins gave out no echoes on the pliant walnut steps. He reached the great hall on the ground floor without betraying himself. He strode across the floor towards the mantel, knob kerrie and pistol in hand. Then, to his surprise, he found himself staring into the face of a very attractive young woman, wearing a dark green, almost black, velvet gown, who sat in a dark corner of the big New England settee by the inglenook, her tiny feet in high-heeled slippers resting on a stool supported by stag's horns. The last flicker of the embers gave a ruddy tint to her face and to his, or was it mutual surprise? Ga-nio-di-cuh signifies Handsome Lake, and The Cornplanter did not bely his name. He was then in the prime of life, several years under forty, a magnificent specimen of robust manhood. He was of considerably more than the middle height, powerfully muscled, his well-shaped head was of ample proportions, his neck full, his nose aquiline, the deepset eyes were of a peculiar gray color, the eyes of his white father, his lips were thin and compressed, his

expression was serious; he was never known to smile, his chin was square and firm, where the skin was stretched tightly over high cheek bones, his abundant dark brown hair was thrown back over his high forehead, heavy silver rings dangled from his ears; his was the face of a very handsome European on the body of an Indian, for he moved and was garbed like the true redman of the frontier, except that he wore the green uniform of the Rangers.

Though both the girl and the Indian may have felt color mounting to their cheeks, in no other way did they betray their emotion at this unusual meeting. Through the mind of each flashed the idea, "Where have we met before?" They had not met previously in the forms they represented; perhaps the elements which composed them had been a part of the same form—a tree, bird, beast or a gastropod, in some dim distant period when time was just beginning, or this was a premonition to being one in some far-off time in the future, before the dark curtain falls on the last act of the universal life. Life to the believer in the Seneca philosophy is exquisite, because nothing is final; there is always a hope, what can this individual life amount to as long as universal life exists on the planet? A myriad of combinations before the end of time will give to all that which they seek. People and wishes can pass out of their lives—now, without any concern, they will regain them in a million years. That is time enough. To perfect life is worth waiting that long for—its glory will be such that it can

have no end—that is immortality. Thoughts such as these were soon running through the brain of Handsome Lake, not unusual thoughts in the Seneca philosophy—the substance of that sublime patience which superficial white men have misinterpreted as stoicism or re-incarnation, perhaps through the fair girl seated in the settee. Let us hope so. The Anglo-Saxon philosophy demands immediate attainment or despair. Yet one could see at a glance that the Countess of Strathcarne and Esk-Sutherland, born Ailsa Abadam, for such was the name of the young woman seated in the settee, was mentally no ordinary person. She was of a class apart from many of her sex, combining seriousness and courage with natural cheerfulness and poise, symbols of the developed soul.

Described by Cornplanter nearly sixty years later, she must have been extremely captivating. She was of medium height, of girlish and slender build, her eyes were of that pale-blue so noticeable in the hue of *violet bicolor*, deep and soulful; there was an aquiline curve to her fine nose, her cheek bones were high, and like those of an Indian, closed her eyes when she smiled; there was a shade of pinkness where the skin was drawn tightest on the cheeks and a corresponding whiteness in the hollows below, her chin was well rounded, and the line of the throat and neck particularly graceful, the lips were full and very red, the mouth descending at the corners in an almost scornful expression when her face was in repose, her brows were dark and arched, her forehead was hidden

beneath a mass of wavy brown hair, worn low, that showed a glint of gold when the firelight touched it. But for the lightness of her eyes, the pink and whiteness of her complexion, she might, from the general contour of her features, passed for an Indian girl of high degree. Alaquippa, Meadow Sweet, Atoka Strahan or Catherine Montour, if met with suddenly in the shadows of the forest. The image was burned into the heart of Handsome Lake, never to be effaced.

There was a long silence before either spoke, as if each feared by speaking to break the spell, or lest the other give an outcry that would put a disastrous ending to the scene. At length the young woman spoke, a brave smile on her red lips, in her gentlest tones: "Are you come from the encampment on Prospect Rock?"

"I come from that encampment, madam," replied the Indian, in the best of English and in low tones. "It is expected that we possess this valley and everything in it by this hour tomorrow night."

The young woman did not express any surprise or alarm, and the Indian became more communicative. He was revealing the entire plan of campaign, but to some one whom he felt perfect confidence in, though he had never seen her before. Gradually the Countess of Strathearne and Esk-Sutherland responded to her visitor and revealed something of her own life. Her husband, who possessed a Scottish title, was serving in Europe with the King of France; she had come to Pennsylvania with her younger sister on a mission to

the Indians, but between her sister's marriage to a young Scotch-Irish settler of the better class from Lancaster County—Alexander Macgrane—and the war, she had accomplished practically nothing at all to date. Like all of the able-bodied men of the valley, Macgrane, who was connected with the management of the Wyoming iron mines, was at the front fighting for Liberty. The household was reduced to two aged men servants, who were dozing at the front and back entrances to the mansion. As they were speaking, the sound of the long rifle of one of them falling to the floor from his sleeping arms and striking the stone floor was heard. The young woman tiptoed to the back door where the old man was on duty, to warn him to remain where he was, if he awakened, but as he still slept, she tiptoed back.

Cornplanter trusted her; such a person could not be disloyal, else he might have imagined that she had gone to rouse the bodyguard of the mansion. The women, in the house, Macgrane's mother and wife and the Countess, were at the mercy of the invaders, and Cornplanter feared for the results. He knew full well the recklessness of the Indian allies, and how they would laugh at Colonel Butler's demands for moderation. Cornplanter was determined to save the women and their property, for he knew that the house, along with the Jenkins, Wintermuth and other nearby residences, used as strongholds, must easily capitulate before the vastly superior numbers of the British and Indian Combination.

"Madam," he said, "tomorrow your house will be sacked and probably burned. It is against my wishes, but I am only one of the juniors in command. I will be powerless to prevent it. Pray allow me to escort your household to a point of safety beyond these mountains, to a hunting cabin that I possess on the summit of the North Mountains. I abhor the idea of being present at the bloody scenes tomorrow; I would give my life for the pleasure of making you comfortable. The tragedy that I speak of is sure to come. Prepare for it, and fly with me at once."

The young woman replied that when he had come in she was sitting by the fire trying to think out what to do, as she felt that the attack would be inevitable; she could not retire with the horror on her mind.

"It always seemed to be a tradition in our family that in the most critical moments some one appeared from the wilderness and saved us—our family crest is represented as 'A savage wreathed about head and middle with laurel leaves, holding over one shoulder a club;'" and she looked at her Indian deliverer with his heavy cartridge belt about his waist and his mace resting on his shoulder.

"Now get your people up," said the Indian. "Have them gather together all their jewelry and valuables, for the time is not long until dawn."

Cornplanter rested against the side of the fireplace, looking like a veritable Hercules with his club, while the dainty form of the Countess of Strathearne and Esk-Sutherland tripped up the stairs to arouse her

relatives. She accomplished her task very quickly and quietly, and in about ten minutes she came downstairs accompanied by two very sleepy-looking women, all weighted down with coats and cloaks and carrying many bundles. They paused on the last step, as they saw the stalwart Indian leaning against the structure of the fireplace. Then the Countess hurried to the entrances and aroused the seneschals, who tottered in, feeble, white-bearded creatures, under the load of their ponderous rifles. They seemed too surprised to speak when they saw the Indian occupying the centre of the stage. Cornplanter suggested that some food be provided for the journey, "until some game can be killed," and the Countess speedily made some ready.

Then the party filed out of the rear door, Handsome Lake leading the way.

"It is all so very strange," whispered the Countess to her sister. "I could not go to bed with the thought of so many enemies camped on the height above us. I was dreaming out there that a savage like the one on our crest came in and saved us, when lo! he came."

They crossed the bridge to the mainland, passing under the very brow of the British-Indian camp ground. Cornplanter led them by a path which he knew very well, to an Indian crossing where he fortunately found a canoe, with which he ferried them across the North Branch. Then by another path he led them up the steep face of the mountain. It was a dawn of ashes and roses when they reached the summit and gazed down on the misty valley, so quiet be-

fore the turmoil of impending rapine. They breakfasted on a ledge while Cornplanter pointed out the route to be taken by the attacking party.

Then the journey was resumed, but by noon the Indian was wearing all the extra coats and wraps, and carrying the old men's rifles in addition to his own. At night the great coats and wraps made excellent bedding in their mountain bivouac. The second day seemed more arduous than the first. The women, all except the Countess, were deadly tired, and the old men were begging to be left in the forest "to follow later." But the Countess urged them on, and by nightfall they came to the high ledge that overhung the Muncy Valley, which was the site of Cornplanter's hunting lodge. It was a bark cabin, built in the true Seneca style; square in form, with a bark roof. All around the ledge were groups of elk antlers ranged like stacked arms. A few stunted jack pines made the background. The view from the open door commanded the Muncy Valley clear to the Susquehanna, and eastward to the White Deer and Big Buffalo Mountains, and westward to where the majestic Bald Eagle range shuts off the expanse.

There the little band of refugees would be safe until the horrors in Wyoming had become a part of history. Cornplanter was very frank about himself. He told of his wife and children, especially of his promising son, Henry, while the Countess discussed her husband and his military career at the court of France. There were no words of sentiment expressed, for at this

stage of their spiritual pilgrimage it was impossible. Perhaps things would be different a few million years hence, when they met as a tree or a flower.

After a week at the isolated lodge, during which time the Indian attended to all their wants with his well-known courtesy and gentleness, he said that it would now be safe to start down country; that he would see them safely to Fort Augusta. This time the line of travel followed the famous Fishing Creek Indian Path to Long Pond, now called Ganoga Lake, past what is now Benton and Orangeville, to the Big Flats, near the present town of Bloomsburg, formerly Eversburg. There Cornplanter met two Senecas who had deserted after the Wyoming invasion, their pockets loaded with gold pieces.

As they described it, and he interpreted it to his guests, it was a bloody massacre, many times more horrible than he imagined it could have been. The women, true gentlewomen that they were, had never doubted his sincerity in taking them to a place of refuge, but now they were doubly thankful to have escaped from the scenes of rapine and carnage. A serviceable raft was constructed and Mother Macgrane and her daughter-in-law, with the old men and the Seneca renegades sent on board, the Countess riding with Cornplanter in a canoe; they traveled thus, as far as Cornplanter deemed it safe, to the bend above, when, with his Indian henchmen, he bade farewell to the party which he had so befriended.

It was with sincere regret, the parting between the

Countess of Strathearne and Esk-Sutherland and Handsome Lake. It meant a long separation, with only the Seneca philosophy of the eventual reunion as consolation. As the raft resumed its way towards Fort Augusta, Cornplanter turned sadly, scrambling up the bank as quickly as he could, and heading for the solemn recesses of Montour Ridge.

He returned to his hunting lodge, where he tarried a week in silent meditation before returning to his command. He-Who-Goes-in-the-Smoke greeted his erstwhile companion-in-arms with bitter derision, but The Cornplanter was powerful enough to tell him he disapproved of tactics which made the redmen as the whites called them, "savages." It was a horrible story, and Cornplanter expressed his disgust and contempt on every possible occasion. In November of the same year (1778) he openly quarreled with an even more powerful chieftain, Joseph Brandt, for atrocities in Cherry Valley, New York, which Cornplanter tried to prevent but could not. He was an Indian, but not a savage.

As for the Countess of Strathearne and Esk-Sutherland, the raft containing her fellow refugees and herself was sighted as it neared Fort Augusta, and boats were quickly sent out and the little party escorted to the fort and hospitably received by Colonels Hunter and Hartley. The stockade was filled to overflowing with fugitives from Wyoming and the scenes of other Indian atrocities, though most of those who escaped from Wyoming crossed the mountains to-

wards Stroudsburg, and many lost their way and perished in the dismal swamp, where their ghosts are said to still linger, called the Shades of Death.

Those who had come from Wyoming were amazed to see the Countess and her party, as it was supposed that they had been murdered on the first day of the attack. The story of their escape was vividly given, but all mention of The Cornplanter's deliverance was omitted. As soon as possible the refugees from the various outrages were convoyed down the river, the Countess and her household making up one of these parties. She is said to have left her relatives with their friends at Lancaster, and started for Philadelphia, ostensibly to return to France. No record can be found of such a person, in the list of sailings during 1778, 1779 or even 1780. Perhaps, after sixty years, Cornplanter's recollection of her lengthy titles was incorrect, as she sailed incognito. At any rate, she disappears from this narrative like a leaf wafted away on the wind.

In the heart of Handsome Lake, the accepted philosophy of the Senecas and human passion were due to wage several battles. This philosophy did not believe that persons would meet the souls of their beloved in a future life, but that the elements which were in both might be united millions of years hence in some human being, tree, bird or animal. It was a philosophy only satisfying to sturdy souls.

It was the Indian summer morning after the horrors of Cherry Valley when The Cornplanter, heart-sick at

his failure to control Brandt's rapacity, withdrew to a gurgling lithia spring on a hillside which commanded a view of the smoking ruins of the desolated vale. He had temporarily lost his grip on his soul, and it cried out in the wilderness for the Countess of Strathearne and Esk-Sutherland. To soothe his spirit he began to compose the words and music of a Seneca chant, in which his subjugated passion was revealed. It was a work of sincere emotion, if not a work of art. It was the story of his soul's rebellion against the philosophy of his fathers. That night he asked a British officer, a man of some musical ability, with whom he was very friendly, to transcribe it for him on two sheets of parchment. Sealing one of them, he had it addressed to some town in France, where he felt certain that it would reach the Countess. He entrusted it to an entirely reliable dispatch bearer who was leaving for the coast. The next day he felt sorry that he had capitulated to the Anglo-Saxon philosophy of earthly possession, but it was too late. But he did not again yield for thirty years, until he was seventy years old.

Then a traveling jeweler and *grazure*, an old Frenchman, visited the regal lodge-house at Jennesedaga. Among the wares which he displayed was a very pretty silver ring, which Cornplanter instantly fancied. Handsome Lake went into the lodge-house, returning with an envelope, yellow with age, from which he drew out a crumpled sheet of paper.

"Monsieur," he said, "if you can engrave what is

written on this part of the page, on the face and sides of the ring, I will take it."

The gravure looked at the part indicated. It was some lines in Latin at the end of a letter in French.

"I can do it," he replied; "do it easily."

The old man sat down on the bench by the door and adjusting his jeweler's monacle, commenced the delicate work. The Cornplanter seated himself on the door-step, while his grandchildren and great-grandchildren—dusky little imps—clustered about the jeweler in silent admiration. After that, Cornplanter always wore the ring. It was his most precious possession. He was wearing it when he stopped to see his old friends as he plied his way up the Valley of Muncy Creek in the autumn of 1835. It was not to be seen when he returned several weeks later.

On his last night with his old friend, as the fire-light burned low and the clock struck the midnight hour, he finished his story by saying that he had revisited the site of his old hunting-lodge on the high mountain above Beaver Dam Run—the peak is known today as Cornplanter's Rock—where he had not been in fifty-eight years. Among the stones and bushes where the cabin had stood and where, with the Countess of Strathearne and Esk-Sutherland, he had spent the happiest week of his life, he buried the ring, a letter and the parchment manuscript.

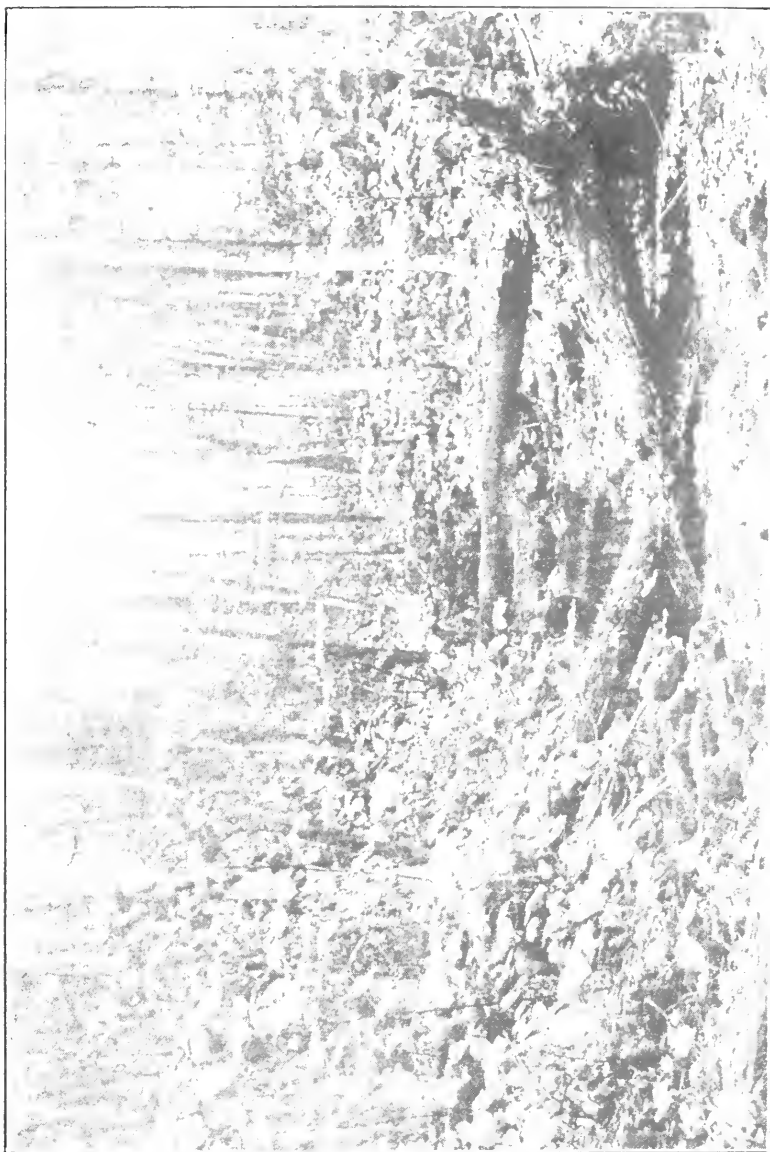
In conclusion, the old redman said: "If I had not been a firm believer in the Seneca philosophy, which tells us that no matter what happens in this life, as

long as the soul of the world still exists, all will be as we wish *some day*. I would frequently have found myself thinking of the Countess of Strathearne and Esk-Sutherland, in day dreams in the forest, at night when I wrapped myself in my blanket and lay down to sleep, or when waking with a start long before dawn, she was the only image in my consciousness. As I know that all will be well, what is there to trouble me? My life of a hundred years is but a flash of light on a single ripple of the waters of the Beautiful River. In the final resolution of things, those who were created as one, but have been blown apart by the winds of life, like the petals of a dogwood flower in a May storm, must in five thousand or five million years—it matters little how many—be united in one life again as a peach or a redbud tree, or an arbutus blossom or a Kentucky warbler, or as a calm, placid lake at sunset, in a harmony so perfect that it can have no ending. There is no finality to this life; everything is unsettled; it is passing and changing. We know that when a man dies, his soul enters a canoe and starts on a long journey, during which period he dreams in the south wind in a state of conscious oblivion. Sometimes there are terrible storms on that broad water, and the canoes are blown back to shore, which explains the presence of ghosts among us. But the craft that will carry my soul will surely make the great crossing in safety. I feel certain, because it will unite me with the Countess of Strathearne and Esk-Sutherland."

Handsome Lake said no more that night. Before

dawn the next morning he took his departure to keep his rendezvous with the Long Hunter on the banks of the beloved Ohe-Yu. Early in the New Year came the news from Jennesedaga that his spirit had embarked on the deathless journey towards the ultimate happiness.





II. SKANANDO, THE GEOMANCER.

SKANANDO, THE GEOMANCER, lay stretched out at full length on a flat rock on the summit of Tommy Taylor's Hill, gazing towards the North Mountain. It was in October, the first day of Indian summer, a day as ethereally beautiful as a blue wood aster, the flower of Indian summer. It was almost the first day of sunshine after weeks of dark and damp autumnal weather. The mid-day sun had dried the great slab of conglomerate on which the tall Indian was reclining; it even exuded a little warmth. It was at least comforting after the soggy ground and dripping leaves.

Skanando was engrossed in deep thought. He could always think better in a reclining position, and on this occasion his thoughts and deductions were of the utmost importance to his race and to himself.

He was a handsome Indian of the Cayuga tribe of the Six Nations, long, lithe and tawny. His head was shaved, except for a top knot or cowlick, his face was hairless, even the eyebrows had been shaved away. He was a learned redman, having from earliest youth pursued a philosophic bent, and from some of the older members of the tribe studied the science of geomancy, a system of divination from the conformation of the earth which answered many of the riddles of the universe. It was a science that was dying out among the

redmen, as it took much time and contemplation. The white man's fire water, his nameless persecutions, moral, civil and military, the fact that the tawny warriors must be ever on the defensive, made life too unstable to yield time for the more elegant sciences.

The Indians were deteriorating under the white man's spell. Skanando has never been under any white man's influence. He drank no liquor, he feared no white or red man or his laws; his model was James Logan, the "Mingo Orator," who combined the prowess of the warrior with the gentler gifts of the sage.

It was not to oratory or composition that Skanando inclined. The hidden meanings and prophecies of Mother Earth held him enthralled. He would find out how the Gitcho-Manitto, the Great Spirit, who foresaw every line of human action, wrote it down in His works, then he would hew his line after the divine commandments.

Skanando as a warrior and scalp hunter figures in Pennsylvania colonial history; bloody is the page devoted to him, but he is there among the immortals. Skanando, the Geomancer, the savant, does not appear on history's page. That side of his variously gifted personality lives on only in the folk lore of the old people, who have perpetuated what the historians chose to forget.

Folk-lore is impersonal; it must not be confused with local history, which is purely personal. The im-

personal is of the broad field and belongs to the whole world. No one, unless related to the petty actors in local history, have any interest in it at all. Folk-lore, be it Icelandic, Celtic, Bushman, Korean or Indian, has the same appeal; shadowy may be the figures in it, but they will outlive all the real and narrow souls who fill the paragraphs of local history. Folk-lore is an underground stream—it is hard to discover, even when it flows beneath our feet. Local history is everywhere in turgid shallows, too commonplace for general interest.

Skandando, as he basked in the Indian summer sunshine on the top of Tommy Taylor's Hill, imagined that he was solving two very pressing problems. One foretold the joyous future of the Indian race; the other the joyous outcome of his own love affair. He had worked the deep problems out somewhat like this: The white man's house was represented by the form of Tommy Taylor's Hill; at least it was the form of the officers' quarters at Fort Augusta, and other elegant abodes of the white chivalry which he had carefully noted from time to time. The North Mountain, overpowering and absorbing Tommy Taylor's Hill, was the form of the redman's tent, like so many covered with buffalo hides that graced the Indian villages of the North and West Branches of the Susquehanna. The Indian's tent overmastered and overpowered the white man's house, hence the redman's ascendancy would return. The seeming rapid gains of the white

man's sphere of influence were only temporary; they would wane and the redman would again rule supreme. Perhaps some pestilence would wipe the troublesome palefaces off the continent on which they were interlopers. At any rate, they were doomed, as the science of geomancy never lied. All the redmen had to do was to keep up the courage and the fight, and the victory would return to them. The white man was a passing plague, but that was all; the Indian would enjoy the continent after the threatened white peril was forgotten.

He must spread the good news to all of his race, regardless of tribe, for all by now had realized the folly of their squabbles in the increasing terror of their common danger. It would spur many an apathetic brave to action, to help eradicate the menace speedily.

As to the second prognostication, the one regarding himself, Skanando had figured it out the day previously, but from another vantage point. He had compared the White Faced, now called Bald Mountain, with the North Mountain, to the advantage of the latter. The North Mountain—the form of the Indian tent—was typical of the Indian race; in other words, it represented himself. The White Faced Mountain, so called because of a great slide or bare place of whitish-gray rocks near its topmost pinnacle, represented the pale-faced people in their finest sense, for mountains being nearer the abode of the Great Spirit were divine—and, being divine, the White Faced Mountain must repre-

sent the white girl whom he had seen and loved—fair Jane Annesley.

He had caught his first glimpse of her while paddling along silently in his canoe on the West Branch, under the overhanging branches of the old trees. She was to him a spirit of unearthly beauty, so different from anything he had ever seen as to not belong to this earth. It was in keeping with Skanando's unusual intelligence that he appreciated Jane Annesley's superlative charms. He was no novice as regards the beauty of white girls—few Indian warriors were—and he had seen more than his share in his time. Most of them were less attractive than the Indian maids, which had always given him a greater pride of race. But Jane Annesley was *beautiful*, and so different. She was eighteen years of age, a little over medium height, quite slender, with clearly defined patrician features, deep-set blue eyes, with dark brows and lashes, very white skin; but her distinguishing charm was her wonderful head of wavy auburn hair. It was almost red hair, but it had the sheen of gold, and of such delicate texture as to make it seem of the substance of sunlight.

She was driving some cows and sheep along a path under the old elms and birches by the water's edge when he first saw her. She wore a white calico slip, so meagre that her bare legs showed almost to the knees, and there were no sleeves to hide the graceful contour of her white arms. In one hand she carried a

willow switch to hurry the steps of her reluctant and puny animal charges.

Skanando stopped his canoe to watch her, and as she passed by him, though she was unaware of his presence, he veered his skiff about in the dead water and silently paddled up stream abreast of her, lost in abject admiration.

He had no business to be in that part of the river. It was dangerous in the extreme. It was beyond the latest Penn purchase; the Indians claimed it and vowed death to every white settler. To make themselves reasonably safe, the white men practiced the cruelest reprisals, shooting on sight every Indian who came within gunshot.

Skanando, when he saw Jane Annesley for the first time, was on his way back from the Sinnemahoning to his home near the head of Muncy Creek, then called the Canaserago. He was so fascinated that he tarried about the dead waters above the mouth of Tiadaghton, where Jane's father had his clearing, for two whole weeks. He saw the girl every morning and evening, when she took the cows to pasture and went after them, and sometimes during the day when she went to the common to see if they were free from the molestation of wolves or bears, or when she worked in the cornfield with her father and mother. It was a wonder that Skanando was not detected and shot. He was taking a greater risk than any other Indian in that locality would have cared to run. When finally he started down stream for Muncy Creek his heart beat

with a continued surge of love; he felt pride that he had lingered in proscribed territory two weeks and came away unscathed. But beyond his heart throbs and his elation was the feeling of uncertainty as to how he would be able to make the girl's acquaintance and win her love. Skanando was an honorable Indian at that time, and aspired to a white man's wooing with Jane Annesley.

At the Indian village at the mouth of Loyalsock he tarried for another week, plying the Indians friendly to the whites with questions as to the identity of the marvellous red-headed girl. He soon found Indians who knew all about her, even one or two who had spent a night in her parents' cabin in their former home on the Chillisquaque before they removed up the West Branch.

Jane Annesley, they said, was a girl friendly to Indians. She might be disposed to favor a tawny suitor if it were not for the fear which all white people on the upper West Branch felt at that time for the red race, as the result of recent Indian atrocities.

So Skanando went back home to think it over and work it all out by means of geomancy. He had already reasoned out that his romance would be successful when he lay on Tommy Taylor's Hill fathoming the duration of the white man's incursions to the land of the red race. He lay on the rock until the sun declined enough to send a chill in the air and make him get up and dance about a little to get warm. But his heart beat a thick red torrent; he would win the love

of the most beautiful white girl of her time, bar none, not even the great white queen across the big water, about whom so much was said by the traders. Even if her race was doomed to perish, Jane Ammesley would be his, his joy of life would be complete.

A morning or two after his contemplations found him paddling down Canaserago, bound for the West Branch. His face, brows and skull were newly shaved; streaks of purple paint adorned his cheeks, triple earrings of gold hung from each ear, a huge gold ring hung from his nose, heavy gold bracelets were on his wrists, over his shoulder was a cloak made from a panther skin of the type of *felis conguar*, which shines like molten gold. His canoe, made from the bark of the paper or canoe birch, was of lines of exceptional grace and of glittering whiteness; his paddle of beech wood was beautifully carved and illuminated. In the bottom of the boat lay a rifle. It was the only outward warlike sign in this pilgrimage of love. Magnificently arrayed, with muscular arms and chest, he presented a striking picture as he skimmed along in the autumn sunlight; well might he have been the Indian who sang to his sweetheart,

"Come with me in my little canoe;

The water is clear and the sky is blue."

He timed his journey, which was uneventful, for the Indians were early adepts in the art of *camouflage*, so that he spent the night on the flat below Aughbaugh's Gap, directly opposite the mouth of Tiadaghi-

ton. It was a cold night, but he kept his small camp-fire invisible to the settlers on the opposite shore. In the morning, which dawned clear, he looked in the spring to see if his shaven head and face were smooth enough, whether his love paint was on straight—(the Indians painted red stripes for war, purple for love errands)—but above all, if the cord which bound his bristling top-knot or cowlick was tight enough to make it stick up straight. Satisfied as to his personal attractions, he embarked on the last lap of his bold undertaking.

He timed his mission rightly. Jane Annesley, as usual, was driving her cows and sheep up the trail along the river bank, the hungry animals pasturing by the way. Skanando paddled along abreast of her for some distance, made invisible to her by the vines and overhanging branches of the giant trees, until he came to a point where the roots and brush had been grubbed away to form a landing place for canoes. Upon this smooth beach he punted his canoe.

The girl was not aware of his presence until the prow of the canoe scraped on the pebbles of the beach. Though she only carried a switch for the cattle, she was not afraid. She was surprised at the elegant regalia of the stalwart young Indian, the color of the paint on his cheeks reassured her that he was on no warlike mission. As he left his rifle in the bottom of the skiff she felt that she was on equal terms with him, though her father's house was half a mile down the river.

Skanando made a profound bow, and handed her several persimmons as a token of good will. The girl stopped and received the gift in a friendly manner. The cows and sheep meandered up the path, their bells chiming melodiously. The big, gray dog, part wolf, that was her companion, crouched at her side. Then the tall Indian, assuming an attitude reminiscent of James Logan, began his speech. He had thought it out beforehand and recited it to himself over and over again when coming up the river in the canoe. He told how he had seen her when coming from Sinnemahoning, how he had loved her at first sight, and had watched her daily, unknown to her, for two weeks, how he had longed for her ever since he had returned to his camp at the head of Muncy Creek.

The girl was more amused than interested, as she stood there eating the persimmons. But she was determined to be tactful and forbearing. Besides, the Indian was young and handsome, she could not treat him rudely. Sitting down on a capacious white oak stump, she crossed her pretty bare legs. Skanando, standing before her, noticed their whiteness, the round calves, the small ankles, the high insteps of her small feet. His primitive blood was now in a whirlpool, for Jane Annesley at eighteen was in the very heyday of her youthful, sensuous beauty. She listened attentively to his narrative, even to the point when he told her that he had come to take her with him, that far away in the Impassable Mountains he would build for her a

camp by a beautiful, never-failing spring, where they would live happily all their lives.

Skanando was encouraged by her attention, but when he spoke of her going off with him, she got up, as if to walk away.

"Give me your answer; tell me that you love me," said the Indian, the pupils of his black eyes enlarging with suppressed emotion. "Tell me that you love me, then I know that you will come with me to the Impassable Mountains."

Jane Annesley folded her smooth white arms and tossed her pretty tangle of red gold hair. There was an even greater pallor to her cheeks. She spoke in the sweetest of tones, very calmly:

"I have nothing against you," she said; "you are good looking, and brave to have come here, but I could never love you. I love some one else. Three years ago, when we were living on the Chillisquaque, a young surveyor named Nigil Gray spent a night at our house. He was much handsomer than you. We became well acquainted during the long winter evening; we found that we loved one another. I was only fifteen at the time. He promised to come back and marry me and take me to his home in Northampton County. I would never love any one else when promised to him. You are wasting your time when you make love to me."

Then she turned as if to follow the cattle and sheep, which had already wandered a hundred yards ahead of her up the trail.

"If you will love me, I will kill Nigil Gray; then you will not be breaking your promise to any one in this world," said Skanando, in positive tones.

The girl stared into his face with her frank blue eyes.

"I tell you I can never love you, even if Nigil Gray does not return. If you act so meanly I will hate you," said the girl, fiercely.

Skanando extended his arm as if to encircle her small waist. Jane Amesley's "Irish" was now aroused. She struck at him furiously with her whip. The Indian caught her wrist in his vise-like grip and shook the switch out of her hand. Then he lay hold of her other wrist and held the two hands together.

"Tell me that you love me, or by Heck I will fix you so that Nigil Gray or no other white man will ever look at you."

The girl stared into his face with her frank blue eyes; she did not scream or become hysterical, for her nerves were of iron.

"I do not love you. I could never love you if you were the only man in the world. I will hate you more than any other person alive or dead."

Holding her wrists with his left hand, the infuriated Indian made a pass under his panther skin cloak with the right. A gleaming scalping knife flashed in the morning light. Still Jane Amesley did not scream. It was a personal quarrel between the Indian and herself, not one where the settlements should be aroused. The gray wolf-dog now began to growl; Jane Ames-

ley ordered him to be still. As the Indian brandished the knife he whispered:

"Say that you love me, and all will be well."

"I hate you," said the girl, "and hope that you will be damned."

With barber-like deftness, the keen scalping knife now descended; a few strokes and Skanando lifted the entire scalp, with its wondrous auburn hair, from the girl's head. Then he let her go. She never whimpered. Blood was bursting from the gaping wound; the pain must have been insufferable. Calling the dog to her side, she started down the path in the direction of her parents' cabin.

"I will have you killed for this," said the girl as a farewell. "I will give you a fair chance, but you will get what you deserve for your vile deed." She was crying now, not from the pain, but from the shame of losing her beautiful locks, her woman's adornment.

Skanando jumped into the canoe with his precious trophy, the finest scalp that he had ever seen. With reckless courage he swept into the center of the river and down stream past the home of John Annesley, the pioneer, going by there only a few minutes before Jane, weak and bleeding, put in an appearance.

Annesley and his wife had been cutting corn and had not seen the canoe go by. Both seized rifles and, guided by the girl, hurried down the bank, just in time to see the Indian disappear around the bend in the river, where the famous Cook farm is now located. It was here that Jane fainted from shock and loss of

blood, and had to be carried back to the cabin. Just as she was being borne in, her brother Jacob, who had been hunting squirrels, arrived. He took in the situation at a glance, and, mounting a horse, rode down the trail to notify the other settlers.

A posse was organized, and they believed that they were gaining on the dastardly red fugitive until they found his canoe beached a short distance above the mouth of the Coneshockany.

The wily Indian counted on pursuit, had chosen a well-wooded locality and taken to the brush. An all-day "heat" of the thickets was made by the determined company, mostly Fair Play men. But it was in vain. Skanando had escaped to the fastnesses of the North Mountain country that he knew so well.

Jane Annesley was of sturdy constitution and after surviving the shock, rallied and the great wound healed rapidly. Her mother made her a small skull cap of black silk, and within ten days she was out with the rest of the family husking corn.

News of the horrid outrage reached Fort Augusta in due course of time. It was a strange coincidence that Nigil Gray, now a Lieutenant of the Rangers, with a squad of his best men, was sent to the scene of the crime to take the girl's deposition. She was plowing when she saw the horsemen riding up the trail. Her keen eyes recognized their leader as Nigil Gray, her whilom lover--and the indirect cause of her being scalped by Skanando.

She dropped the reins and plow handles and ran pell mell to the house. Inside she clambered up the ladder to the loft under the roof, jumped into bed and covered herself with buffalo robes.

John Annesley was chopping wood as the horsemen neared the house. He rested on his axe-handle, watching them until they arrived. There was mutual recognition between Lieutenant Gray and himself, although prior to that time the young officer had not associated the scalped girl with the little beauty who had given him such pleasant evenings three years before at the cabin on the Chillisquaque.

He expressed his regrets, on behalf of the military authorities, that such a hideous act should have been perpetrated, and his personal regrets as well, assuring the father that as soon as he could report the facts to his superiors, every effort would be made to apprehend and punish the guilty savage. But he must first take a deposition from the scalped girl herself.

"She is inside," said the borderer. "I will tell her to come out." Annesley went into the house, finding his wife at the spinning wheel, but Jane nowhere in evidence.

"Where is the girl?" he said. "The Lieutenant wants to take her testimony about the scalping."

The mother briefly told her husband that such a thing would be impossible. Jane was in the loft, in bed, and would not come down for any one. The father went to the foot of the ladder and called to her sternly to descend. Not a word of answer. Then the

mother interposed and in low tones told the father that Jane had admired the Lieutenant and could not bear to face him stripped of her marvellous red hair. Annesley understood, so he went outside and gave the ultimatum to the officer.

Lieutenant Gray had recalled the girl's pretty face, but, above all, her rare "Titian" hair, so he agreed to take down her deposition through her father, provided the 'squire who accompanied the party would acquiesce.

The 'squire was a resident of the Tiadaghton country and had known John Annesley's parents in County Armagh; he was only too glad to save the girl from humiliation.

The deposition was given and the party rode away, but nothing ever came of the expressed desire to bring Skanando to justice. It could have been done if proper pressure had been brought to bear on the chiefs. More powerful warriors than he had been handed over for condign punishment for less serious offenses. It was only another instance of the law's inequalities and injustices.

Jane Annesley, despite Skanando's threat to "fix her" so that no man would notice her, had several suitors after her mutilation. But she cared most for Michael McAllister and married him and settled in a brand new log cabin along the river bank, not far from where she had been scalped by Skanando two years before. She had ten children, and her descendants are among the most respected residents of the

West Branch Valley. She lived to a very advanced age, dying about 1850. She is remembered by persons still living as a very old woman, hoeing in her garden, smoking a pipe and wearing a black silk skull cap.

In 1784, ten years after his visit to the Annesley cabin to take Jane's deposition, Nigil Gray, now Lieutenant Colonel of the Rangers, at the head of a strong force, broke up the last Indian village in the North Mountain region. Among the captured was Skanando, who had become a ruthless scalp hunter. He was very badly wounded; he had fallen at the door of his shack, defending it from the Rangers who sought to "rush" the door. For some reason he seemed determined that they should not pass.

When the cabin was ransacked the flaming-haired scalp of Jane Annesley was found hanging on the wall. It was brought before Colonel Gray, who dispatched a messenger to take it with his compliments to Fort Antes, near the mouth of Tiadaghton, and ask commander there to restore it to its rightful owner, if she was still living.

The messenger never reached Fort Antes; whether he was ambushed and killed, and the scalp stolen, or deserted with his ghastly oriflamme, remains a mystery to this day.

Skanando was taken in chains to Fort Augusta, with other prisoners of war. The stockade was already crowded with Indian captives, so the doughty warrior was put into the subterranean powder magazine for safe keeping. While there he had cause to

ponder over some of his misconceptions of geomancy. He had been all wrong. In the first place, the form of the North Mountain could not have represented an Indian's tent at all, but a white man's church; Tommy Taylor's Hill was more like an Indian high priest's house. The towering North Mountain typified the triumph of the white man's cause, the downfall of the Indian, his rights and beliefs. As to the White Faced Mountain and the North Mountain, while it was true that the North Mountain, representing himself, had been victorious over the White Faced Mountain, Jane Annesley, yet it had been a hollow, empty victory, as bare as the slide which marred the mountain's face. It was certain that the scarred mountain represented the scalped girl, for long before his capture the white men were calling it Bald Mountain. It is known as such today.

Skandando sighed as he walked about in his wet, clammy dungeon and shook his clanking chains. Geomancy was all right; it was he who blundered in deciphering it. He was a sadder and wiser Indian, hence a good Indian. But he did not intend to die in his noisome prison, hope of escape was ever in his breast. He still calculated that the North Mountain, the Indian Mountain, was victor over the White Faced Mountain, the white man's mountain.

On April 10, a month after his capture, Colonel Samuel Hunter, the late Commander of Fort Augusta, died. In the excitement and pomp of his funeral the guards were relaxed, and Skandando, the Geomancer,

using his manacled wrists to smash the oaken door, got away; the Indian Mountain had vanquished the White Man's Mountain. A rope which had been used to hang a renegade white man hung to a mulberry tree close to the stockade. With his teeth he climbed it and jumped over the stockade. Outside of the Fort were the usual brothels of unprincipled sutlers and camp-followers. By these Skanando was slipped down to the river's edge and in the darkness of a moonless night started in a canoe up the North Branch. He paddled along safely until he reached the mouth of Shickshinny Creek, where he abandoned the canoe and struck out on foot towards the Impassable Mountains. He lived there, in secluded haunts best known to himself, and in the Black Forest further west, a solitary redman, until with increasing years he settled among his kind on the Cattaraugus Reservation in New York.

At Fort Augusta it was given out that Skanando, the mighty warrior and scalp hunter, had died in prison. The garrison was too ashamed to have it known that a manacled Indian, or "savage," as they called him, had outwitted them all. Skanando, the Geomancer, had scored the last laugh on graduates of foreign military schools. With such a report started, no effort was ever made to recapture him. He spent the remainder of his days in comparative peace.

III. THE SIMPLETON.

TRAVELERS along the main highway from Benton to Jamison City, beginning about the tenth year after the Civil War, generally noticed, when the weather was fine, a rather incongruous looking couple working at a weaver's loom on the kitchen porch of an old-fashioned, low-roofed farmhouse. One was a great, ponderous, large-headed man, with a shock of jet-black hair, a swarthy complexion and a heavy, dark mustache, dressed in a wrinkled, ill-fitting suit of army blue, with brass buttons on the vest; the other a young woman, petite and graceful, her light-brown hair brushed back from her forehead, rather pale, with features somewhat retrousse, clad in a simple calico frock—but both smiling and happy, devoted to the task before them.

Strangers always wondered about the couple, who they might be, partly because weaving was already becoming a *lost* art in the North Mountains, but mostly because of the contrast between the huge, grotesque, rough-looking man and his refined, even delicate looking female companion. If in no particular hurry, and curiosity got the better of breeding, the travelers would stop at the next cabin or the next village to learn the identity of the weavers.

The stories that they heard were pretty much the same—country gossips in those days were invariably

truthful, and one who varied from the straight line of reliability suffered the penalty of being shunned by all except the utmost strangers. The untruthful gossip or scandal-monger was not encouraged in those simple, Christian communities in the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century. How it is now, present-day dwellers in the North Mountain country can answer best, but high standards have by no means been abandoned.

The story that the wayside gossips related over the paling fence or on the steps of the country store was to the effect that the great, ungainly webster, with his massive, hoary head, was known along Fishing Creek, before the war, as little better than a simpleton or "natural." He was the only son of very old parents; his father had been a hermit in the North Mountain; his mother was eccentric when the recluse left his retreat and married her. The boy, Adam Eberts, knew the woods and trees; he was an expert at finding the best nuts and berries; he sometimes fished and hunted, but generally wandered through the forests, enjoying the scenic beauties or gathering medicinal herbs. What he lacked in practical, useful knowledge was made up by his love of nature, his appreciation of the beautiful; in that he was several generations ahead of his neighbors. Had he been directed right, and not laughed at from the start, he might have become a musical prodigy, an artist or a naturalist. He at least possessed a full share of the eccentricities which so often accompany that power of concentrated and perfectly directed effort called gen-

ius. But his neighbors failed to detect any latent powers; they regarded him as worthless, yet harmless. He was tolerated, yet laughed at by old and young—when his back was turned.

When the Civil War broke out, he was twenty-five years old—old for a soldier in those days, and from his simple conduct was regarded as the last man along the creek who would have the patriotism to enlist. But to the amazement of all, he disappeared one day; his parents, when questioned, said he had gone to Harrisburg to join the army. The neighbors could not believe that the recruiting officers would accept such a simpleton, even though he was a tolerable shot with the rifle. He could neither read nor write, consequently direct news from him was slow at reaching his mountain home.

A month after his sudden departure the old folks received a letter from a public scrivener to the effect that Adam was in the army, was feeling well and liked it very much. All the local prognosticators were dumbfounded—the local dullard had the patriotism after all, and was clever enough to get by the examiners. Perhaps there were no “psychologic tests” in those days. The old folks were proud of their son’s enlistment. He had been a great help to them, cutting wood and doing chores, to say nothing of his cheerful but erratic companionship.

He had received their full permission to go, they would “work through somehow,” they said. But they did not get through as well as they hoped or expected.

During the last winter of the war the Angel of Death laid a heavy hand on them both. A modest cortege placed them in the little hillside cemetery, on the opposite side of the creek, yet in sight of their old home.

Through the public writers Adam had kept in touch with his aged parents. He knew that they were happy in the thought of his military career. It must have been a great shock to him when he learned that they were no more, and within a month of one another. He had never been home on a furlough—some thought it a very strange circumstance. Few, if any, knew the number of the regiment he was connected with. His parents received and sent their letters at Benton, four miles south of where they lived. Only the postmaster of that town probably knew Adam's exact military affiliations. The parents knew why he never came back on any visits. His dull wit possessed a cunning sense of self-protection. He feared that some of the persons who had jeered at him in the past would send in a report to his officers deriding his capabilities, that he would be mustered out and shipped home in disgrace. It was only a proof of the fact that each of us knows his exact place in the world's organization—high or low—yet admitting the inability to change it.

When the war was over, Adam remained on duty until the last part of June, 1865, when he returned to the old, unoccupied house on Fishing Creek. He did not remain long; he was given too much of an ovation and the surroundings were too sad. One of the last

boys from the Fishing Creek region to enlist was Simon Evans; he was barely sixteen in the fall of '64, and the war was almost over, but he went because he resented the conduct of certain copperheads at Benton; he was a pledge of the loyalty of the people of Fishing Creek. To his surprise he found himself in the same regiment and company as Adam Eberts, the village "idiot" of his childhood days. To his tentmates he expressed surprise at the respect in which Adam was held in the company. The soldiers, just in their estimates of men, were equally surprised that there had ever been a time when he was not so held. He was brave. He was too big and ungainly even to make a non-commissioned officer; he was clumsy at the drill, but on the skirmish line or in bayonet charges he was up with the leaders always. But what his comrades admired most was his courtesy, his chivalry.

They told of one occasion, before the battle of Fair Oaks, when a detachment of sharpshooters on leave were tramping along a country lane at dusk, and were far under the influence of liquor, they met a young girl of fifteen, bound in the opposite direction. As near as they could make out she was pretty as well as young. They accosted her, and when she refused to make friends with them, they caught hold of her and began to kiss and fondle her. She did not scream—there would be no one to hear—but she struggled as best she could. She was strong, but naturally no match for the long-haired ruffians. A half mile behind the drunken crew, Adam Eberts was tramping

along, going back to camp. His pace was slow, his heavy head was hanging on his breast, he was "day-dreaming," but eventually he came up with his comrades. The young girl was getting the worst of the encounter when he arrived. A few swift blows from his huge blacksmith-like fists sent the drunken snipers reeling. They fell as if raked by a Confederate battery. They were hit so hard that they remained wallowing in the narrow road of muddy red clay.

The girl was a little scratched and bruised, her wrists were wrenched, but her nerves were in good shape. The big soldier took off his mortar-board cap, making light of his services, asked if he might escort her to her home. She explained that she was a comparative stranger in the immediate neighborhood; that she had come to care for an aged aunt who was ill; when attacked by the drunken soldiers, she was on the way to get some golden rod tea from a neighbor. Adam escorted her there and back again to her aunt's home. They exchanged names and addresses before they parted, but they never met again during the war.

This story was enough to insure a cordial reception for Adam when he returned from the war. But he did not relish notoriety; he wanted to be let alone, to linger about his parents' graves, thinking of happier days. The boy who had related his military and chivalrous record to the village folks was going to the Sinnemahoning country to work in the pineries. Adam expressed a desire to go with him, so they departed together. The erstwhile "simpleton" was glad

to get away. The valley seemed like home no longer. From words he dropped his friend divined further cause for his melancholy; he possessed an affection for the southern girl whom he had rescued, which he imagined could never be requited.

After a winter in the lumber camp, young Evans returned to his home, but Adam declared that he would stick at the logging work; he liked it better than living over the old memories on the creek. He worked as an axeman for several years, gradually moving down country, until towards the close of 1868 he joined the new and giant lumbering operations being opened up by the millionaire and philanthropist, Ario Pardee, on White Deer Creek.

A mammoth saw mill was built at Watson town, where Pardee maintained his offices, while the loggers' camps were erected at several points on the different branches of the creek, from where the logs were floated. During the ten years between 1868 and 1878 it is said that 110,000,000 feet of white pine logs were supplied to the mill at Watson town. Many anecdotes are told of Ario Pardee by the old men and women of White Deer Creek, where he was greatly beloved. On one occasion, when he was superintending the installation of the giant boilers at the saw mill, he was approached by a local "rich man." Pardee, slim, undersized and plainly dressed, was in marked contrast to this individual, whose portly form was arrayed in a "Prince Albert" of black broadcloth, and who wore a heavy gold watch chain with a dangling charm, and

carried a gold-headed walking stick. In a most condescending manner he asked Pardee if he believed that he could carry through such a big undertaking.

"How much are you worth?" asked Pardee, quietly.

The local Croesus pushed back his Stetson hat and exclaimed proudly that he was worth between eighty-five and ninety thousand dollars.

"Why, I give more than that every year to churches and charities," retorted Pardee, turning his back and resuming his work with the boilers. Pardee's woods-boss was a brawny Irishman named Mike Courtney, an Indian-looking fellow, with a bushy black beard growing up under his eyes, long-haired and hairy-handed. He managed the vast log cutting and log floating operations well, and was reckless in the days of his prosperity. One night it is related that he strolled into the Logan House in Sugar Valley, just across the Nittany Mountains from the main camps, took a crisp five dollar "green-back" from his vest pocket, stuck it in the stove and lighted his Pittsburg stogie. Later in life probably he wished many times for the money thus wasted, his last days having been spent driving an ox team in the mountains of West Virginia.

Adam Eberts had met Courtney at a camp on Kettle Creek, when the latter was a "greenhorn," and had taught him many of the tricks of lumbering. Consequently he was readily given employment when he applied for a place on the job on White Deer, of which "Mike" was overseer. All went well until about the

1st of December, when a clumsy woodsman "dropped" a giant pine on Adam's thighs, resulting in a compound fracture of both thighs. Turniques hastily made from rope alone prevented death from hemorrhages. Courtney was in Philadelphia at the time. The injured man was placed on a sled drawn by oxen and taken to the camp at McCall's cabin, where his bulky frame was deposited on a couch in the lobby. Old Daniel Mark and his wife, who had charge of the camp, were assiduous in their attentions, posting a horseman across the mountains to Sugar Valley to fetch Doctor Moyer. The physician found Adam very weak from shock and loss of blood. He was not sure if he could pull him through, but the patient rallied and the next day was resting easily. But recovery was slow, and the chances indicated that he would be crippled for life. It was a melancholy place to be laid up in. All day long the crews were away; in the evenings, when he felt like dozing, the noise and racket of the boisterous "hicks" kept up until midnight. Though the caretakers visited him frequently, there were times when the lobby became too cold or too hot. He could not get up to put more fuel into the wood-burner or to open the windows. All he could do was to lie on his back looking out of the window at the snow falling against the Nittany Ridge across the creek. Sometimes the tall original pines would be obscured in the drifting white mantle, then they would reappear in all their dark, looming majesty. Once or twice he saw deer driven by dogs off the

mountain take sanctuary in the icy waters of the pond; steam would rise off their backs as they plunged in, only to be shot down by some hanger-on about the camp.

There was one night when a lone wolf called from the top of the ridge; it was the first he had heard since before the war. They had been plentiful in the North Mountain when he went to the front in '61; when he returned four years later, they were practically a thing of the past. Mark, the camp boss, said that this wolf was the last in all of the White Deer watershed; it had successfully defied the trappers and poisoners for years; many had seen and shot at it at close range, but the gaunt creature seemed to bear a charmed life.

One evening Mike Courtney's favorite hound rushed out from under the lobby, yelping piteously. A porcupine, the biggest ever seen on White Deer, had filled the brute full of his quills, and emerged soon after his victim, only to be brained by a pole-axe. These were about the only events worth recording that happened during the first three weeks of Adam's invalidism.

News of the accident had been sent to Pardee, who requested Courtney to go to the camp and find out what could be done for the sufferer. "Mike" was on his way back from a trip to the east to get labor. He had intended resting for a day at Watson town, but when he heard of his old "buddy's" injury, he had his favorite Kentucky-bred horse saddled and started for McCall's camp. He was shocked to see the helpless

condition of the huge woodsman, and stroked his long, coal-black beard for inspiration.

"For heaven's sake, Mike, get me out of this!" said Adam. "I can't stand the lonesomeness any longer. I have looked at those pines across the creek until they seem as if they were the iron bars on the cage in which I am imprisoned."

"Sure, we'll cut them down," said Mike, with his winning smile.

Then Courtney went on to tell about his efforts to transport to the mill the biggest pine in the entire White Deer region. It stood at the mouth of the Sugar Valley side of Chadwick's Gap; its diameter six feet from the ground (where it was cut) was nine feet, its height from root to top (measured when prone) was 250 feet. Before he left for Philadelphia, he had offered one hundred dollars for the safe delivery to the banks of the creek, of its butt log, thirty-two feet long. It had crushed the truck on which it was being loaded; so on his return he had ordered that it be left in the woods as "too big for profitable handling."

On a subsequent visit the woods boss inquired, at Pardee's instigation, if Adam had any relatives or friends whom he wished to visit him, or whether there was any particular place he would like to go when able. Another week would be Christmas.

"I have no relatives or friends, and no place to go, only to a tumble-down house in the North Mountain, where it is lonelier than this," replied Adam, sadly.

Then he wrinkled his dark, bushy brows. He was thinking --if a simpleton could think.

"Will you write a letter for me, Mike?" he said at length.

The boss replied in the affirmative, and fished a sheet of letter paper and an envelope out of a shoe box on a shelf.

"Address the envelope first," he said.

"Mike" did as requested. "It is to Miss Wilfred Stuck, Surrey, Page County, Virginia."

She was the girl whom he had rescued from the drunken sharp-shooters before the battle of Fair Oaks. In the letter which he proceeded to dictate he told of his accident, of his helplessness, and asked her if she would write to him, if only a few lines. Courtney took the letter when he went back to Watson town the next day and mailed it there. After the letter had been written, Adam was more cheerful and better contented. The tall pines across the creek no longer got on his nerves, he worried no more about his accident or the future. He was satisfied, come what may. A week rolled by, during which time he continued improving slowly but surely. On Christmas Eve, old Mark asked him what present he expected from Kriss Kingle.

"Something nice," replied the invalid; "I will be the happiest man here."

On Christmas morning a trim, determined-looking young woman stepped off the morning train at Watson town; she inquired for the Pardee offices, but of course

found them locked. Even Courtney was out of town and all the clerks were at their homes. After much effort she located one of the book-keepers, who boarded at the hotel, and he gave her the instructions how to reach the camp at McCall's cabin. It was difficult to induce any of the liverymen to send out a sleigh; drivers were scarce on Christmas Day, the snow was deep, more was coming, the atmosphere was raw, the sky gray, above all the journey up the White Deer narrows was a long one. Through the intercession of the book-keeper, who explained the cause of the young woman's journey, a team was at length procured. It was noon before the young traveler started and ten o'clock at night before the lights in the lobby windows of the big camp hove in sight. It had been an afternoon of snow squalls; night had set in bitterly cold. Mark, his wife and a couple of woodsmen from the Simnemahoning country were the only persons at the camp on the holiday, and they were sitting up with the invalid.

As the sleigh neared the lobby door the bells chimed melodiously through the frosty night. "Mike's" bell-cose hound emerged from his nest under the buildings, barking vociferously. Mark got up from his home-made couch beside the wood-burner and opened the door, letting in a gust of icy air. Adam, with a smile on his huge face, half rose on his couch. In an instant a trim, young feminine figure with a fascinator around her head, her hands covered with red woolen mittens, stood before him in the lobby door.

"Didn't I tell you that I was going to get something nice for Christmas?" said the sick man, exultantly. "I am the happiest person in the camp."

This last statement he repeated several times after his fair visitor had kissed him. It was almost too good to be true. It was not a Christmas idyll, but the real, genuine truth—a true story. Wilfred Stuck had received the letter. It went home to her, to her heart. Since her aunt had died she was like Adam Eberts—she was alone in the world. If she felt a sense of duty to any one, it was to the soldier who had saved her from his drunken comrades. There was no other course of action but to go to him in his extremity. She had done her duty, and at the right time, before Christmas was over. She speedily adapted herself to the surroundings, for she was country-bred. Wilfred remained with Adam during the period of his convalescence.

He was, as the doctor feared, permanently crippled. The ligaments of the wounded limbs healed, leaving them stiff and rigid. It was almost the 1st of February when the crippled woodsman was able to leave the camp. But where was he to go? He told Wilfred of his lonely home on Fishing Creek, how he hated to return there, yet he could do no manual labor, what else was left? To his surprise, the girl said that she would go with him to the North Mountain. He said he would be happy to go there if she were with him, but when he thought of his abject place in the world, of his

added affliction, he hesitated to mention the thought and hope that as on his lips.

It was not until the sleigh that was to take them clear to the North Mountain country was almost to Watson town that he summoned up courage enough to put his brawny arm about her, under the buffalo robes, and ask her to be his wife. There was a ready acquiescence, and a squire along the way tied the knot before the snow-capped form of the North Mountain, their future home, loomed up against the sky line.



IV. OSCALUWA.

AMONG the French settlers in the vicinity of Asylum were Charles Baptiste Ariel and James Laporte, wolf hunters of the Cevennes Mountains in Southern France. Whether they were brought to the wilderness home of the aristocratic French exiles for the purpose of keeping down possible incursions of these beasts or gravitated into this favorite calling, is not definitely known. At any rate, they were soon noted for their exploits among the fierce denizens of the North Mountain forests. The savagery of the French wolves was proverbial; beside them the wolves of Pennsylvania were mild, inoffensive creatures. Yet Ariel and Laporte and a few others deemed it their duty to attempt their extinction.

They did not expect to do it easily. A single she wolf at Gevaudan had terrorized an entire Department for five years, even, it is claimed, holding up a stage coach; hence their success against the North Mountain wolves would proclaim added skill or less ingenious victims.

The Pennsylvania wolves were protected by the Senecas, who had formerly ruled the North Mountain country. Their Monsey, now called Muney, or Wolf clan, are perpetuated by the valley, creek and town bearing their proud name. Other tribes hunted wolves when their pelts were prime, but never rigor-

ously; the wolves of Pennsylvania had no chance to develop the cunning that resulted from centuries of persecution in France when assailed by the bold hunters from the "Mother Land." The French wolfers or *louvetiers* quickly adopted the Pennsylvania methods of securing their wily adversaries, trapping them or at the breeding season watching for them over night. By this latter method it is noted precisely where each she-wolf gives tongue; if on the following morning the howl is repeated at the same spot, it is a practical certainty that that wolf will have her brood in the immediate neighborhood. But unless the pups are not found that day, it is completely useless to seek for them on the following, for as soon as the mother wolf perceives that her young are being sought, she at once removes them far away.

Laporte later abandoned wolf hunting for more important enterprises, but Ariel was a trapper "dyed in the blood," and remained on the trap line for the remainder of his long and eventful life. On an average fifty wolves per year fell victim to his unerring skill as a huntsman, this number being maintained until long after the North Mountain country was comparatively well settled. After "cleaning out" one locality, he would pass on to another. In that way few hills and ravines in the "Endless Mountains" were unfamiliar to him.

On his expeditions as a wolfer he penetrated into the deep forests which lined the Osculwa, a beautiful crystalline stream that empties into Lycoming Creek.

not far from its sources. Near the mouth of the Oscaluwa was located an Indian village. It stood on warranted land, where it could not be brushed aside by any covetous white man, and as most of its inhabitants were partly of white blood, they were tolerably well versed in the law.

Charles Baptiste Ariel was a prepossessing man in looks and demeanor; he was a welcome visitor to the Indian settlement and made many warm friends there. But the chief attraction at Oscaluwa was a young girl. She was at least three-quarters white, Annot Montour by name. Her father was one of Madame Montour's sons—probably Andrew—while her mother was a sister of the chieftain Captain Pollard, later noted for his diplomatic dealings with the white land sharks in Western New York.

Annot, at the time of Ariel's first visit, was about eighteen years of age, of the fragile *scelte* type, with raven tresses, a white skin, and very pale blue eyes. There was an Indian flatness to her nose, which detracted somewhat from her beauty, but she was, despite that one possible defect, uncommonly attractive to look upon.

Ariel fancied her from the start, and asked permission from her mother to pay his addresses to her. He was tired of his wandering life of bachelorhood; he would like to marry and settle down with such a very charming wife. But the mother, when she called Annot into consultation in the wolfer's presence, shook her head emphatically.

"You must not forget, mother," she said, "that Johnny Hunter asked to court me, and you know how much I care for him." Then she added, tactfully, "I like Monsieur Ariel; he is good to look at and is pleasant, but I can never change my allegiance without Hunter's consent."

Ariel knew enough about Johnny Hunter not to expect him to step aside in favor of a pale-faced rival. Johnny was the celebrated warrior Good Hunter's son; he had many of the excellent traits of his gallant sire, one of which was persistence in love as well as in favorite son; he had many of the excellent traits of his gallant sire, one of which was persistence in love as well as in war. Johnny Hunter came seldom to Oscawuwa, but when he did it happened that Ariel was not there, consequently he had not suspected the attachment. But Ariel took in the situation good-humoredly. It was no slight towards him, only unfortunate that Johnny Hunter had seen and won the fragile beauty first.

Hunter and Ariel were well acquainted. They met frequently, but never a word concerning their cross-purposes in love ever passed their lips. As time went on Ariel secretly pined over his inability to possess the fair Annot. Every time he saw her and knew that she never could be his, his heart sank with disappointment. At length his sufferings from chagrin produced sleepless nights and loss of appetite to such an extent that, like effete Americans of a later day, he craved "change of scene."

A campaign against the Shawnees in Western Ohio was in progress; volunteers that were dead shots were wanted; Charles Baptiste Ariel made the long journey and was promptly accepted. In the camp that night he was surprised to find as tent-mate his Indian rival, Johnny Hunter. There was a cordial greeting, but beneath it all, Ariel was piqued that a vital memory of his unhappiness had preceded him to the camp. Hunter had, unknown to him, arrived and enlisted only the day before. It was a curious coincidence.

A week later they were both in the skirmish line of a serious engagement. Hunter and Ariel were advancing on their hands and knees through the dense bracken, in a vast level park of giant hardwoods, to outflank the savage foes and rake them with all their relentless skill as sharpshooters. Hunter was ahead, Ariel behind. The Indian espied a group of the enemy and fired. He scored a hit, for a big Shawnee fell over in a heap; Hunter signalled with his left hand for Ariel to fire; there was a momentary delay; evidently the Indian thought that the Frenchman was not ready. At any rate, he rose up suddenly, just in time to receive Ariel's full charge through his back.

Johnny Hunter never knew what struck him. He plunged forward on his face, while a torrent of blood poured out of his nose and mouth. A heavy fusillade from the Shawnees now ensued, but Ariel, keeping close to the ground, was able to regain his lines. He reported Hunter's death, but let it be assumed that enemy Indians had done it. He felt unhappily about

the accident, yet a perverse side of his nature exulted over the prospects, when he was mustered out, of returning to Oscaluwa and claiming Annot Montour as his bride.

When the campaign ended in complete victory for the whites, Ariel was paid off and allowed to depart for the east. He literally treaded on air the entire distance. It was the shortest "long" journey that he had ever taken in his life. He did not journey towards his comfortable log cabin on the North Branch, but directed his course to Oscaluwa by the shortest route.

Annot was sitting on a log by the creek, mending her best skirt with needle and thread, exposing her trim gaitered legs as the confident white man approached. He hailed her by waving his rifle, and rushed forward with a jubilant smile on his face. When opposite to her he threw his rifle to the ground, shouting:

"War's over. I've come back to make you my wife."

"But what about Hunter?" said Annot, quietly, without rising from the log, or losing a stitch.

"Have you not heard?" said Ariel, incredulously. "I thought bad news was a fast traveler. He's dead."

Annot's naturally white face turned gray, all the color left her lips and ears.

"Hunter dead! Of course he fell in battle?"

"That he did," replied the Frenchman; "facing the foe and fighting bravely."

"But he sent no message to me," continued Annot, "consequently I am not free to marry you."

Ariel's jaw dropped; fate had fooled him after all.

"He had no time to send a message; he died instantly. I know he would have been glad to know that I would take his place and care for you."

The red blood rushed up into Annot's long, slim face. She dropped her needle and thread.

"Thank you," she said. "I can always make a good home for myself. I can never marry while my spirit belongs to Hunter. I don't dislike you, but you have no chance. Do not waste your time, monsieur."

She arose from the log, firm-lipped and dry-eyed—for Indians never showed their grief—and, turning her back on Ariel, walked away quickly in the direction of the cabins.

Ariel took his set-back philosophically—at first. He, too, turned on his heel and resumed his journey. He never stopped until he reached his home on the North Branch. It was a bitter experience, and he brooded over it more and more as the days went by. But he knew that the Indian nature was inexorable; Annot would no more alter her purpose than the moon to change its transit.

Settlers were rapidly opening up the North Branch Country, big game hunting to an extent was done in the locality. Ariel was discontented, so he decided to move to the wilds of Moosie Mountain, where elks, panthers and bears were still to be found in considerable numbers. In the Moosie region he soon became noted as the premier hunter and trapper, sharing with the mighty Elias Scott the honors of the chase.

Scott's specialty was deer shooting. His record of three deer with one shot has only been equalled by two or three Pennsylvania hunters.

Charles Baptiste Ariel led a lonely, solitary life. No woman entered his thoughts except the stubborn Annot Montour. She was the love of his life, the ideal of his highest aspirations. He often dreamed of her, and would be depressed in spirit for days after these nocturnal glimpses. He often wondered if she were still at Oscaluwa, or had departed for one of the reservations, but he hesitated about attempting further advances; neither did he inquire concerning her from hunters who had come from the Lycoming watershed.

One night in the early fall he dreamed that Annot appeared at his bedside, looking wistful and sad, and told him that she had reconsidered her decision to wed only with Johnny Hunter's consent. She had spent ten lonely years when she might have been happy; if Ariel would join her at the old camp at Oscaluwa she would marry him. She looked so beautiful and seemed so much in earnest that the solitary trapper was only too ready to agree to her wish.

When he awoke he was deeply impressed by the dream, so much so that he began making preparations to start on the morrow for Oscaluwa. It had been a long and weary wait, but then Annot was well worth waiting for. He plastered down his dark, curly locks with bear's grease, shaved away his flowing beard, put on his best buckskin clothes, his best furred "coonskin

cap," and shouldering his most trusty rifle, started for the trysting place.

All through the dark aisles of the original forests he was as light-hearted as a boy. He sang old songs of his early days in the Cevennes, songs that had been lost to him during the long days of his hermitage on "Imperial Moosic." What exquisite joy lay before him, what a crowning glory to his existence! He was naturally of an emotional nature, a true Latin, and with each mile his exultation grew. He gradually worked himself into a trance of delirium. Yet his step was firm, his perceptions seemed clear, as every step brought him nearer to his goal.

Night was falling as he approached the waters of Huntington Creek, just above its confluence with Fishing Creek. The streams had risen with the fall rains, and were not to be forded. He paused on the bank, resting his hand against a giant sycamore tree, the smooth, white trunk of which rose like a ghost in the waning light. As he stood there he heard an unearthly voice in the branches which seemed to say:

"Bring over the canoe. Bring over the canoe."

At first he could not understand what aid was putting into words thoughts that were uppermost in his mind. Then he glanced up into the bare, white branches. Clustered on the topmost boughs, perched for the most part close to the trunk, were a number of great horned owls. These burly denizens of the night had always been silent as far as he had observed. The barred owl hooted in the gloom, and was known to the hunters

as the "hoot" owl, but he was even more familiar with the tremulous, wailing whistle of the little screech owl, so frequently heard on cold nights in the autumn.

In the Cevennes, long years before, he recalled the "Chouette Hulotte," whose mournful cries of "ha-aho, ha-aho," seemed at a distance like those of a lost person.

The great horned owl, so silent and mysterious, was said by the Indians to hold the souls of braves killed in battle; could the group of dark monsters in the sycamore top be in some way connected with the dead Johnny Hunter? He had never seen so many together; what was the significance of their gathering? Out of the stillness came the mournful accents:

"Bring over the canoe. Bring over the canoe."

There was a dense hemlock forest on the opposite shore. It looked impenetrably black, yet he must pass through its gloom to reach the delectable mountains beyond where he would be face to face with Annot Montour.

As he waited and meditated, fascinated by the gloomy surroundings, he thought he saw an Indian push a white canoe into the water from a point on the opposite bank where the spreading bows of the hemlocks dipped into the swirling current. Though the creek was as wide as it was wild, the Indian ferryman was beaching his slender craft almost before the anxious lover could realize it. It had become very dark but to his surprise Ariel noticed that Johnny Hunter, back from the field of slain, was the boatman.

The Indian greeted him with a smile, and held out his hand. Evidently he felt no resentment at Ariel for having been the indirect cause of his sudden "taking off." He did not speak, but motioned to the white man to enter the canoe. The Frenchman responded with alacrity. As he stepped into the boat he looked back at the old buttonwood; the great owls still sat in the topmost branches, huddled close against the smooth, white trunk.

Ariel was not so much in a trance but that he instinctively felt that Johnny Hunter was a ghost, and if he spoke to a ghost it meant that canoe and all would vanish, and he would find himself in the autumnal water, icy from the melting snows on the crest of the North Mountain. He remained silent, the canoe negotiated the creek and shot into its mooring, beneath the overhanging, dripping branches of the ancient hemlocks. The Indian ferryman leaped over the prow and deftly drew the canoe to dry land. Ariel followed him, and in a few steps beyond the old trees which fringed the shore he came to a clearing and a camp, where, to his delight, he saw Annot Montour, his lost love, just as lovely as of yore, seated on a log, mending her skirt with needle and thread. Her eyes were lowered; she had been intent on her task, until she felt the approach of Ariel. She was on her pretty moccasined feet in an instant and hurrying towards him with outstretched arms.

Had his dream come true, or was it all a dream within a dream, a phantom conjured up by the sup-

pressed love of years? Yet Annot did not speak—all was silent as the coming and going of shadows, yet his heart beat fast all the while.

In a moment his arms were about her; he pressed her close to him, and she did not resist; into her lips he poured out the love that had always lingered there for her alone. He had never before kissed her, not even pressed her hand. He knew that her fealty was for Johnny Hunter from the start; it was blissful now to realize the imaginary emotions that had been his inspiration in the intervening period. And strangest of all, had not Johnny Hunter ferried him to the meeting place and then disappeared? Hunter had given her to him, for his was the greater love. So thought Ariel.

As it is always when we think that everything is coming our way, quickly followed the disaster. Annot suggested to Ariel that they leave the camp and proceed to Oscaluwa; they could get there by morning if they traveled rapidly. The Frenchman was glad to return to the scene of the earliest stages of his romance, and, placing his arm around his fair charmer's waist, started for the distant encampment.

They traveled through the dark forest for some distance, when they came to another body of water, the North Branch of Fishing Creek. At the brink they halted, and Ariel, remembering the admonishment of the big owls, shouted at the top of his voice:

"Bring over the canoe. Bring over the canoe."

There was silence save for the shudders which ran

through the dense groves of pine and hemlock, shaking their shaggy branches with mournful intonations when the snow and wind racked them. Then Ariel repeated his call :

“Bring over the canoe. Bring over the canoe.”

More silence, broken only by the frigid gusts which swept down the stream from the north.

“Over, over, over,” called the Frenchman, while Annot clung to his arm, shivering and quivering with cold, burying her head on his shoulder. The waters ran swiftly and were of that forbidding stone gray hue that is caused by melting snow from the mountains, so characteristic of Alpine torrents.

“We must get over before dawn,” whispered Annot. “I cannot remain here all night.”

Ariel overlooked that it was the last night of the ghost month, when, after a final fling of worldliness, all spirits must return to their abodes in the nether world for another eleven months of silence and oblivion. But if he had not, nothing could have induced him to believe that the soft, clinging form at his side was anything but flesh and blood. He was affected by the shivering form at his side ; he must bring her over, no matter what the cost.

Picking her up in his stalwart arms, as if she were a baby, he stepped boldly into the dark, frigid current. With every step the water was higher ; it came to his knees, his waist, his shoulders, his throat. All at once he stepped on a slippery stone ; he lost his balance, and as he did so, Annot was swept from his arms, and dis

appeared in the gloomy flood. Ariel reached about wildly, shouting and swallowing much water. He became dazed by his peril and from exposure. He walked backwards and forwards, aimlessly and in distress, calling, "Annot, Annot, Annot Montour."

But there was no response, except the roar of the waters, the melancholy sighing of the north wind among the old pines along the shore. Dawn was beginning to break. He found that he was near shore, and waded to dry land. He walked along the beach as if to locate the missing girl, shaking his head and muttering, his teeth chattering from the cold.

As he was continuing his eccentric conduct old Isaac Jones rode down to the watering place on his aged roan mare, at the head of his herd of cattle. He noticed the water-soaked stranger and called to him to approach.

The sound of a human voice brought the Frenchman out of his trance. He realized the folly of his conduct, and that he was frightfully cold. He told enough of his story to Jones to enable the wise old Quaker to summarize the entire affair.

"Do you know what night last night was?" he queried.

"No," said Ariel; "I am not quite sure."

"It was the last night of the ghost month; you had no business at this ford. I am not superstitious," said Jones; "no Christian is; that is, I am not superstitious except a little during the ghost month, and a good deal

on the last night of the ghost month. But first come to the house over the hill and dry your clothes."

By this time the cattle and horses had quenched their thirsts, and Ariel, holding to one of the stirrup leathers with a numb hand, followed his rescuer up the path, out of the woods, and to a very comfortable, roomy log house but recently built. There by the open fireplace Ariel was seated in a chair by the Quaker's wife, given a hot drink and a smoke to cheer him while his clothes were drying. His teeth were still chattering when he arrived, but he soon became comfortable, physically as well as spiritually. Then Isaac Jones resumed the legend of the ford:

"The Indians who used to camp here said that at this place one's fondest hopes could be realized for a few minutes on the last night of the ghost month. If one dreamed of this place and came to it on that night, the wish would be realized, but generally with fatal results to the wisher. How you ever escaped getting drowned is a mystery to me, but you are lucky if you did not catch your death of cold."

Ariel was gradually coming to his senses; the effects of the dream were wearing off. He was becoming ridiculously sane, and ready to return to his cabin on Moosic Mountain.

"I will never again follow the instructions given in a dream," he said, ruefully. "I am thankful that I was not drowned for my folly."

He remained in the Jones household for nearly a month, suffering from fever and ague, which followed

his icy immersion. Each day made him a more sensible man, more contented with his lot. His mind turned again to wolves and panthers, of the good tracking snows soon to cover Moosic Mountain and bring him close to the game. If Annot Montour was living or dead he did not covet her, though he never associated her with the calamity he had so narrowly averted, but blamed himself for being influenced by a dream. When he finally left, he shook old Jones warmly by the hand, saying:

"Brother Isaac, like you, I am not superstitious, except a little during the ghost month and a good deal on the last night of the ghost month. But in the future I will stay close to Moosic during the ghost month. If I am to be disturbed by any of the dwellers in the unseen world, they will have to knock on my door. I will not go after them, into their world. I will get there soon enough when I die."

Jones escorted him to a point below where the two streams meet at the ghostly peninsula and ferried him across to the eastern shore. There they parted, and Charles Baptiste Ariel, cured after his spiritual detachment, wended his way across the wooden ridges in the direction of the giant slopes of old Moosic. And there he remained for most of his life, hunting and trapping, living simply and thinking of things terrestrial. His heart was closed to all tempting memories of Annot Montour and the far-off days on the Osechuwa, when the sight of her had created the one love of his life.

Annot had many suitors after Johnny Hunter's death became generally known. Frenchmen, Germans, Dutchmen and Indians vied with one another for her hand, but the stubborn beauty was firm in her decision not to wed without her dead lover's consent. All of the lovers, before resigning themselves to the inevitable, urged her to visit a soothsayer and have Hunter's spirit conjured up for the purpose of obtaining from it a release from the promise. But Annot would consult no wise man nor wise woman, rather glorifying in her firmness and fidelity.

When the white settlements encroached on the Oscaluwa and a new warrant was laid for the land embracing the encampment Annot and her mother sold their claim. They accepted an invitation to visit a relative, the celebrated "French Margaret," at her home in Canada.

As an historic character, "Queen Margaret," as she was sometimes called, ranked a close second to her illustrious aunt, Madame Montour. The Madame's home for many years was at the mouth of Loyalsock Creek, where she maintained a "city" called Ostinwackin, well known to the backwoodsmen. It was a pioneer "dry" town, as no liquors were ever allowed to enter its precincts. French Margaret's husband, Peter Quebec, was a violent temperance proselyter and spent much of his time haranguing any one who would stop to listen to him on the evils of drink among the red and white races. In that respect he was a couple of centuries ahead of his time.

French Margaret was always very fond of Annot Montour. During her visits to Oscaluwa she had taught the girl to speak French fluently, and this was one reason why Ariel felt so much at home in the society of the comely Indian maid.

Meginness states that on one occasion when "The Little Queen" (as Margaret was called to distinguish her from "The Indian Queen," Madame Montour), visited Bethlehem she rode into town accompanied by her children and white servants in a coach and six. Her chief postilion was an Irishman named O'Kelly. She enjoyed her visit, especially as she conversed in French with a number of the Moravian sisters who were well versed in that language.

Annot's mother died in Canada, and the girl, to shake off the sad memories, soon after started back to Oscaluwa, accompanied by several faithful retainers. She was much changed by this fresh sorrow and sent for several soothsayers in an effort to converse with her mother's spirit. Whether these "seances" were successful or not is not known, but they had the effect of making her deeply interested in the mysticism of the unseen world. The deeper she delved into spiritualism, the more profound seemed the mystery, and the more reluctant she was to give it up.

One of the wise men told her of a certain flower that grew in the depth of the forest, which, if she plucked and wore it on her breast, would give her the power to turn herself into any desired form.

When the purchasers of the tract of land on which

the Indian village had stood desired to make further improvements, the remaining Indians felt that it was time to accept the shelter of the reservations and move on—all but Annot Montour. She could not bring herself to take up a new abode; she had tried a visit to Canada but could not feel happy there, even among relatives—it would be worse on the reservation.

Asher Fields, a New Englander, who bought the claim, had an invalid wife and he was glad to accept Annot's offer to help with his housework for her board. She was a willing worker, but he found that she was laboring under some form of mental excitement. She was nervous and unstrung by day, and at night she often took long, solitary walks in the woods. She was over thirty years of age, but her slim figure and childlike blue eyes maintained the fiction of youth; only a close observer who noted the lines or "crows' feet" around her eyes, the hard lines of her mouth and the lack of lustre to her complexion, would realize that her girlhood days had fled. She could have remained indefinitely in the Fields homestead; the region was populated mainly by French people, a few of whom possessed Indian blood. Annot was classed with these latter, and not looked upon as an exotic, like were Indians in most localities where they lingered. But at heart she felt the psychic gulf which separated her from the white people about her. They were friendly and sociable, her racial origins were never commented upon, yet she never felt

quite as much in harmony with them as with persons of pure Indian descent. To be away from those who could understand her most created in Annot a spirit of loneliness and restlessness that was hard to conquer. If she had been like other Indian girls she would have resigned her employment and followed the other members of her race to one of the reservations. But some strange mysticism, some inexplicable tie held her to the valley of the Oscaluwa.

Who-Goes-in-the-Smoke, once a noted Seneca warrior, but in his later years a wise man, had told her of the mysterious flower which gave the power to change oneself at will. She was tired of the routine of Asher Fields' cabin, she shrank from the idea of going to a reservation, though she wanted to go away. If she could find the mystic flower she could assume an animal's shape, and linger amid the familiar scenes and be dependent upon no one.

After months of searching in an open glade where a windfall had rolled away the giant hemlocks years before, Annot found the much sought blossom. Her heart leaped with joy, at last she was free, she thought as she stuck the long sticky stem into the bosom of her dress. Then she began to walk in the direction of Fields' clearing, about five miles away. She knew that the charm would have its effect—she wished to be a she-wolf before she would reach the edge of the clearing.

The transition commenced almost before she realized it; it was as complete as it was painless. She

looked down at her shaggy grey breast, her little hairy paws pattering over the pine needles. When she came to the Oscaluwa across which lay the Fields' clearing, she saw her wolfish self reflected in the clear waters. She shuddered at the sight of her long muzzle and up-cocked ears, yet instead of an involuntary scream, she gave vent to a long drawn-out wolfish yell. It set the dogs to barking about the sheepfold, and fearing she would be pursued by the snarling pack of curs, she turned about and skipped away nimbly through the forest.

She never again returned to the vicinity of the clearing, but kept herself away from all the habitations of the settlers. In her human form she was like many Indians, a vegetarian, and as a wolf she limited herself to a diet of nuts, berries, roots and wild fruits; sometimes she found an ear of wild corn or melon and feasted accordingly. She was not lonely, in fact she was happier than when as a lone Indian she lived among the unsympathetic whites. Often she heard the tonguing of packs of wolves when close on the trail of a wounded deer, or the melodious howling when they signalled to one another prior to some sanguinary foray on a sheep pen. At a distance she occasionally noticed single wolves trotting along on their favorite paths. But Annot, the wolf-woman, always kept clear of these brutes, and none of them suspected that she was with them, a co-tenant of the forest. As a wolf-woman, or were-wolf, or whatever she might be called, she inhabited

the great hemlock belt lying between Lycoming Creek and the North Branch for more than two years. She had no trouble with dogs, or hunters or wolves, or from lack of food because she possessed human plus wolfish sagacity. She might have lived there in almost complete security for many years.

Who-Goes-in-the-Smoke had told her that there was one danger, one vulnerable point. It was that if she should be captured and killed by a hunter she would, as one of the final phenomena of death, return to her human form. Annot shrank at the thought of passing into the hands of some rapacious hunter, her secret revealed, and guarded herself carefully against capture. She would die of hunger or exposure rather than venture into a white man's trap. Many wolves fell into the pits prepared for them, leaping on the revolving roofs, under which was concealed a piece of meat, and being precipitated below, or stepped inadvertently into the jaws of a home-made and well-tempered steel trap. Strychnine had not been resorted to in those early days, but as Annot ate no meat, there was no danger for her in a poisoned carcass along the paths.

It was when she felt most secure and comfortable in the forest that Charles Baptiste Ariel, again tiring of his hunting grounds on "Imperial Moosic," he-thought him-self of the Oscaluwa. He would put in another winter trapping there before he died. He therefore gathered together his outfit and set out for the old time hunting ground. He was very careful

not to come nearer to Fishing Creek than the source of one of its branches, Kitchen's Creek. At Ganoga Lake he reached the familiar scenes after a safe and uneventful journey. He put up with Asher Fields who, to his surprise, told how he had harbored Annot Montour after her return from Canada, until one morning she had sallied forth ostensibly for a stroll in the forest, and never returned.

If he had only persevered, thought Ariel, after his nightmare on Fishing Creek, Annot might have been *his* after all! But in order to forget his troubles he devoted all his energy to making his trap line a complete success. Wolves were still plentiful, Fields told him; they sometimes menaced his sheep-fold and could be heard howling on the mountain tops almost every night. Yet they did not come quickly into the Frenchman's traps. It was ten days before he found a victim.

He had placed a new trap beside a fallen hemlock over which the wolves leaped when following their accustomed pathway. Annot, the wolf-woman, was generally very cautious about using the known wolf paths, but on this occasion she was gaily scampering along one of the paths until, when she reached the huge moss covered prostrate hemlock she sprang over it with bird-like alacrity. She alighted with both rear paws within the cruel maw of the trap, which shut with terrific force. With all her skill she was a captive. She struggled and twisted and ramped, but the teeth only bit tighter into her nerves and tendons. She

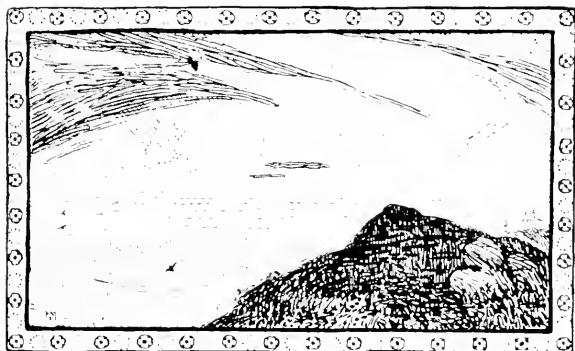
pulled with all her might, but the trap was chained to a heavy boulder and would not give. She sought to bite off her hind feet, but she could not get purchase enough to do so. It was bitterly cold, and the metallic trap, cutting off her circulation, added to her miseries. A night under such conditions was indescribably terrible, but all the next day and the following night besides dragged by, with untold sufferings until Ariel, in examining his trap line, reached the hemlock crossing and found his captive.

Annot recognized him and tried to speak, but all the sound that she could make was a very discordant yelp. Failing to make him understand in speech, the wretched victim looked up into his eyes to plead for mercy. But Ariel, the wolfer, was used to these heart-rending glances from his trapped quarries; he was dead to all mercy.

The "wolf" lay so still that it was not worth wasting a load of powder to shoot her. He raised the butt of his long rifle and brought it down with a crushing blow on the animal's skull. As the blow struck an almost instantaneous metamorphosis occurred. Instead of a she-wolf, Annot Montour, the beautiful and *szelte*, lay before him, dead in the snow, her skull stove by his powerful blow.

No one was present to record his thoughts. When he recovered his equilibrium he proceeded to dig a grave with his hunting knife, under the hemlock log; there he buried Annot and covered the last resting place with stones to prevent other wolves from dig-

ging the body out. He abandoned his trap line and started west, perhaps to commune with Johnny Hunter's spirit. He wanted an explanation of sundry weird happenings.



V. MARIELE.

THERE was a heavy snow falling, though it was early in the month of October—"Squaw-winter," the backwoodsmen called it. Great gusts of sleet and snow swept across the river and cut the muffled faces of the travelers. The narrow road was deep in mud from freezes and thaws, making extremely tiresome work for the saddle and pack horses.

Jean Paul Louis Dushore, the leader of this particular expedition, had arrived from England only a month before, and was on his way to Asylum, sometimes called Azilum, a settlement of French political exiles in the Impassable Mountains, where his father, mother and sisters had preceded him the year before. They were pleased with the wilderness home and sent for their only son to join them. He had become restless, wandering about aimlessly in Ireland and England, and was only too glad to start for a definite goal in the "New World."

With two Indian guides and a white professional packer named Derek, he had left Harris Ferry, his train consisting of thirty heavily-laden horses, all bearing supplies for his parents and other French families in the Pennsylvania wilds beyond the North Mountain. He had been recommended to spend the first night after leaving the "Ferry" at the half-way house, formerly the home of Thomas Barber, which

was located on the west bank of the river between Louisbourg (Harris' Ferry) and Selin's Grove. Through the storm not a single window emitted cheer or light, and the cavalcade almost rode into the long, dark, weather-beaten log structure without seeing it.

Derck, the packer, who was riding beside young Dushore, leaped off his big roan horse and knocked on the oaken, iron-bound door with the butt of his blacksnake whip—a formidable weapon used to accelerate the pace of the wretched beasts of burden. A pack of hunting dogs appeared from under the house, from under adjacent sheds and lean-tos, and commenced a terrific and discordant barking. There was a delay of several minutes before the sound of the loosening of the chains was heard, indicating that the knocks were heeded. When the heavy portal was opened, an old woman stood before them, hardly discernable but for the flickering glow of the embers of a wood fire in the old-fashioned open hearth. Derek spoke to her in Dutch, and as she was slow in making response, Dushore addressed her in French, to which she replied after some hesitation, but with a very poor accent, inviting the wayfarers to enter. By the ruddy glow of the embers in the big fireplace could be seen the stew kettle and the hot water kettle hanging on the crane, the bake kettle among the coals.

Shutting the door muffled the disagreeable barking of the dogs, human voices were more recognizable. In the hush that fell after the old woman's words of welcome, Dushore heard something that sounded like

a person crying. The sounds came from a dark corner of the great raftered room, from a recess beyond the fireplace. There were many choking sobs, so pitiful in tone that the chivalrous young Frenchman concluded that it must be some one in deep distress. At length he asked the old woman who it was that seemed to be so wretchedly unhappy. The crone seemed reluctant to reply, but she finally answered that it was only her youngest daughter, Mariele, who had received word that evening that her betrothed husband had been killed and scalped in a battle with the Indians in Ohio.

"She is foolish to take on so. When I was her age I had to see my father and mother and all my brothers and sisters scalped when the Inchas burned our home on Norwegian Creek; for some reason they spared me, but they kept me a captive for seven years." Suddenly pausing, she addressed herself to the unseen dolorous one in the inglenook. "Mariele," she called angrily, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to show your feelings. Come out of there and behave yourself, or, big as you are, I will give you something to cry about!"

As she concluded, she fumbled in the wood box among the heavy sticks. The sharp words had a sobering effect on Mariele; they made her realize that strangers were present, that she should postpone her grief until a more private occasion. She got up from her rushbottomed stool and groped her way forward through the gloom. Meanwhile the old woman had

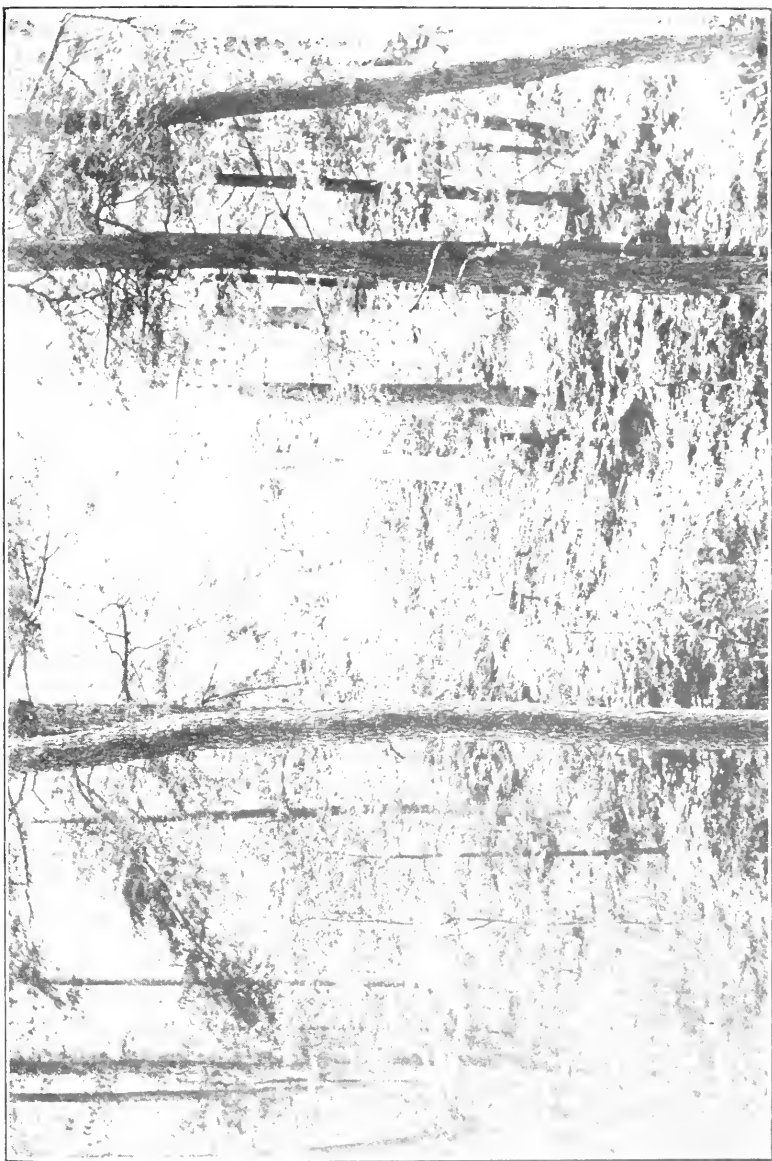
taken a firebrand and lit a single rushlight which she placed on the deal table in front of the fireplace. Its first rays sparkled on the row of pewter plates which lined the mantel shelf. Dushore glanced from them to the slim feminine figure coming towards the light. He could see that her hair and eyes were very black, that her face was very pale, that her naturally full lips were much swollen from weeping. She wore a white calico dress, white stockings showed above her heavy, hob-nailed shoes. Despite her forlorn appearance she was pretty and refined looking, too beautiful, he thought, for so much grief, too young, for she seemed to be not more than twenty years of age.

Mechanically she began assisting the old woman place the supper dishes on the table; neither woman spoke; they were like a witch and a ghost together. After the steaming repast was on the table, the old woman became communicative again. She was a native of Strasburg, where she had been born about sixty years before, but had been brought to Pennsylvania as a small child. She had spoken a little French at home, but during her captivity with the Indians she had visited Canada and become proficient in that language. But after all, she had married a Dutchman named Reuben Kratzer; her own maiden name was Anrand. He had never returned from the Revolution, leaving her with seven children to bring up; all were married except Mariele, whose lover had recently been butchered at Sandusky.

"But I never cried when my parents, my brothers and sisters were massacred before my eyes, or when my 'man' was reported dead after the battle of Germantown. I have no sympathy for any one who cries. It is the Lord's will, so why should we care?"

Mariele sobbed once again as her mother finished her stoical dissertation, but then her eyes rested on Dushore, in whom, twenty-two years of age, tall, slim, with regular features, she recognized a person of uncommon quality. Her feminine pride chilled her rebellious grief. After the supper, when she took her seat at the table, with her back to him so that he might not notice her red eyes and swollen nps, the young man deliberately went around the table and sat down opposite to her, remaining there while she attempted to eat her frugal meal of porridge. She looked down at her bowl, never raising her eyes, but Dushore noted the pretty curve of her chin, her soft throat, her shapely wrists, her delicate, ivory-white hands.

"*Seulement pour baiser-jamais pour travaille,*" he whispered to himself. He was so young, so handsome, so distinguished-looking, that Mariele, despite her feelings of shame, eventually accorded him several downcast glances. When he thought that she felt sufficiently at ease with him, he began talking to her in French, which she understood, and her replies were in a modulated voice and excellent accent. Tired as he thought he was when he reached the half-way house, he was completely refreshed by the sight of Mariele. It was after six o'clock when he entered the old house.



It was past two o'clock when the yawns of his guides, seated stolidly on the opposite side of the fireplace, and from the old woman, who was smoking a pipe, indicated that the party had better break up. They had a long journey before them on the morrow.

There was a curtain of buffalo robes across one end of the room, behind which Mariele and her mother retired for what was left of the night. The Indians wrapped their blankets around themselves and went outside to sleep in the corral with the horses. Derck, the packer, wrapped in his blanket, lay down on the stone hearth before the fire, Dushore occupied a bunk by the wall near the fireplace. Late as it was, and tired as he had been, the young man found it difficult to sleep. The love which had been kindled by the sight of the swarthy backwoods girl would not permit him to enter the land of dreams. He tossed about among the hot buffalo robes for about an hour. He was contemplating getting up to indulge in a smoke before the fire, when there was a loud knocking on the door. Derck was awake in an instant, and, drawing a heavy horse pistol, cautiously unchained the ponderous door. It was his own Indians whom he found outside. Dushore's mount, a fine English clean-bred stallion, a son of the celebrated Pot-8-Os, was lying on his back, apparently dying from colic. The packer conveyed the news to Dushore, whom he found wide awake. They worked over the sick horse until daybreak; they managed to pull him through. But a

continuance of the journey for another day or two was out of the question.

When he returned to the half-way house, Mariele was sweeping the hearth. In the foggy light, he could study her features better than by the fitful glow of the fireside. The redness of her eyes had disappeared with a good night's rest, her lips were restored to their natural contour, her nose when seen in profile possessed an almost Indian downward curve, but at full face it was harmonized and softened by her other features. Her complexion, though pallid, was as clear as alabaster. Her black eyes were very large, there was a strange blueness to the "whites." There was a neatness and trimness to her figure, that denoted youthfulness and grace. She greeted the young Frenchman very pleasantly, inquiring about his horse, and he was pleased to tell her that the blooded animal was well along on the road to recovery.

"But," he added, "he will not be able to travel before tomorrow, and, will you believe me, since I have met you I am not at all sorry."

Mariele rested on the handle of her besom and looked down at the floor. She seemed embarrassed, but she summoned courage enough to answer.

"I was never more unhappy in my life," she said, "when you came here last night. When I saw you and talked with you, all my sorrow seemed to vanish. I cannot tell you why. I may have some of my mother's philosophy after all. Whatever happens is the Lord's will. I am glad that you are not going away."

These mutual confidences were enough to create an understanding between the young couple; the elegant young Frenchman and the pioneer beauty had found equality within the portals of love. During the afternoon, when Mariele's work was over, they took a walk along the river bank, beneath the giant elms and water oaks, proclaiming their mutual affection under the gentle influence of the spell of Indian summer. Mariele, who twenty-four hours before was plunged in abject grief, had found a new and greater love; Dushore admitted to her that he had known a girl in Lismore who had held his heart until the eventful moment when she had emerged, tear-stained and dejected, from behind the inglenook. Now they returned to the old log house, hand in hand, both looking radiantly happy. The news was promptly broken to the old mother, who seemed more pleased than surprised.

"It is the Lord's will; what was the use of those tears last night, when you have a better man this morning?"

During the evening the three sat before the fire discussing the future, the happiest of topics because it is purely spiritual. The old woman did not want to leave the half-way house. She was comfortably settled there, and since the death of the former owner, Thomas Barber, who was crushed in tearing down an old cow stable several months before she had made her first payment on it. A married daughter who lived a mile inland could be induced to come and assist in the management. While these arrangements were

being made, Dushore would go to his parents' home in the North Mountain Country, make arrangements for the reception of his bride and have a house started, if help could be found.

This talk continued until past midnight, after which the old woman retired to leave the young lovers alone together. Derck pretended he wanted to stay out in the shed with the horse, but in reality he felt himself superfluous. Before they parted for the night love tokens were exchanged. Dushore gave her the only ring he wore, a beautifully chased circlet, with his coat of arms carved on the face; also an elegant miniature, set in a gold case, painted in Dublin, which he was bringing as a gift to his parents. Mariele gave him the only thing she possessed which in any way approximated jewelry—a poor little locket, probably low-grade gold, which hung from her pretty neck by a band of red tape. Her father had given it to her as his youngest child or “baby” when he left for the Revolution sixteen years before, never to return. Mariele opened it. To Dushore’s relief it was empty. Evidently her attachment for the massacred lover was not of a sentimental nature. She found an old pair of shears and snipped off a lock of her raven tresses, the blackest hair Dushore had ever seen, and crumpled it within the case and snapped it shut. Then she kissed it and handed it to her lover, who tied it around his neck, saying that he prized it more than the Order of the Golden Fleece. They rested in each other’s arms in full understanding and love, almost until dawn.

Mariele stayed in her apartment behind the curtain of bison hides only about an hour when it was time to start breakfast. Dushore walked about outside, waiting for the dawn to break, when the horses would be saddled for the journey to the North Branch.

After a hurried breakfast the lovers took another brief stroll along the river. They were loath to part. When the time came to say good-bye, Mariele embraced and kissed him with all the fervor of an Oriental maid. Then she ran indoors, through the curtain of bison hides and threw herself on the couch in a whirlwind of grief.

Dushore rode silently and sadly up the trail which followed the course of the majestic Susquehanna. The balance of his journey was uneventful. He traveled through many miles of dark hemlock forests, fording many streams where the waters had become torrents from the melting snows on the high mountains, pausing for rest and refreshments at many backwoods inns or settlements. At length the journey was ended; around a bend in the majestic North Branch he beheld the neat, prosperous-looking settlement of Asylum, which his parents had helped to found. Probably two hundred acres of bottom land was cleared of all trees, the slopes of the hills were partly deforested, but along the tops of the ridges still stood the giant, gaunt original pines. They loomed black and forbidding against the livid red orb of the setting sun as at the head of his caravan he rode into town.

He had received so many letters describing his parents' home that he knew it instantly. They had modelled it to be a rustic Mount Vernon; it was constructed of round pine logs with the bark carefully preserved, and the pillars of the colonial portico were made of giant monoliths of pine. It was as impressive a looking mansion as he had ever seen; the best taste had been transferred to the wilderness and a very harmonious result produced. There were other pretentious houses along the wide, single street, but none possessed the sylvan dignity as the homestead of the Dushores.

Several Indian servants were cutting wood on the lot beside the house as the young man rode up. They dropped their axes to view the cavalcade, and as they did so Captain Dushore, the young man's father, came out of the side door, instantly recognizing his handsome son. He hurried to the roadside to greet him, but before he could do so the mother and three of the young man's sisters, who had been apprised by the Indians of his arrival, rushed out and across the bare lawn and almost dragged him out of the saddle. It was a beautiful and touching scene. With Gallic impulsiveness and affection, the family, with arms twined about him, escorted him up the front steps and into the spacious mansion.

The supper was soon served, and then during the rest of the evening there was a most delightful family reunion. Towards the close of the evening, Madame Dushore drew her son aside and asked him about the

young noblewoman in Ireland, the Earl of Fermoy's daughter, about whom he wrote so many enthusiastic letters, and asked to see her miniature, which the youth had written that he was bringing with him. Young Dushore threw his arms about his mother's neck and said, calmly: "I broke it in two and threw it into the Susquehanna River."

"Broke it in two! Threw it away! I cannot understand," echoed the mother, in amazement. "Why, I thought that you had been accepted and would marry her."

"I was accepted and probably would have married her, but that I found a more complete and compelling love while on my journey at Barber's half-way house."

Then he proceeded to tell his mother of his romantic attachment for Mariele—Mariele Kratzer. Madame Dushore listened in silence, but she was framing her reply. She was not hot-headed or unreasonable, nor was she proud; she was merely a sensible, devoted, far-seeing parent. When she spoke, she referred first of all to the fact that she was not animated by pride. The Dushore family, stripped of their wealth and estates and living as exiles in a wilderness, could never be proud, but there were reasons why it would be folly to marry a person like Mariele.

"She is no doubt as unusually beautiful as you say, and charming and amiable, but she could never make you lastingly happy. The courts of Europe are open to you. Life in this backwoods region will pall on you.

Your father and I can stand it because our lives are over, but your sisters and yourself must return to the continent which gave you birth. If you could content yourself to live here always, a wife like Mariele would be best, but if you ever aspire to be more than a wood-chopper, then she would fail as your wife. If you aspire no higher, then your birth and education are in vain."

The young man listened respectfully, but when they parted for the night he was unshaken that he would fulfill his vow to Mariele. That night the mother broke the strange news to Captain Dushore, who, like his wife, took it philosophically.

"It is only a lad's impetuosity. If we oppose him too violently it will make him the more determined, but we must show him his error clearly."

The next morning being cold and clear, the Captain invited his son to come out and see the fields which he was clearing, some of which, among giant blackened pine stumps showed the "winter" wheat green as a sward at the old estate near Toulon. While they were absent, Madame Dushore explained Jean's infatuation to her daughters; they were more excited at first than the parents had been, but as they were sensible girls they soon became calm and discussed a concerted plan of action. That afternoon they would all ask him to abandon his intention of marrying for a year; if at the end of that time he found himself suited to the life of a frontiersman, he could go and claim Mariele as his bride; if, on the contrary, the refinements of Europe

still held charms, he would realize that if he married he must choose a wife from his own circle.

Jean came in to dinner in an enthusiastic frame of mind. He liked the rugged work of clearing new ground, taming the wilderness and overcoming obstacles. After the meal was finished and the Negro serving maid had brought in the coffee, Madame Dushore tactfully directed the conversation to the subject of the young man's new-born romance. All spoke quietly, but in no uncertain tones advised him to put the idea of such an alliance out of his head. It meant the ruin of all his hopes. He had been brought into the world to shine in the big world, not to be buried on the frontier. The combined family argument was to the effect that he should wait a year and then if his heart was unchanged should go to Barber's and claim his bride. They would do all in their power to make her happy and one of them.

Jean expostulated that he had given his word to return for Mariele in a month's time; that she was making preparations for her mother's future comfort; he could not as a gentleman disappoint, let alone the pangs of love which ever drew him back to his beloved. After a sitting, which lasted until tea time, the young man agreed that if at the end of a month his family still felt as they did, he would wait the year. He would rather marry his choice with the full consent of his family, for Mariele's sake. But after that eventful conference the joy went out of his heart. He could not think of his beloved with the same unbounded ex-

huberance and hope. All was tinged with the dark picture of family opposition. He could not bring himself to write to his Mariele, but as the time drew near for him to depart to fulfill his promise, his heart sank; he did not know what to do.

A few days before the month expired, when he realized that he could not wed his backwoods sweetheart, except at the cost of giving up all his hopes of figuring in the world's events and losing the close companionship of his family, he informed his parents that on the day set for his return to Barber's he would instead depart for Ireland. To prove that he planned no secret rendezvous with Mariele, although his family would never have suspected such a thing, he would go to Philadelphia by way of the Dismal Swamp and the Lehigh Valley. It would be a journey filled with many heart pangs, to be thwarted in the one spontaneous act of his well-ordered life was depressing to his youthful spirit, yet he would escape by it from his perplexities. It was the first crisis to confront his unformed character, and he was unprepared to cope with it. The family disliked parting with him so soon, but his future would be comfortable if he married the Earl of Fermoy's daughter. They would forego the pleasure of his company on that account. When the morning for his departure arrived, Jean startled the family by informing them that he would remain at Asylum. He had broken the Irish noblewoman's picture and thrown it in the river; that chapter was closed. He would wait a year, as his parents suggested, and if at

the end of that period he found himself contented with the frontier life he would go after Mariele and take her to the Mississippi country, where they would have boundless scope to create a new branch of the proud Dushore family. If he found that he was unsuited to backwoods life, his father had many friends in Philadelphia, men of influence like Duche, Benezet, Du Ponceau and Stephen Girard, who would start him out in some honorable career.

He should have written Mariele and set her mind at rest. When he did not appear at the appointed time the poor girl with much laborious care penned a letter asking him why he had not come, praying that no harm had come to him and voicing her undying love. Jean was touched when he received it. He showed it to his parents to illustrate the girl's real sentiments for him and to prove that she was not uneducated. The family decided that the letter should remain unanswered, while Jean was on probation with his soul. It was only the beginning of a series of letters, each one more heartrending than its predecessor; sincerity was apparent in every one of the studied lines. Each one was harder to lay away unanswered. The last one, which he received in September, eleven months after the eventful night at the half-way house, begged him not to keep her longer in suspense; that the uncertainty was killing her; that if he had ceased to care for her, and was not coming to her, he should tell her and let her adjust her life to her loss. But Jean Paul Louis Dushore could not bring himself to write, for

up to the very last minute he was not sure what he wanted.

An outside event decided the romance of his life. One evening a special messenger, travel-stained and weary, arrived from Philadelphia. He brought a sealed packet, sent through the office of Stephen Girard, addressed to Captain Dushore. It was a request from the Republican Government of France to return at once to resume his rank in the Navy. Order had been restored out of chaos, his merits were remembered and recognized as soon as common sense succeeded anarchy. The packet also contained an invitation to Jean Paul Louis Dushore to accept a commission under his father. An amnesty had been declared. The entire family could return to their beloved France.

It was a night of rejoicing and thankfulness at the big rustic mansion on the North Branch. All were of one mind—they would return on the first ship available. Mariele and her anguish were completely forgotten in the excitement. The messenger was posted back with a letter of acceptance, while all the members of the family worked night and day to pack their more precious belongings for the long journey.

Within a week of the arrival of the special messenger, the Dushore family were en route to Philadelphia, traveling by way of the pack road through the Dismal Swamp and the Lehigh Valley. Apparently they reached France in safety, for history records that an Admiral Dushore and his son, Captain J. P. L. Du-

shore, were among the heroes of Napoleon Bonaparte's Battle of the Nile.

As for Mariele—poor, faithful Mariele Kratzer—she waited patiently day by day, month by month, if not for the return of her lover, at least some word from him. After the second month she lapsed into tearfulness; it was the only way that her simple, child-like nature could express its deep hurt. Her nerves were unstrung, the whole affair seemed terrible; it was so inexplicable. She had not sought the young man's love, she reasoned—and he said that it was reciprocated—then the dreadful silence. She had no one to sympathize with her in her misery. Her sister, as blonde as Mariele was dark, a perfect Dresden china shepherdess in appearance, was piqued at giving up her home to come to the half-way house; when she found that it was for what she termed "a fool's errand," she frequently taunted her tearful sister, as did her husband, big, burly Adam Lebo. The old mother was disturbed by such a house full and Mariele's tears irritated her beyond reason. She was harsh and unkind to the sorrowing girl, and encouraged her married daughter and son-in-law to act likewise.

Mariele tried hard to restrain her tears; she knew they did no good, but they came from her spirit, and it would accept no physical control. She became thinner than before, her alabaster complexion grew sallow, her eyes were habitually red from crying, her nose and lips were always swollen. She could do no work, as she ate nothing, and seldom slept. Her sorrow and

humiliation, together with her mother's severity, often prompted her to wish to jump into the river. But always in the darkest hour she would conceive that Dushore would return; it saved her life—for suffering.

One night early in October—it was cold and blustery—just about a year from the fateful meeting with the elusive Dushore, Mariele was sitting alone in a corner behind the inglenook. It was about eight o'clock. The room was in darkness, save for the rosy glow of the few embers on the hearth. She had locked and bolted herself in, for her family had gone to a neighbor's, three miles up the river, to an apple-butter boiling, taking the watch dogs with them. There had been an unpleasant scene before they started, as they had tried to force her to go with them; it would do her good to see people, they averred. They had dragged her as far as the door, but she had fought and pulled her sister's hair and slapped her brother-in-law's face, until at length they went off growling and let her stay.

Mariele's grief had been copious after they had gone. She flung her long, slim figure on the deal floor in a paroxysm of grief, calling for Dushore, whom she referred to as her "pretty lover," to come to her and help her in her loneliness. But the only answer was the melancholy refrain of the Hallowe'en wind among the old elms and water oaks along the river bank—where Dushore and she had walked and plighted their troth. As she sat on a little rush-bottomed stool, her face buried in her hands, crying as if her

heart would break, there came a sudden violent pounding on the door.

"Oh, God, it is my pretty lover," she exclaimed as she jumped to her feet and fairly flew to the door. She was so nervous that it took her trembling fingers fully five minutes to unchain the heavy latch. She pushed open the door. There was moonlight, and the sky was filled with dark, gray, low-lying, fast-flying clouds, traveling eastward. A man was standing in the doorway with outstretched hands, but he was very different-looking from the debonair form of Jean Paul Louis Dushore. He was short, broad-shouldered and thick-set; his big face was covered with a stubby beard, a round knitted cap was pulled down on his head, he wore a great wolfskin jacket and beaded buckskin trousers.

As she looked at him motionless as if in a daze, he addressed her, saying: "Mariele, don't you know me, your own Jacob Benneville?"

That was too much for the girl's overwrought nerves. She fell in a faint in the doorway. Benneville picked her up, tenderly covering her swollen eyelids with kisses; she seemed so beautiful in her helplessness. He laid her on the couch by the fireplace, the one on which Dushore had tried to rest after meeting her. As he did so he noticed a beautiful ring on one of her long white fingers. There she lay until the sturdy borderer lit the rushlight and found some water to throw in her face.

When she recovered consciousness, she saw Benneville kneeling beside her, the curious knitted cap still drawn over his head.

"I thought you were dead in Ohio," she lisped. "Was it all a dream?"

"I was scalped and left for dead, and even buried, but I got out and crawled five miles, only to be captured by the rear guard of the retreating Indians. I was adopted by a squaw who lost a son in the battle; she was very kind to me and gave me a nice farm on the Mississippi River. I am going to do finely. I want you to go there with me."

Mariele's mind was working with preternatural clearness. The flesh-and-blood lover before her was more tangible than the errant Dushore.

"I will go with you if you take me tonight."

"I would gladly," replied Benneville, kissing her white hands; "only where is your mother; we must say good-bye to her and get her blessing."

"I don't want to see her before I go. She has been very unkind to me. I want to leave here now or never."

As she spoke she drew herself up beside him, looking into his great, dark eyes.

"My canoe is moored at the eddy; I will do as you say, for I have come back to make you happy."

Mariele ran like a deer through the curtain of bison hides that divided her sleeping apartment from the rest of the room, returning in an instant wearing a 'coonskin cap, which was very becoming to her dark

beauty, a buffalo great coat, and 'coonskin bootlets; a few other articles were carried in a small bundle in her hand. She had slipped Dushore's ring from her finger and held it in the same hand as the bundle. She was hoping that Benneville had not seen it. It was only a few steps to the eddy where the canoe was moored. Benneville, with Mariele resting comfortably on the wolfskin in the stern, was soon paddling rapidly up stream.

They swept by the farmhouse where the applebutter boiling was going on; they could see the dark figures moving about in the ruddy light of the big bonfire; the dogs barked and ran down to the water's edge; the canoe at the time was not more than a hundred yards away from the shore. The moon was obscured, and it passed unseen. As they passed on, Mariele put her hand into the water as if to let it trail with the current. As she did so, she deftly dropped Dushore's ornate ring and miniature into the dark, dismal depths. Perhaps the currents carried them so that they mingled with the fragments of the likeness of the Earl of Fermoy's daughter, discarded at about the same place by the impressionable Jean Paul Louis just a year before. Fragments of unfulfilled hopes and unsecured promises, they must have found an affinity in the watery recesses! And from such instability human character is made.

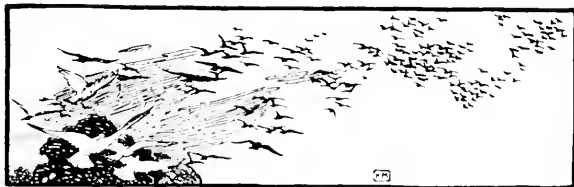
On and on they paddled, until at length the light of dawn, coming from behind Jack's Mountain, fell

across their bow. Benneville turned and asked Mariele if she wished to stop for refreshment.

"Go on, please, please," she said; "stop only when you are tired."

In the morning light she could make out his features clearly and study them; he had not changed much—the dark eyes, the broad cheek bones, the prominent aquiline nose, the small thin-lipped mouth; the heavy jaw was now accentuated by the beard, that was the only difference. Even if it lacked the elegant fineness of Dushore's face, his was a stronger countenance, a firmer rock to tie to, a bigger world to plan on than the effete limits of Jean Paul Louis' orbit.

In the gilded light of the morning sparkling on the rippling waters of the West Branch, Mariele felt a new life beginning, a new hope kindling, a great vista of freedom and happiness lay before her in the golden west.



VI. ENDERMAY.

THE manor of Endermay was situated mostly in the triangle formed by the Loyalsock and its tributary stream, Little Bear Creek. Surveyed for one of William Penn's staunchest adherents, it embraced some rich rolling country backed by high hills heavily timbered. Almost encircled by streams, and honeycombed by innumerable springs, it promised to support a good sized and prosperous population. Why it remained but a few partly cleared fields surrounding the stone manor house, a veritable wilderness until the final years of lumbering on the Loyalsock can best be explained by the legend which the old people used to whisper about, a tale like is found in the pages of fiction, yet in this case vouched for as absolutely true.

At a time when the settlers built their cabins in valleys and hollows in order to be sheltered from the fury of icy winds the master of Endermay caused his solid, fort-like mansion to be built on the highest and boldest hill for miles around, height which only gave vassalage to the monarch of hills, the North Mountain. This giant promontory, a veritable flying buttress thrown off from the main body of the Endless or Impassable Mountains (so styled on the old maps) so completely dominates the landscape that it is difficult to tell, without the aid of a compass, in which direction from Endermay it really is.

In form the North Mountain, no matter where seen from, whether from the beginning of the Bald Eagle Range at Muncy, pale blue in the distant ether, or in the middle distance rising in all the majesty of its many colors from the top of Tommy Taylor's Hill, or face to face with its grim wall at Jamison City, it is impressive not only for its mammoth proportions, but for its individuality. No other mountain in the world is anyway like it. It is vast, but there is beauty in its vastness; Leconte's theory of the divine architecture of mountains is illustrated by it, it is the type of majesty in Nature, Nature's cathedral. In fact, its outline against the sky strikingly suggests the form of Notre Dame, flying buttresses and all.

At dusk in Autumn evenings the pearly sky seen through openings in the branches of the tall pines is the counterpart of those soft, rich light effects so characteristic of mediæval stained glass. The success of the early workers in glass and stone was that they patterned their productions close to Nature's perfect harmony of line and color. They translated the language of heaven into the tones of mother earth. It has been truly said that it is not the hugeness of a mountain that impresses us, it is the thought that lies within it. For that reason a modern Philadelphia "skyscraper" impresses us less than a simple country church built in the days of faith fifty years ago. The North Mountain, so steeped in divinity, is a picture that impresses itself in every heart, it is the

one mountain that rises the same in every one's memory, that makes the same appeal.

No one who has ever gazed upon its splendid outlines can forget it or confuse it with any other mountain. As the other mountains may be tabernacles in the worship of the Thought that Pervades, the Universe—God in Everything—the North Mountain is the cathedral, where from the tiniest aspen to the tallest pine, from the smallest wren to the soaring golden eagle, symphonies are continually rendered in God's praise. Oh, wonderful cathedral mountain, how calming and how strengthening is thy vastness and stability, thy beauty and spirituality, over there against the sky line! Heaven lies just beyond your crest, even between you and the Endless or Impassable Mountains into which no one would care to penetrate after having found the divine answer with you. To rest on your slopes looking out on the world is to have conquered life and found its secret not so deep after all.

It must have been a costly and tedious operation to construct a stone mansion on the top of a high hill, thirty miles as the crow flies from the nearest transportation route (pack horses mostly at that), to bring artisans and supplies that distance, and to keep the workmen satisfied until the work was completed. But there were great fortunes even in the years preceding the Revolution, and an inexhaustible pocket-book makes many heavy tasks become light.

For some reason unknown to his friends Bertram Polyceen, son of the rich West India merchant of that name, desired this mansion built on that lonely hill, and there was none to stop him as long as he had means to pay for his hobby.

Life in the Pennsylvania mountains has been since the days of the Penns decidedly feudal. The Penn manors were succeeded by the domains of the iron-masters, and today the heads of giant industrial corporations lead the lives of lords of the manor.

In the North Mountain country Colonel Ricketts occupies a stone mansion, "Ganoga House", on the highest inhabited point in the state, while Clemuel R. Woodin, organizer of one of the most successful industrial concerns in the world, spends most of his leisure time at his palatial stone residence, "The Heights," on the very top of the Summer Hill which looks down on the smoking stacks of Berwick, with the North Branch winding beyond.

Why the young and wealthy Polyceen desired to sequester himself on Little Bear Creek in the midst of a wilderness filled with panthers, wolves and bears, none but himself could answer. Perhaps the main reason was that there were no neighbors to ask questions or to gossip; he could hew out his own path unmolested.

On the occasion of his first visit to "Endermay" the manor was named for the home of some relatives of the Penns in England, he was accompanied by a young and pretty wife. Evidently the novelty of the

frontier was pleasing to her as she seemed brimming over with happiness and enthusiasm. But those who saw her when she stopped for the night at Fort Augusta on her return journey to Philadelphia noted in her an equal pleasure at the prospect of going back to the centres of population. Her husband accompanied her as far as the Fort, riding with her on horseback. At the Fort a sailing boat was in waiting, which as the river was high after the fall rains, carried her easily to Harris' Ferry, where she was to be met by her coach and six from the Quaker City. As she never returned to "Endermay" it may be presumed she cherished no love for the mountain home after the novelty of it had worn away. Or there may have been other reasons.

The young husband made journeys to see her. They were tedious and consumed much time which should have been devoted to clearing land and improving property, but as he was a devoted husband and loved duty better than his own advancement, the trips meant nothing to him. Lonely must have been his days spent at "Endermay" when she was gone, especially after night, with no one to talk to but a housefull of Indian retainers and chattering German redemptioner servants.

Polyceen was hardly of rough enough cast to be a success at pioneering, but his pride was aroused; he would stick it out until he carved a handsome and self-supporting "improvement" out of the wilderness. Apart from the one visit of his wife and a visit

or two from young friends from Philadelphia who managed never to tarry long, he spent most of the two years of his sojourn at "Endermay" without companionship of his own class. But wonders were accomplished in those two years. There was a clearing of a hundred acres cut out in the centre of the sombre and endless forest of tall white pines, crops were being harvested, a stone manor house equal to any in the province occupied a commanding position on a noble sweep of hill, roads were built which connected the upper Loyalsock region with the settlements along the West Branch. It cost thousands of pounds and much effort, but it was an oasis of civilization and helped blaze the way for the speedy opening of the interior of Pennsylvania to settlement and agriculture.

Then came a mysterious happening which caused Polyceen to abandon the enterprise and leave "Endermay," never to return. The fields grew up in second growth, mostly hardwoods, the manor house became the abode alternately of squatters and hunters, the roads degenerated into mere trails, half hidden by brush or windfalls, but the taxes were paid regularly by the absent owner as long as he lived. His widow maintained the ownership for several years, when she sold the entire manor to a syndicate.

The manor house for a short time was the abode of the syndicate's agent, but he soon built a small log cabin at the foot of the hill by the creek. Various tenants occupied the big house until eventually the

original one hundred acre farm cleared by Polyceen and the manor house with it, was sold for taxes to a young speculator from Wilkes-Barre, who planned a renaissance of the glories of "Endermay." But he spent only one night under the roof of the stately mansion; the next morning he discharged all his help, cancelling the plans for improvements and made off "post haste" for Wilkes-Barre. He also let the place go at treasurer's sale, and it knocked about under various ownerships until every tree had been cut, and until one owner, a farmer from the Loyalsock Valley, tore away the stone house and moved the materials on sleds drawn by oxen to his home about a mile north of the present village of Loyalsockville. Thus Endermay and its glories literally vanished from the face of the earth.

As to the cause of Bertram Polyceen's abandonment of "Endermay," had it not been for the young purchaser from Wilkes-Barre, nearly a century later the story might have been forever engulfed in oblivion. What he learned he wrote out in his diary in the form of a story. In a prefatory note he stated that he had not drawn on his imagination in any particular, that he had supplemented what he saw with what he heard later from an old woman, Mrs. Lavina Haberstick, who lived on little Bear Creek, and whose grandfather had worked for Bertram Polyceen at the time of his sudden abandonment of the property.

Old "Mother" Haberstick, as she was called, was an estimable soul, hard-working and self-respecting,

in no sense given to romancing, as she was a person of very few words. Her version of the story convinced the Wilkes-Barre owner that there was an evil shadow on the premises, and though free from the baser sorts of superstition, he decided to return to more cheerful surroundings. It is seldom that an educated man even gives ear to superstitious talk; at least such is the case today, but more than half a century ago things were different, *belief* was a vital part of life, be it belief in the beautiful ideals of the spiritual life or the baser ideals of spiritualism.

The story of the endless chain of misfortune following "Endermay" dated from its projector and first owner, Bertram Polyceen. He had started out in life by committing a wrong; everything he tried failed after promising success. His misfortunes, like a snowball going down hill, gained impetus with each fresh blunder. Of his boyhood little is known, but he was probably an average light-hearted, care-free lad, without a serious thought or sorrow in the world. His fond parents desired to complete his education abroad, so he was sent to Ireland, to the estate of a maternal uncle, on the outskirts of Dublin, to complete his preparation for Oxford.

During his first term at college he was a model of good deportment and scholastic excellence. The succeeding terms were not so brilliant. He fell in with indifferent company in the town, his democratic manners, so characteristically American, paved the way for lax associations. He spent his summer vacation

with his uncle in Ireland, and when he started back for the fall term he was admonished to do better.

He set sail from Dublin on a packet, but before the boat was fairly out of the Liffy his eyes fell on Sarah Tinnell, a young girl with black hair, big round blue eyes and a rosy complexion, bound for England to embark on the vicissitudes of a stage career. The young American was able to make her acquaintance, and she told him of her plans for the future. Polyceen interposed with other plans, the upshot being that he did not go to Oxford, and the girl gave up her ideas of Thespian successes; they went to Paris where they were married by an excommunicated priest.

All went well until the money was gone, and the uncle in Dublin appealed to in vain. The young man slipped away one night and hastened back to London, where he had relatives. Sarah Tinnell was left stranded in Paris, to get along as best she could by selling her jewelry and other finery.

The relatives, including the uncle, who had come on from Ireland, held a conclave, the result of which was that the fleeing bridgroom was put on a ship bound for the Delaware. Letters were sent apprising his parents of the causes of his sudden return, so there was nothing else to do but to make a clean breast of matters and beg for forgiveness.

The lesson was a costly one and made a profound impression on the youth. Though he completed his education at the University in Philadelphia, he always

regretted the failure of his Oxford career and the tragedy that would prevent his ever revisiting England. It sobered him greatly; he was serious-minded for his years, henceforth he lacked that enthusiasm generally such an inherent part of youth. But he committed no other wrong. He was a model of probity and filial devotion. He sought to live down the folly of the past. When five and twenty he met and fell in love with a young woman of good family from New Jersey, and married her the following year.

It was a year or two after their marriage that he purchased the manor which the Penns had christened "Endermay," and began improving it on such a lavish scale. It was nothing unusual to acquire large estates in the interior of the Province—all young men desirous of founding families whose names would endure from generation to generation were doing so—the spirit of feudalism was a part of the blood inherited from their ancestors. But Polyceen differed from most of his friends who had taken up estates in this respect. While they combined sport and pleasure with pioneering, Polyceen made it a serious work; he never hunted, his house parties were dreary affairs, he often spent weeks alone at the manor house in silent introspection, only speaking to servants and workmen when orders had to be given. Evidently he was unhappy; it might have been because his wife preferred life in Philadelphia, or his conscience troubled him about his past unmanly conduct, or as his intellect

matured and he realized how inexorable is fate, he feared some disagreeable sequel to the early mis-step.

At this time probably the young land owner's most intimate friend was Morgan Carson, a youth of good antecedents whom he had met in Ireland. On renewing the old acquaintance at a social gathering in Philadelphia an invitation was extended to Carson to visit at "Endermay." The surroundings were congenial to Carson; of all Polyceen's friends he seemed to enjoy the mild manor most. This first visit was repeated several times, the young Irishman having plenty of time for visiting, as he had not yet decided how to invest his capital in the New World. He thought seriously of buying "Balgornie," the manor adjoining "Endermay," and would have closed on it, but that some relatives on the Juniata kept importuning him to settle in that more populated region.

Carson, unlike the master of "Endermay," was fond of hunting. He imported from Ireland, at great cost, several genuine Irish wolf dogs of ancient lineage, which huge animals he believed could run down and kill the hordes of wolves which howled nightly about the edges of the clearings at "Endermay." Strange as it may seem, the dogs did not prove successful. They were not in the least lacking in courage; in fact, their superabundance of it proved their undoing. They had a habit of playing with the she-wolves, almost caressing them, and followed several of them one evening into the depths of the forest. There they encountered a number of dog-wolves

which, without a moment's warning, they attacked fiercely. The wolves surrounded the gigantic canines, seized them from all quarters with their cruel jaws, and when Carson, with several Indians, reached the scene, there was nothing left but the collars to show that the mangled remains had once been dogs.

But Carson sometimes turned the tables on the wolves, getting good shots at them at dusk on their regular paths or "crossings," and had a collection of hides of wolves of all sizes which he said that he intended to present to the Natural History Museum of Trinity College upon his next visit to Dublin.

The young Irishman was thoroughly happy at "Endermay;" he loved sport and outdoor life, he had all the attributes of the true country gentleman. A business career would have been unsuited to him, hence his delay in embarking in any extensive enterprise.

Often Bertram Polyceen left "Endermay" unexpectedly, being gone for a month or six weeks at a time. Morgan Carson, if visiting there at such times, generally accompanied his friend back to Philadelphia, but sometimes, when engrossed in sport, he remained at the manor house. On one such occasion—it was in the early part of October—Polyceen announced that he would start away the next morning. Carson was having some famous shots at the wolves and his friend urged him to remain and continue the fun. He was glad to do so. The weather being cold, Polyceen requested Carson to occupy his own bedroom

in his absence ; he had been in the habit of sleeping on a couch in the library on the first floor, but the master's bedroom directly above was smaller and warmer.

Polyceen departed on his favorite horse, as moody and enigmatical as ever. His light-hearted friend waved goodbye, then went back to the gun room to work among his beloved rifles.

Several weeks passed during which no word was received from the absent land-owner. Carson had promised to remain until his return, and was so busy hunting wolves, bears and wild cats that the time flew by with rapidity.

There was only one wing of the mansion--the west wing--completed for habitation. On the ground floor the library occupied the entire western end of the structure. Above it were the rooms of the master and mistress ; the windows in the dining room and kitchen were not in ; the Polyceens generally had their meals cooked on an open hearth, Indian fashion, having them served, when the weather was bad, in their apartments. The Indian and German servants slept in log cabins at the rear of the eastern unfinished end of the house. There were no watch dogs, the wolves and panthers having lured them into the forests to the last one, and destroyed them.

Though not far from an Indian trail where Mingoes on the warpath were constantly passing, Polyceen lived on such terms of amity with the redmen that an attack would appear unthinkable.

One morning, about the first of November, Carson did not appear at the quarters of the old Indian woman who usually prepared his breakfast. When noon came and there were no signs of him several of the Indians, Nick and Peter Johnson, and Little Patterson went to the mansion to investigate. They found Carson lying dead in bed with a bullet hole between the eyes. From the arrangement of the bed clothing, he must have been murdered as he slept. As the heavy walnut door was locked on the inside and had to be forced in by the searchers, the slayer must have entered through the window. There was no ladder long enough on the premises, but beside the window had been nailed a spruce pole on which a young wistaria vine was trained. The Indians noticed that the pole had snapped off in the middle; evidently the intruder in escaping had broken the pole by putting too much weight on it.

The Indians, instead of discussing the matter with the stolid and reliable redemptioner servants, immediately rushed to their own quarters and notified nine others of their race employed on the place; then they all decamped, leaving the Germans in ignorance of what had happened. When the redemptioners had tired of waiting for the Indians' return they themselves went to the house and found Carson's body. If it was suicide, they could find no weapon in the room, unless the Indians had stolen it. It was either suicide, they reasoned, or the man had been murdered by the

Indians, the door forced in and the mysterious flight of the redskins gave rise to such suspicion.

Jacob Krause, the most level-headed of the redemptioners, at once saddled a horse and started for Fort Augusta to notify the Rangers. When he rode into the stockade of Wallis's Mills at the mouth of Wolf Run, he was surprised to see his master's stable-boys and horses in the sheds. He hurriedly inquired for Polyceen, and was escorted to his presence in the bed room reserved for guests of quality.

The young landowner had doffed his coat and vest, but his boots and breeches were muddy from a long ride. He looked pale, haggard and ill at ease. Krause quickly recited the story of the recent tragedy at "Endermay." When he finished Polyceen motioned to his Indian body servant to lock the door. Then he asked the amazed redemptioner if he had told anyone of the murder.

"Not a soul, I swear on my soul," replied the frightened servant.

Then Polyceen ordered the Indian to go to "Endermay" with Krause and fetch all the redemptioners down to Wallis' and lock the house. They departed that same afternoon, Polyceen remaining at the hotel. In a few days they were back with a baker's dozen of redemptioners, mounted on horses and ponies. Then the cavalcade started down the river road to Fort Augusta. After a stay there of several days they resumed the journey, pressing on until they reached Harris' Ferry, where Polyceen sold out all of the re-

demptioners except Krause, whom he took with him by way of the Swatara and Heidelberg to Philadelphia.

Krause, realizing his inferior position, never murmured, but at the same time he wondered why no notice of Carson's death appeared in the newspapers, or why the authorities, always so alert to hound down the perpetrators of "Indian atrocities," took no cognizance of it.

Within a month Polyceen and his wife, taking Krause with them, sailed for Europe. They landed at Bordeaux, thence proceeded to Italy. It is said that they were living in Florence as late as 1810. Their graves are not to be found in the Protestant cemetery. Krause was pensioned and allowed to return to his relatives in the Palatinate.

Thus closes "Mother" Haberstick's narrative, to which the sequel is given by the strange experiences of the young man from Wilkes Barre who made such a futile effort to restore "Endermay."

This owner, after purchasing the property at county treasurer's sale—it was about 1858—at what he considered a most wonderful bargain, resolved to spend a night in the finished part of the mansion. There was nothing to fear. At the foot of the hill lived "Mother" Haberstick and her four sons; the latter were helping to clean up the property. The hills on every side were cleared except for patches of woodland in the ravines; a bounteous crop of buckwheat had just been harvested, Indians were rarities, the wolves and panthers were long since driven back to the most remote fast-

nesses of the Endless Mountains; the flights of wild pigeons in the spring and fall in such immense numbers as to darken the sun, alone remained to recall wilderness days.

It was in October, and the marshy spots covered with the ghost-like flowers of the white snake root, and the tall hickory trees almost bare of foliage waving their gaunt boughs in the wind gave the young man an eerie feeling as he clambered up the hill to retire for the night. It was not very cold, so he did not light a fire in the great fireplace in the former library of the mansion that he had selected to sleep in. In fact, he left the window wide open.

The whale oil lamp cast its uncertain glow on the tall bookcases which lined the high-ceilinged room, forming all manner of weird, ever-moving shadows. What a scholar or bookworm the builder of the house must have been, thought the new owner; the personality of his earliest predecessor at "Endermay" seemed to fascinate him as he languidly prepared for his cot.

After he was in bed the wind took on a much greater velocity, there were distant peals of thunder, very unseasonable weather for the Hallowe'en month. But the spirits of the dead can, if they will it, be in this world all of October, so anything might happen in its duration. The young man fell asleep quickly, but awoke several times. Once, just before midnight, he heard a sound as if someone was climbing up the side of the house by his window; he concluded that it was the storm wind swaying the old wistaria which covered

the house. Then came a heavy peal of thunder, followed by a flash of lightning that made the big room as bright as mid-day. He distinctly heard footsteps in the room above, light footfalls, but surely human footsteps.

He got up and sat on the side of the bed putting on his socks: evidently he expected trouble. Then a pistol shot in the upstairs room rang out on the night air. It was followed by a terrific peal of thunder, the two sounds almost merging together. The young man, who had hunted big game, knew no such thing as fear: he was as light of foot as a deer. Just as the lightning threw its silvery glare into the room above he was standing by the open door. By the window he saw an old-fashioned four poster bed: it had not been there when he was in the room about four o'clock that same afternoon. On it lay a young man, his face writhing in the death agony, a powder-marked and bloody bullet wound on his forehead between the eyes. Climbing out of the window was the lithe figure of a black haired young woman. She looked back as she vaulted over the wide sill, their eyes met: he could never forget the look of hate they bore. Then all was darkness and stillness, until he heard a thud like someone falling.

He rushed to the window, he heard sobs and moans as if the woman in climbing down the old wistaria vine had broken it down with her weight and lay injured among the tangle of runners and roots. Then came another horrid thunder clap, followed by the

lightning illumination; a different scene now met his gaze.

The black haired young woman, carrying the still smoking horse pistol, was running across the open field which surrounded the house. Suddenly several horsemen hove in sight from the heavy woods below the hill. As their leader, a young man, from his attire evidently a gentleman, neared the girl, she dropped the pistol and uttered a piercing scream. Then all was darkness again. There was no more thunder or lightning.

The new owner of "Endermay" found himself in the uncomfortable position of being alone in the darkness with the ghastly apparition on the bed. His lamp had blown out as he entered the room; he could not strike a light, so shuddering inwardly, he groped his way out of the apartment, and downstairs to his cot in the library. There he got into bed and remained in it until dawn.

At the first streaks of light he dressed and revisited the room upstairs. There was no bed. He looked out of the window; the old wistaria, aside from being tempest racked, clung to the side of the house. All was calm on the broad field that stretched from the mansion to the wooded brow of the hill, below which "Mother" Haberstick lived in her modest cabin. The sky was filled with fast flying grey clouds; more storm was presaged.

The young man quickly left the house, locking the huge door with the giant key, and hastened to the

Haberstick cabin, along the same road up which the spectre horsemen had been riding at midnight. The old lady was alone, seated by her crane, when he entered.

"You look very pale, sir," she said, before wishing him good morning.

The young man was doubtless a trifle unnerved from the horrors of the night, for he proceeded to tell her everything. The old woman listened attentively.

"Of course," she said, "it may have been a dream as a result of the story I told you last evening, and from your retiring too soon after eating a hearty supper, but I think differently. I believe that you have seen something which explains all the mystery and suspicion of Bertram Polyceen's abandoning "Endermay" so suddenly after Morgan Carson's death. The talk among the backwoods people was that Carson knew something about his friend and that Polyceen caused him to be murdered, but I never had any faith in such slander. Morgan Carson, from what you saw, was killed by Polyceen's first wife, who mistook him lying in bed in the darkness for her husband. Polyceen always slept in that upstairs room; when he went away that time, Carson occupied it. Evidently the woman came up here and, seeing the light in the window, imagined that her runaway husband was in the room. She climbed up the vine pole and into the window, crept over to the bed, and in the darkness and excitement shot the sleeping man without being able to make out his features. Then she climbed out

of the window, and in going down the pole broke with her weight and she fell in a heap—you even heard the thud and her groans. She was running across the lawn when to her dismay, by a flash of lightning, perhaps, she saw her supposed murdered victim riding towards her. What happened next your vision did not tell. Polyceen evidently came to terms with his deserted spouse, else he would not have returned to Philadelphia. He knew that the safest way to bury his past was to hush up Carson's death; he had influence enough to do that effectually. (There is no mention made of it in the Archives or Colonial Records.) But your vision proves that Bertram Polyceen, though he may have cruelly deserted a young wife in Paris, was no murderer or instigator of murder; he was a gentleman. I believe that you can spread the true story now to many places where it will do the most good."

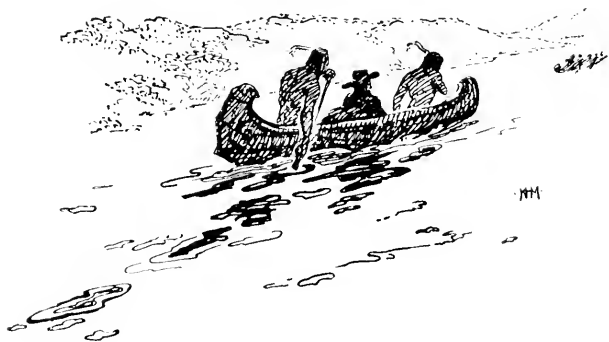
The young man from Wilkes Barre was so engrossed in the narrative that he had forgotten to eat his breakfast. When "Mother" Haberstick had finished, he took a long key out of one of the side pockets of his hunting coat, handing it to her.

"I don't think I'll ever have use for it again. I have had all I want of 'Endermay'; give this key to whoever buys it in at the next tax sale."

Then he went outside and met the Haberstick boys and other workmen who were clearing up the place, paying them off and stopping their work. That after-

noon he started on his horse for Wilkes Barre, and "Endermay" knew him no more.

Whether Bertram Polyceen's ghost has anything more to enact, a sequel as to Sarah Tinnell's fate, it is certain that up to the time that the manor house was torn down no one saw or heard more of him. With the removal of the last stone of the ill-starred edifice, doubtless the ghost was laid. However, if his story was not all recited, or the wrongs not righted, probably it is told in the vague weird whispers of the Hallowe'en wind as it races and rustles among the dead clumps of ironweed and white snake root and the leafless garlands of the Virginia creeper, as the sun fades into the chill October dusk, in the ravines about Little Bear Creek and the North Mountain.



VII. JOHN HULL.

TRAVELERS on the mountain road from Lairds-ville to Unityville will recall the substantial-looking red brick farmhouse standing several hundred yards back from the highway, on the north side of the road. A lane, lined on both sides by acacia trees, leads to it, or rather terminates at the barnyard gate; visitors to the house must have been few and far between, for it was necessary to pass through the barnyard to enter the well-shaded garden which surrounded the mansion.

The residents of the old farmhouse, at the beginning of the Civil War, were a prosperous family of Quaker origin, named Coverly, which substantial stock is so numerous and influential in the North Mountain region. The original log cabin stood against the newer structure, being preserved partly out of sentimental reasons, to show the early privations of the family and partly because it made a very useful wash house, its side door opening out over a big spring, and its upstairs room provided sleeping quarters for the hired man.

For several years this position had been held by a young man from Bradford County, named John Hull, a decent, hard-working, religious lad, who, when the Civil War broke out, felt it a part of his duty to enlist in the cause of the Union. His going was a great loss

to the Coverly family, for hired men who were steady were few and far between, and would be more so in "war times." As there was no son, Hull had, despite the privacy of his apartments over the wash house, been treated like one of the family, and was admired not only by old Deacon Coverly, but by his wife and five daughters.

These daughters were jolly, light-hearted girls, well educated for their time. A couple of them had attended old Dickinson Seminary in Williamsport; they were fond of company, often entertaining school-girl friends at their home. Between them and the young hired man existed a feeling almost sisterly, and occasionally, when work was done, he spent an evening with the girls and their guests in the cozy living room, enjoying the glow of the then luxurious "coal-oil" lamps.

John Hull was a good-looking boy. He was just turned twenty when Fort Sumter was fired upon. His hair and eyes were dark, his figure sturdy and thick-set. In appearance he belonged to that old-fashioned type of swarthy and stalwart Pennsylvania mountaineer, so noticeable in old daguerreotypes, which type was a product of the environment, but which changed conditions has all but obliterated.

The night before he departed for Harrisburg to take up his military duties, was spent pleasantly with his employer's family. The young volunteer was in high spirits. It was to be a novel experience to get out into the big world and see new and strange sights.

but above all he relished his chance to strike his blow for the cause which he believed to be just. As he was expert with the rifle, he had already brought down several moving deer on the North Mountain, he believed that he would be more than a match for his Southern foes. Before the evening was over, his mood changed; sorrowful thoughts passed through his mind like clouds over a sunny meadow, and he spoke feelingly of the kindnesses he had enjoyed while in the Coverly house. He could never forget all that had been done for him. His happiest days had been spent there, and they would ever be his inspiration wherever he might go. When he started out of the kitchen door—for there was no ingress to the wash house from the main building—the ruddy lamplight revealed tear-drops glistening on his cheeks.

Deacon Coverly drove him to the train at Muncy, the start being made long before daybreak, so that the girls did not see him again. After he was gone the household found that in the four years of his employment with them the boy had grown to fill a place far beyond that of a hireling. They missed him almost as they would a brother or relative. A middle-aged Pennsylvania Dutchman named Van Gundy was procured to do the work, but there was always an empty chair for the absent soldier boy. His first letter was eagerly watched for; when it came it was passed along from one member of the family to another. It was cheery like its sender; there were no complaints about anything pertaining to army life. The last letter came

seemingly so close on the heels of the first one (there were only four altogether) that the whole episode seemed like a dream. The first three letters told of the newness and freshness of army experience, but the last was rather different, describing in a few terse sentences the retreat at Manassas, the sudden change from hope to dejection. Perhaps it was the malaria of the Virginia lowlands or the unexpectedness of the rout, or the realization that in one of the Coverly girls the young soldier's happiness rested, or the feeling that the separation was indefinite. At any rate, the mood of joyfulness was gone, the chapter closed in gloom.

The girls watched day after day for another letter. Could the soldier be sick or too busy to write, or had the varied interests of the campaign obliterated the memories of the quiet home in the Muncy hills? His silence was a mystery that was not easy to fathom. Even Deacon Coverly was exercised over John Hull's failure to write, and though he was not given much to letter writing, he sat down one evening and penned an epistle to the lad's brother in the Towanda Mountains, asking if anything had been heard lately from the young soldier. After a week the brother replied in an almost illegible scrawl that no word had been received from John since he entered the army, showing that his heart had been fully with the Coverly family. Evidently there was some cause for his silence. Perhaps he was dead or dying, or was on his way to a Southern prison. The girls laid awake at night and talked it over. He was like their collective lover.

Almira Coverly, whom John in his heart admired most, occupied a small room over the kitchen, the wall of which abutted upon the upstairs of the wash house, where the hired boy had formerly slept. The wall of the main structure consisted of plaster, laths, heavy beams and brick. The walls of the wash house, as previously stated, were of thick, yellow pine logs, plastered within and without; there was no door or other connecting aperture. The head of Almira's bed was against the wall separating the main building from the wash house. The walls, from the above description, must have been so thick that no sound had ever penetrated.

Almira's nerves were of the best; it was long before the days of hysterics or nervous breakdowns. She was a Christian girl, and normal in the strictest modern interpretation of the word. Yet one night about two weeks after the arrival of John Hull's last letter she was awakened by a steady pounding on the wall back of the head of her bed. It was a weird, unnatural sound, not like made by a hammer, a shutter, the wind or any other known agency. It was like a lost soul in the depths asking for sympathy and understanding. But Almira stood it well; she did not get up and scream or rouse the house; she did not even tell it to her sisters the next morning. Yet after the same thing had gone on for a week and she began to feel the loss of sleep and the psychic weakness of fear, she confided it to her favorite sister, Eva May, and asked her to sleep with her henceforth.

They were both awakened at midnight. The old clock, which had been brought from Reading by Deacon Coverly's mother, had just struck twelve with its usual methodical precision and had resumed its still more methodical "tick, tock, tock"—the knocking on the wall was resumed, more violently than ever, so Almira thought. Eva May was thoroughly frightened, but her sister persuaded her not to mention the subject to the family. She bravely remained with Almira for several nights longer, as Almira was expecting company, during which time the two girls discussed the origin and location of the sound. Both agreed that it was some "token" of the absent John Hull—they had heard of such things before—and that it came from *between* the walls of the two buildings. If it emanated from within the upstairs bedroom of the wash house, the Dutch hired man would be kept awake, whereas he seemed as cheerful and serene as ever. They disliked questioning him, if he *had* heard it, and ascribed it to a loose shingle or some other natural cause; why instil fears where none now existed?

The situation was relieved by the arrival of Ettie Burrell, a school friend of Almira's, who resided in Centre County. Eva May returned to her original quarters, leaving the guest to room with her more courageous sister. Before retiring Almira recited the experience from beginning to end, expressing her belief that there was some connection between the wierd rapping and the non-arrival of news from John Hull.

the hired man. At midnight the doleful knocking was repeated, with even greater vehemence. It seemed that on the first night that an outsider occupied the room, the "hant," as the Dutch hired man would have called it, desired to leave a very distinct impression.

Ettie Burrell was mystified and advised Almira to notify her father at once and begin an investigation of the premises. Perhaps a shingle from the roof had fallen between the two walls, and was being swung to and fro by the wind, an absurd hypothesis, as it was a deathly still summer night when Ettie first heard it. Almira declined to tell her father, and her chum would not be outgamed and continued to room with her. After a few nights, Eva May joined them, and the three girls occupied the room together. They learned to catch snatches of sleep during the visitation, but they all looked peaked and pale as a result of it all.

Almira was always the most intuitive of the three. "I am afraid that poor Johnny is homesick or ill; something is wrong with him; when we learn just what it is, all this unpleasant business will be simple."

The mystery was partially explained by the arrival of a letter from a nurse in the Army Hospital at Washington, D. C., to the effect that Private John Hull was a patient there suffering from typhoid fever, and adding the significant postscript that he was suffering much from homesickness. Eva May and Almira immediately wrote the nurse, asking that everything be done for the boy's comfort, while the sympathetic Deacon and one of the younger girls wrote to the poor

sufferer direct. The dispatching of so many letters did not appease the "hant" between the walls. Evidently letters were not what he wanted. Almira, though never putting much stress on her own special value, evolved the idea that perhaps the sick boy wanted to see some member of the Coverly family. Would it be possible, she argued to herself as she lay in the darkness between Ettie and Eva May, the pounding on the walls growing louder as if in answer to her thoughts, to go to Washington and have him removed to some boarding house, where those he cared for might be near him and nurse him? She had suffered from typhoid fever herself before Hull had come into the family; she knew the tedium and wretchedness of the disease. Homesickness would kill him; she must save him from certain death from this hideous malady, nostalgia.

In the morning she asked her father if some member of the family could go to Washington and try and alleviate the lad's condition. The old Deacon calculated that it would be a very good idea, but said that in his opinion it would be best to wait until an answer came to the letters sent to the army nurse. The Deacon's wife thought the same. Almira bowed to their authority. But they were to be spared the necessity of a trip to the Capital City. Two more nights went by, when the "hant" was more vehement than ever in the walls between the mansion and the wash house. Almira fretted over the delay in arriving at some decision of action, but it was of no avail. Then came a



night when the three girls, after a singularly peaceful and happy day, mostly spent in the woods gathering chestnuts in a grove of noble trees on the hill back of the house; it was a day of almost summery warmth and balminess, retired to a well-earned rest.

For some reason or other they felt unusually calm that night, "let down" from the high tension of the preceding weeks, as it were. As a result, perhaps of this psychological change, they slept soundly until morning. The "hant," if it resumed its rappings, failed to disturb them. When they awoke one by one within a few minutes of each other, they noted that the morning was foggy, but it was broad daylight.

"Did you sleep all night?" was the question simultaneously propounded.

There were three affirmative answers. The girls looked at one another in amazement. How had they gotten through the night without being disturbed? While it was true that they had exercised pretty strenuously during the day when out "chestnutting," there had been other days when they had worked about the house even harder, yet the "hant" always roused them just as the old clock ceased striking twelve, "the witching hour."

Almira, always the most psychic, felt that something had happened to John Hull, for she continued to be certain that his loneliness and homesickness in the Army Hospital was responsible for the nocturnal disturbances. With Eva May and Ettie Burrell she drove to Muncy to get the mail, but there were no

letters of any bearing on the invalid soldier. When they got back it was dinner time, and they noticed that the Deacon and his wife and old Van Gundy, the hired man, wore serious expressions. The Deacon asked if they had received any letters and shook his head sadly when told that there were none. The girls had gotten up too late to have breakfast with their parents, and had not heard the tale which the old hired man related at that time. Almira asked what made them all look so solemn.

The Deacon looked at his wife and then began: "There is something very strange about John Hull—something that none of us can understand. We believe that Cyrus Van Gundy is a truthful Christian man." To which the old Dutchman nodded his head several times. "Last night, when Cyrus was going into the old house to retire, it was about half-past nine and clear moonlight, he saw a young man in soldier suit coming out of the front door. He passed so close to him that he could have touched him. He is sure that it was John Hull. He says that the soldier he saw was thinner, wore long hair and a small beard, but he is certain that he could have been no one else. Am I telling the story correctly?" he said earnestly to Van Gundy before proceeding further.

"It is correct in every word," replied the hired man, with equal earnestness.

"But the strangest part of it all is," continued the Deacon, "when Cyrus got over his surprise and looked around to see where the soldier had gone, he could

locate him nowhere; he had vanished. Is that correct?" said he, again addressing Van Gundy.

"Correct as Bible talk," promptly replied the hired man.

"For half an hour Cyrus hunted about the premises, but could find no trace of anybody. Then he went to bed, no doubt considerably agitated. You can tell the rest of the story, Cyrus," concluded the Deacon.

The old Dutchman looked around the table to be sure that every one was listening, then commenced:

"I will admit that I was feeling a little excited when I went to bed, for where I come from in Snyder County every one believes in ghosts. But I quieted down and soon fell asleep. It was about midnight—I say that as a guess, for I am not sure—I found myself awake. You know how bright the moonlight was last night. It was streaming into the room, lighting it up as bright as day. I looked up and to my surprise I saw the same white-faced soldier sitting on the rush-bottomed chair, the back of which was against the wall that separated the old and the new houses. He kept sitting there and looking at me with a steady, fixed gaze, which almost froze my blood. I tried to speak to him, but I swear I could not. At last when he got up I was so terrified that I pulled the haps up over my head. When I looked out again he was gone. If it was not John Hull it was his ghost. That is all I know."

The old man sighed as he finished his startling narration. All the members of the family looked at one

another; then there was silence for a minute. Almira, who had been trying to work up courage while the hired man was speaking, now "had the floor" and told the story of the nightly poundings on the wall, which recital was verified by her sister, Eva May, and Ettie Burrell. There was quiet that night and no one had anything unusual to relate at the breakfast table the next morning. It was a relief. But the girls insisted on driving to Muncy for the mail. They received a number of letters, among them one in the handwriting of the army nurse. Almira tore it open breathlessly. It was dated the day the noises had ceased in the wall, and told of John Hull's death in the Army Hospital that morning from typhoid fever. It concluded by saying that the doctors thought that he might have recovered were it not for the persistent homesickness from which he suffered ever since his admission to the hospital four weeks before. Just previous to his death he became fully conscious and expressed the wish that he could be back at the Coverly home before departing for the spirit world.

Almira read the letter to herself— it was only a few paragraphs— then read it aloud to Eva May and Ettie. When they returned home dinner was nearly ready. Old Van Gundy was at the spring washing his hands. Almira held the white envelope aloft, and he stopped dipping up the water and followed her into the kitchen. There the letter was read and passed around among the entire household. Tears were shed for John Hull,

but the mystery of his passing was never again discussed.

But they all noted that the knockings on the wall which Almira, Eva May and their friend Ettie had heard began within a few days after the boy had been received into the hospital, ended abruptly the date of his death, which was also the time when Van Gundy saw the military figure emerging from the wash house, and later seated in his bed-room on the old rush-bottomed chair by the partition wall.

Life wore a more serious aspect after this strange episode, and though more than half a century has passed, the survivors of those connected with it, among them Ettie Burrell, can tell the story with the vivid exactness of truth.



VIII. LETTY LOGAN

FOLLOWING close on the heels of William McElhattan and Richard McCafferty, Michael McEvoy settled in what is now Wayne Township, Clinton County. The date of his arrival was probably late in the fall of 1769 or early in 1770. He had been a near neighbor of his brother, Ulster Scot McElhattan, in Lancaster County, in 1760, but when he made his first move to the frontier, it was to the mouth of Wolf Run, in what is now Lycoming County, near the spot where Captain John Brady was murdered by Indians, April 11, 1779.

The spot selected did not altogether satisfy McEvoy, who wanted to find a locality where he could live well without much work; so he moved back into the Muncy Hills, and again to the foot of the North Mountain, where at least game was more plentiful. Later he met a trader who told him of the elysium discovered by McElhattan and McCafferty, that was bounded on the south by the Bald Eagle Mountains, and on the north, east and west by the West Branch of the Susquehanna, a region where settlers would be few and far between for several years to come, where there was good water and plenty of fish and game.

McElhattan and McCafferty were barely settled in their new abode when McEvoy appeared on the scene. He came to remain, as he brought with him his wife,

a Swiss woman from the slopes of the Weissenstein in the Jura Mountains, his son, known to the Indians as "Little Mike," and his fourteen-year-old daughter, Jura.

McElhattan had built his cabin at the mouth of the stream that was to bear his name, while McCafferty's abode was near where the present county bridge crosses the river. East of the McCafferty dwelling were the ruins of an Indian metropolis—once the home of the great war chief of the Susquehannocks, Pepsisseway and his queen, the beautiful Meadow Sweet; in 1770 but one hut, occupied by a cowed or "domesticated" Indian named Patterson, remained, but the stone hearths and other indications of habitation were everywhere. On a ridge of high ground near where the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad now runs was the tribal burying-ground. Tradition has it that Meadow Sweet herself is buried there. That is sufficient to make it hallowed ground. Still further east, near the mouth of Love Run, now generally called Kearns' Run, was the hut of Robert Love. The ruins of the French trading post, later rebuilt by Samuel Horn, and known today as "Fort Horn"—historic ground, too, as the Pine Creek Declaration of Independence was buried in a strong-box within its log stockade on July 4, 1776—could be seen on the high, clear knoll that rose above Kurtz's Run.

All the other settlements having been made along the river bank, prompted Michael McEvoy to "set his spikes" inland, near the foot of the Bald Eagle Moun-

tain. He first built a temporary lean-to not far from Kurtz's Run, and began his reconnoissance. A flight of woodcock determined his place of permanent residence. He was in the forest, near the foot of the "lower" mountain, which is sometimes called Mount Jura, after his fascinating daughter, when a flock of half a hundred of these premier game birds rose from a patch of low ground or bog. It seemed to indicate the prevalence of game, and as McEvoy had hunted these fine birds during their migrations in the old country, he liked the idea of building his cabin near where he had witnessed this familiar spectacle. There was a good spring near the swale, also indications of a salt lick, where a daily supply of venison might be obtained. It was a tempting spot, so he notified his family of his choice and commenced hewing a hole in the impenetrable forest of mighty rock oaks and yellow pines and building his cabin. Only a few days sufficed to make it hospitable, then came the moving.

As the family, driving their cows and sheep ahead of them, in their patriarchal fashion, wended their way along the trail towards the mountain, they came to an opening in the forest which disclosed a vista to the eastward. Under a huge black oak tree reclined an Indian wrapped in a buffalo skin blanket. The fur side was worn inward, the tanned side was decorated with tribal designs burnt in with Sugar Valley lamp-black. It was a cold afternoon, yet the savage was sitting on the ground, every now and then shaking his massive head as if in distress. His natur-

ally dusk visage appeared bloated and purplish; there was a puffiness to the eyes that indicated an unwholesome condition. He would have suffered the white pilgrims to pass him unnoticed, only the cur dogs attached to McEvoy's suite began barking at him. The white man called to them to desist, which caused the Indian to wave a friendly gesture of thanks. They had proceeded about a hundred feet further, when the savage got up suddenly and with surprising agility, ran and joined them. On his feet he was a different looking being than when slouching under the giant black oak. Well over six feet in height, he was, despite his middle age, slim and erect as a youth, and beautifully proportioned. His coal black hair was worn parted on one side, and fell in heavy strands about his neck. His features were large and harmoniously chiseled, except the mouth, which was small and closely shut, the mouth of a man of firmness and decision. He wore gold earrings, while heavy gold bracelets encircled his powerful wrists. He carried his long rifle as lightly as if it were a cane. His expression was one of savage melancholy, yet wonderfully expressive and kind. Heavy eyebrows, very dark, accentuated the deep hollows in which his hazel eyes were set. From this he was called Tah-gah-jute, or the "beetling browed." No wonder he was considered the "best specimen of humanity," red or white, of his day and generation.

Such was James Logan, the Mingo chief, when first seen by the impressionable eyes of fourteen-year-

old Jura McEvoy. The Indian, with a courtly bow, introduced himself to the pioneers; the mere mention of his name was enough. He was the best known Indian in the province. He was frank in his manner, even going so far as to apologize for his slouchy attitude beneath the tree, on the grounds that he had been drinking too much rum for several days past at Great Island, that he was on his way to the Sulphur Springs across the mountain to take the "cure," then he would hie himself to his permanent encampment at the big spring in the Kishacoquillas Valley, a few miles from what is now Reedsville, Mifflin County.

Evidently he fancied the McEvoy family, for he exerted his will power to such an extent that no signs of his inebriation were discernable. He accompanied the McEvoy's to their new cabin, and the very least that they could do was to ask him to remain for supper. The meal proved enjoyable, and Logan invited himself to spend the night under a nearby oak. After supper, by the camp-fire he modeled some very curious looking pots and crocks from the soft mud of the swale, placing them by the embers to dry. All, but especially Jura, were pleased by his deftness. Then he carved and strung an Indian bow and arrow, which he presented to "Little Mike." As a closing number, he sang in a deep voice several German hymns which he said he had learned as a boy from the wife of Martin Mack. Jura had evidently heard these songs before, as she was able to take up a bar here and there and add to the weird harmony.

In the morning, when the hospitable frontiersman went to look for Logan to ask him to partake of breakfast, he was nowhere to be found; he had decamped before daybreak. Evidently his condition had not been satisfying to his imperious pride.

Jura could not keep her mind off the athletic red-skin, he was such a remarkable and many-sided man, her ideal of backwoods manliness. One afternoon about a week afterwards, she was driving the sheep homeward along the trail—she was in the heart of the gorge—to the east loomed Mount Jura, to the west the mightier Mount Logan, when she saw the massive form of the Indian coming down the steep rocky slope of the eastern mountain, on a track known as the Turkey Path, a favorite crossing of these noble game birds. He waved his hand to her in a happy gesture, and fairly bounded to her side. Evidently the cure at the Sulphur Spring had benefited him, as his skin was clear and the cavernous eyes glowed like amber fire. Unlike most Indians, he understood English and German perfectly, and spoke both languages like a native. He seemed to know the topics that were most interesting to Jura, for he remained with her, and she was in perfect rapture until the growing darkness told her that she must hasten her flock homewards. She agreed to meet him the next morning at the Turkey Path and spend the day in the forest in his company. Previously she had hated the long days spent in the solitudes with the sheep, now it was to become a joyful experience.

Jura at this time was a tall, slim girl; she looked more like twenty than fourteen, her hair was ash brown with a glint of gold in it, her eyes were round and very blue, her complexion was rosy; if she had a defect at all it was that her eyebrows were too scant and light, but she was graceful and winsome, an extraordinarily attractive frontier girl.

She hesitated about telling her parents about her meetings with Logan. They were hard-headed folks, and would impute wrongful motives to the Indian; her father might shoot him from ambush, as he was a desperate character when aroused. He had shot an Indian in the leg in a quarrel over a canoe at their old home at the mouth of Wolf Run.

Every day for a week Jura met Logan at the Turkey Path; every day their mutual admiration became more intense. Then another visitor appeared at the modest home of Michael McEvoy. This was a younger man than Logan, and a white man. He was Peter Fentz, renowned as an Indian killer and scout, at this time a member of the Rangers or Border Police. He was a huge man, if anything taller than Logan; his coloring was what McEvoy termed a "strawberry blonde." His eyes were pale blue, his nose aquiline, his face was mostly covered by a heavy beard.

Modern novels of the Robert Chambers type are usually illustrated with pictures of aggressively clean-shaven frontiersmen and Indians; one wonders when they could have found time to shave so often. Though this was a clean-shaven age in the centers of civiliza-

tion, the borderers were all bearded, and such Indians as could grow beards indulged in hirsute adornment. Conrad Weiser's beard was the admiration of the Indians at Shamokin (Sunbury) in 1744.

Jura had often seen Pentz before; she rather liked him, for he was a fine, bluff, brave individual, even though his face flushed every time the word "Indian" was mentioned.

The morning after his arrival Jura slipped away as usual to meet Logan at the Turkey Path. When she told him about the presence of Pentz at the cabin, the Indian knitted his bushy eyebrows and clenched his powerful fists. His primitive intuition told him that the fierce scout would sooner or later discover them together, inform Michael McEvoy, and all would be over.

Logan suggested to Jura that they leave the sheep in the gorge by the run and go together to the top of the mountain. If Pentz came down the trail, he could not possibly encounter them. But in this he was mistaken. Pentz was bound for Nippenose Valley, but his "short cut" was over a deer's path across Mount Jura. It was near that path where Logan and the white girl had ensconced themselves for the day. They were having a very happy time in a bower of gray birches, when suddenly Peter Pentz faced them. He doffed his coonskin cap and made a profound bow, pretending to continue his way across the mountain.

After he had passed out of sight, Logan expressed the greatest amount of uneasiness. Pentz, he de-

clared, would double on his tracks and go back and tell Jura's parents. She would never be allowed out of their sight again; their romance would be ended.

Then Jura, with youthful boastfulness, intimated that Pentz had always admired her; had said openly that he would marry her as soon as she was sixteen. This was an added reason why he would denounce her to her parents.

The situation seemed desperate. Logan supplied the strategy, which was that Jura should elope with him; he would take her to the west to the Ohio country, far from any chance of recapture. Jura was only too willing, as she was afraid to go home. It meant a whipping from her mother and possibly tied up for weeks to some post like a wild animal; even if she had not loved Logan and dreaded a separation.

Logan figured that Peter Pentz had already turned his head toward the McEvoy clearing; there was no time to lose. Jura and he would have a safe journey as far as the headwaters of White Deer Creek, where they planned to camp for the night.

It was as expected. Pentz promptly returned to the McEvoy cabin and broke the dreadful news. The old folks were furious, Mother McEvoy anathematizing all Indians in broken English and, brandishing an axe handle, was for accompanying the "posse" so as to "settle the girl" as soon as she could be overtaken. But the party that actually started consisted of Pentz, McEvoy, Sr., and four dogs. But Logan was not past-

master of the art of woodcraft for naught. He knew where to go with Jura and to secrete her effectively.

The search party was out a week, but never got a trace of the fugitives. McEvoy wanted the matter reported to the Proprietary Government, but Pentz discouraged this, as the authorities made it a rule to pay no attention to the involved grievances of squatters. They must find Jura themselves or confess themselves vanquished. They did return vanquished. Peter Pentz searched for the missing pair all through the ensuing year. Logan was reported as having been seen frequently about his spring near Reedsville, but no white girl was noticed.

Pentz took several trips to the spring, but Logan always happened to be absent when he got there. Some "wireless" always apprised the wily redman of his coming; it seemed a futile quest.

Meanwhile Logan had established his fair affinity in a comfortable lodge-house by a copious spring high up in Green's Valley, a densely wooded vale north of the present town of Milroy, in the confines of the Seven Mountains. She was supremely happy, even though she saw no one but the Chief and a few of his faithful henchmen.

One night when she was alone, it is related that a panther entered the clearing and "gave out" several unearthly yells; the monster approached the window of the cabin, peered lovingly in at the fair occupant, who "never turned a hair," turned on his heel and disappeared into the forest. The black wolves frequently

howled about the shack, herds of elk yarded about the place. But Logan was never without his sense of honor and exact justice according to his lights.

One day by the Juniata he encountered Father Denis MacMahon, an itinerant Roman Catholic priest and missionary, now an old man, whom he had known well at Shamokin years before, and who had been the devoted friend of his father, the immortal Shikellimus, vice-gerent of the Iroquois in Pennsylvania. He induced the tottering old man to make the journey to Green's Valley and marry him to Jura.

The aged priest fell ill and died in Logan's camp; that is attested to by many reliable persons. He is not buried in Pittsburg, as some declare, but in Logan's Indian apple orchard, in Green's Valley.

Logan was constantly chafing over the wrongs accorded to his race by the white men. This sense of injustice gave him no rest; it took him on long journeys to stir up a spirit of resistance among his race. He moaned over the wrongs of his people in his sleep. Sometimes he was heard muttering interminable speeches in the dead of night. He would be gone for weeks at a time on his visits to the headquarters of the various tribes. When he received scant encouragement, which was generally the case, as most Indians realized that resistance was now hopeless, he drank strong liquors on his homeward journeys. Yet if he could manage to reach the sulphur spring, near what is now Loganton, he returned to his beloved Jura entirely rejuvenated.

On one of his homeward journeys, after refreshing himself at the sulphur water, he decided to camp for the night at a favorite retreat of his in Sugar Valley, a dense hemlock and rhododendron jungle, known today as Zeller's Spring. It was safer there than at the sulphur spring near where a well-traveled path crossed into the valley.

He had a good night's rest, and awoke refreshed to continue his journey to his beautiful and expectant Jura in Green's Valley. It was a foggy morning, damp and misty in the early fall. Logan leaned over the basin of the spring to take a drink of water; he heard the click of the priming piece; he had barely time to turn when the loud report of a rifle rang out in the forest solitudes. With a groan more of dismay than pain, Logan fell into the spring, grievously wounded.

Peter Pentz, his old-time foe, had heard of his passing through Logan's Gap, in Nittany Mountain, on his way to the sulphur spring, had tracked him from there to the big spring, waited until daybreak, and in a shot aimed at the redman's breast, had hit him in the hip. Not waiting to see where the bullet struck, but confident that the Indian would drown from falling, face downward, into the deep pool, Pentz made his escape. He was exultant. The bounty (\$134) and advancement would come to him from ridding the Government of the unpopular Logan. The trouble-stirring Indian had been a marked man for years. In his heart there was probably just a little pique because

Jura McEvoy had preferred the middle-aged "savage" to his own stalwart, virile self. It had been a good morning's work, and he set off in high glee towards Shracktown Gap, to make a report to his superiors at Great Island.

It was only Logan's uncanny quickness and presence of mind that prevented the looked-for tragedy. Weak from shock and loss of blood, he managed to wriggle clear of the pool, and laid on his back reeking in blood for hours. With his broken hip he could not walk, could scarcely crawl for that matter, and would have starved to death had it not been for the fact that some of his own tribesmen happened upon him after he had rested in the forest without a thing to eat for four days and nights.

The solicitous redmen wanted to build a litter and carry him on to Jura, but Logan refused, saying that he did not want to go to her in a crippled condition. But in order to be in a point of greater safety, he permitted his followers to carry him one dark night to the Shreader Spring, at the heading of the south branch of White Deer Creek, where he had spent the first night of his honeymoon with Jura.

As his case progressed, he realized that he would be a hopeless cripple, staggering about on a staff, instead of the alert, wiry athlete who could walk fifty miles in a day and not feel fatigue, and the greatest runner of his tribe. He brooded over this calamity, and of its bearing on the love Jura would feel towards him. His grief was not less poignant than that of his brother,

Captain Logan, when one of his eyes was shot out, probably through the jealous machinations of the frontier trader, Jack Armstrong.

He came to the conclusion that he would never return to Jura; he could not face her as a tottering and ludicrous human wreck. He would go to the Ohio country and eke out an existence there, far from his past triumphs in love and war.

When he was able to limp along on his staff, he started for the west. At the ruins of Chinique, or Logstown, he sent his henchmen back to Jura to break the news of his desertion. They were to tell her of the misfortune that had befallen the Chief; that he could never face her as a "peg leg" (to use the frontiersmen's term); that she could go back to her parents or do anything else she wished; that he loved her too much to cause her the humiliation that his presence would entail. As a parting memento, he sent her a small earthen pot fashioned from the red-ware clay of Sugar Valley, filled with wampum and British gold pieces (each gold piece taken from a dead white man's purse), which the redskins delivered to her inviolate.

Jura was shocked and dumbfounded on receiving her husband's message. She demanded to know where he had gone, declaring that she would follow him to the ends of the earth, even if he were legless. But the stoical messengers refused to give her any information. There was nothing left to do but to make the most of the situation. She did not care to remain in Green's Valley—it was ghastly without Logan—yet

there was small choice of a location in a wilderness. She had an aunt who lived at the North Mountain who was unfriendly with her parents, who might offer her asylum. She asked the messengers to give her safe conduct there, and they consented.

On the second night of her journey she fell in with a party of buffalo hunters—kindly, decent, young white men. One of them—a youth with hair as black as the errant Logan—seemed to awaken a chord in her nature. Though she had never seen or heard of him before, she trusted him and asked him, instead of the Indians, to accompany her to the shores of the beautiful Shawanese Lake.

The youth had a hunting lodge on the Buffalo Path, in the extreme eastern end of Sugar Valley Mountain; he had lately come from Shamokin, and he urged her to tarry with him awhile, at least until the migration of the bison had passed.

Soon after this her child was born, a lovely little girl, whom she called Letty Logan, the first name after her aunt at Lake Mokoma, where she hoped to find sanctuary. The young pioneer's treatment of her was so gentle and chivalrous that she resolved to marry him as soon as she could dissolve her marriage with Logan. Months became years, the bison came no more, yet the thought of leaving the Buffalo Path became intolerable.

As the little girl grew she developed a wonderful aptitude at modeling in clay, especially in making pots, jugs and crocks. She seemed most of all to have in-

herited this trait from her illustrious and ill-starred father. The young pioneer understood Jura's obligation to Logan; the erratic creature that he was, might return any day and claim her, so he utilized her services as housekeeper and comrade, hoping that some day there might be a closer tie.

It was not until little Letty was in her tenth year that the news reached the remote hunting camp that Logan was dead—murdered in Ohio by his nephew, "Little Logan." Jura shed some tears—it was like breaking a tie which bound her to the past, that was all. In her heart she was rather glad that the unhappy redskin was at rest. Then came the reports of a tragedy that had happened to Logan after leaving his white wife in Pennsylvania; members of his family, perhaps an Indian wife and children, had been murdered by white land-grabbers on Darby Creek, near West Jefferson, Madison County, Ohio. That multiple crime had made Logan drink more heavily and hurried the final catastrophe. But Jura had the greatest shock of all when a young Irishman, one of the surveyors for the new State of Pennsylvania, who came to the house, spoke to her about "Logan's Lament." It was beautiful, he said, equal to anything in oratory; Charles Phillips or Edmund Burke had produced nothing better. Jura noted her bosom swelling with pride at these words; after all, she had been the lawful wife of a great man, not merely a wild, unstable, drunken savage.

One night by the inglenook, the young surveyor re-

cited the speech with dramatic effect. It ran about like this:

"I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat? If ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not? During the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate of peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white men.' I had even thought to have lived wiith you, but for the injuries of one man, the last spring, who in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

As the surveyor finished, Jura's still girlish face flushed crimson; she could not keep back the tears that came to her eyes. "Not a drop of his blood in any living creature" — "no one to mourn for Logan." How strange, with little Letty by her side; if only she could let the world know. Yet she harbored no resentment except to feel that in the vastness of his nature she could not understand his boundless pride, the hidden deeps and sinks of his world-personality. She looked

down to where Letty was seated on a stool playing with a small earthen crock; there surely was the proof that Logan's race lived on. The poor young woman slept very little that night. She thought much during the weary vigils. In the morning she asked her husband-to-be to take her up to the Great Island, twenty-five miles away, that she wanted to visit her parents, whom she had not seen in over ten years.

They made the journey easily, Letty going along. As they came through the gorge of McElhattan Run and passed the Turkey Path, Jura's heart began beating fast. As she passed the Four Springs, from which she had often carried jugs of water, she noticed that some strange Indians were camping there. Their deer skins were hanging on the trees. When she reached the site of her parents' cabin, only the log foundations remained. Filled with anxiety, she hurried on a mile and a half further to the cabin of Richard McCafferty by the river bank. A raw-boned woman, who proved to be McCafferty's widow, was in the lot hoeing potatoes. Jura inquired for her parents.

"Over yonder—same place as my man," said the widow, pointing with her hoe to a small burial ground, the graves in which were marked by rough slabs of mountain brownstone.

"Where is my brother, Little Mike?" hastily queried the excited Jura. The woman looked at her hard, then pointed the hoe in a northeasterly direction.

"He's over to the North Mountain, living with some relations, so I'm told."

Jura had seen and heard enough. She whispered to the young buffalo hunter that she wanted to go back to Kalbfleish Mountain and stay there.

"All right," said the woodsman, as he nonchalantly shouldered his heavy rifle; "but let us first go to Great Island, there are always some of the Good Man's preachers there—perhaps Mr. Kincaid has returned—and get married."

This added journey was easily accomplished, and Jura and the buffalo hunter, as man and wife, returned to the mountain. Several children were born of this union, whose descendants now reside in Sugar Valley and vicinity, respected citizens. As for Letty Logan, she grew to be a remarkably handsome girl. Of medium height and rather stockily built, with black hair and eyes, she resembled her father rather than her mother. She married a veteran of the Revolutionary War, reared a large family and today has numerous descendants.

All through her life she continued making "red ware," having a tiny kiln back of her bake-oven, being the precursor, in reality the instructor, of the industrious potters who have made the earthenware of Sugar Valley a name to conjure with. As far as known, none of the specimens of her skill are still in existence, but her work cannot be forgotten as long as master-works from the kilns of her pupils persist.

And that is how, through chasms, clefts and caverns, far from the main source, the proud red blood of Logan—the melancholy and persecuted Logan—flows

onward to the sea of Eternity. Truly, there is real romance among the lives of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet," their hearts beat close to the pulse of the Infinite!



IX. HUNTING FEUDS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

THE sanguinary feuds of the Kentucky Mountaineers, continuing from one generation to another, have always exercised a romantic charm on the imagination of Americans and have been a prime factor in the development of the Kentucky school of writers. These feuds, originating from real or fancied affronts to the imperious pride of these backwoodsmen, caused much bloodshed and suffering. Now, with the opening of coal mines and large lumber industries in the mountains, modern civilization and foreigners have about broken up the feudal spirit in the rush for industrial prosperity. As late as 1902 and 1903, when the writer spent considerable time in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, the feuds were in full swing, and the murder of Marcum shocked the entire nation.

It was said that in 1902 thirty-four feudal murders had occurred in Breathitt County, with few arrests and no convictions. Bloody as were these feuds they certainly imparted a mystery and individuality to the beautiful land of caverns, sinks, knobs and natural bridges.

In the Pennsylvania Mountains, notably those of Columbia, Sullivan, Lycoming, Clinton, Cameron, Elk, Clearfield, Centre, Mifflin and Union Counties, feuds existed among the mountain people, of widely

different origin from those of Kentucky or Tennessee. The feuds of the Pennsylvania highlands were what might properly be called hunting feuds, for they came into existence owing to rivalries for possession of the game, and ceased to be when game became so scarce that the State had to regulate the size of the hunter's "bag."

At first the Pennsylvania hunting feuds were confined to conflicts between the white pioneers and the Indians, who resented the pale-faced men killing the bison, which they termed as in the west, "their cattle." Along the old buffalo path, the route of migration of the bison, which ran from Lake Erie through Northwestern Pennsylvania, then almost diagonally across the centre of the State to the Maryland line, encounters between the Indians and the white hunters were frequent.

The Indians were conservationists by nature; they protected the game while they had it; they did not wait until after it was gone, as we of Pennsylvania are doing today. They only killed such creatures as they actually needed for food or clothing, even though the forests teemed with myriads of bird and animal life. Game was a sacred heritage to them from the Great Spirit; they would protect it if its existence seemed imperilled. This danger did not arise until the white man penetrated into the big game fields of Central Pennsylvania. Then it was time to assert their rights.

The Indians were a nocturnal race. The did most

of their traveling and hunting and seining by night. In the daytime they never moved far from their cabins or lodge houses. The white men hunted and traveled by day, consequently meetings between the rival races were not frequent at first. But it pained the conservative redmen to find hundreds of bison lying dead along the Buffalo Path, slain only for their tongues, or for a strip of hide or merely for wantonness, called by the white man "sport."

Goaded on by the wastefulness of the whites, the Indians lay in wait for the pale-faced marauders, and often the dead bodies of the frontiersmen were found weltering in blood among the carcasses of newly butchered buffaloes. But the conflict along the Buffalo Path ended as did all other differences between the white men and the red, more Indians were killed than whites; the white men, while the Indians were absent, carried off the Indian women and children, and this last cause, though touched upon little in history, was the fundamental reason of the unforgiving hate which the Indians cherished towards the white men in our Pennsylvania wilderness. But there were times when old scores were evened, when the pendulum of fate swung differently.

When the beautiful frontier girl, Jura McEvoy, from the North Mountain, preferred the love of the eloquent James Logan to her pale faced suitor, Peter Pentz, and fled with Logan from the Susquehanna to the Juniata, the wounded pride of Pentz could not be appeased until he tracked Logan to his resting

place by the big spring on the Matthias Snook property, in Sugar Valley, Clinton County, ambushed the doughty redskin and shot him in the hip. Thus crippled, Logan slunk away to Ohio, as it was the height of humiliation and degradation for an Indian to be anything but physically perfect. Thomas G. Simcox, an old timber cruiser and prospector of Clinton County, who was brought up among the Pennsylvania Indians, used to say that when physically imperfect children were born, the Indian mothers exposed them to the elements until they died. This was done by the ancient Greeks, thus insuring a race of physically perfect beings. The Indians, like the Greeks, literally worshipped physical perfection. Captain Logan, the older brother of James Logan, was excluded from succeeding his father, Shikellemus, as vicegerent of the Iroquois in Pennsylvania because he had lost an eye in a shooting match.

But the white settlers in Central Pennsylvania were thorough-going, if nothing else. As soon as they had killed the bison down to the last one, they turned their attention to the Indians and did the same thing to them. And their descendants kept on killing game until the State called a halt to the wholesale destruction with game laws and Dr. Kalbfus. With no Indians to dispute their right to the game the quarrels shifted to the white hunters themselves, first among rival bands of professional hide hunters and finally, at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, between the mountain men and the valley men.

The hunters who lived in the mountains of Pennsylvania were mostly still hunters. They had tracked the redmen to death by stealth; they followed up the same delightful process with regard to the elk and deer. Some, like John DeLong, dressed all in white, approached and shot the deer in their yards. Those not so energetic preferred the salt licks where, concealed in blinds up in the trees, they waited for the approach of the deer and shot them as they lapped their favorite substance from the brackish earth. The leading mountain men, like, for instance, the noted deerslayer, Matthew McHenry, of Fishing Creek, in the North Mountain, developed a set of shooting ethics which, though not corresponding with anything recorded in the annals of true sportsmanship, sufficed for that primitive day and generation. The hunters residing in the valleys, on the other hand, practiced other methods of deer hunting.

The chief method of these lowlanders was to form themselves into bands which were divided. Some, with packs of good dogs, entered the mountains and drove the deer into the valleys, where they took sanctuary in the rivers and streams, to be shot to death by other members of the parties, from the banks or from dug-outs or canoes. The mountain hunters resented these incursions of men and dogs from the valleys. The dogs, even when they did not drive the deer to the rivers, frightened and scattered them away from the vicinity of their licks, where the mountaineers could kill them on any moonlight night when energy and appetite

demanded. The mountain men wreaked summary justice on the stray dogs. Charles Zimmerman, from the mountains above Milton, killed 85 dogs "running deer;" his brother, the illustrious "Dave," shot considerably more. The valley men should stick to their farms and domestic cattle, if they had exterminated all the deer in the lowlands, they averred.

But the valley men were not to be deterred from their venison by any murmurings of discontent from inhabitants of the high mountains. They called the killing of deer by white robed hunters in their yards or surrounding them when crusted and killing them all down to the last fawn, or the indolent shooting from blinds at the salt licks, *brutal slaughter*; whereas they, the valley men, often prosperous farmers and politicians of better education, believed that hounding deer was sport. It would be impossible to select the good from the bad in any of these processes of reasoning, except that to a modern student of sport the hounding method was the most wasteful. Many old hunters have told the writer that the flesh of deer run by dogs was generally black and unfit for use.

After killing the deer, the hunters would divide the hides and draw lots for the antlers, if they were exceptionally good ones; the rest would be thrown back into the river for the delectation of the eels and salamanders.

The valley men were also guilty of other methods of deer hunting which, though picturesque, were repellent to their neighbors among the clouds. One

was that when some of the lowland hunters visited the mountains they used their dogs to start the deer from their covers, and the hunters, armed with dinner bells, would rig them, which would make the deer stand at gaze, while others of the group, armed with guns, would shoot them with no quarter. But the mountaineers hated fire-hunting worst of all.

Along the wooded banks of the Ohe-Yu, the Sin-nemahoning, the Karoondinia (Penn's Creek), the Christann (Middle Creek), and the Tiadaghton (Pine Creek), deer would often come on summer nights to eat the roots of the spatter-docks in the dead water, and to slaughter these innocent seekers after their favorite delicacy. Hunters in canoes, in the bows of which were fastened flaming pine torches, with reflectors at the back, to shut off a view of the gunners, would float along noiselessly. The deer, blinded by the light, would stand perfectly still and fall easy victims to the merrymen.

To keep the fast decreasing supply of deer, after all the elk were gone, in the highlands, the wily mountaineers adopted the plan of burning the mountains adjacent to the valleys or rivers, knowing that the deer detest a burnt country so much that they will not cross it unless forced to do so. This meant that driving the deer to water with dogs would be the only way to get them off the mountains.

Needless to say that meetings between mountain hunters and valley hunters were never harmonious. Threats and forest fires proving unavailing, to shoot

dead on sight alone remained to end the rivalries. During the first half of the past century the number of hunters found dead in the woods—"shot accidentally"—was considerable. Strange to say no demands for investigation or prosecution were ever made; both parties knew well enough, but they preferred to settle their hunting feuds in a court of their own, the court of the unexpected bullet in the depths of the forest. Shooting affrays in bar-rooms were of frequent occurrence in the backwoods towns, not instigated by drink as reported in the county papers, but by the sudden meeting of two hunting rivals, who had sworn to shoot dead on sight.

While these feuds, even after fatal consequences, did not descend, as in Kentucky, from father to son, yet the hatred of the valley hunters and their methods by mountain hunters passed on to each succeeding generation. Within the past twenty-five years these feuds have practically ended for, with the passing of the forests, many mountaineers have been forced to go to the towns to earn a livelihood and game has become so scarce that it hardly pays some backwoodsmen to own a gun. But those mountaineers who remain who lived in the stirring days of rivalry fifty years ago, or their descendants, still cherish a feeling of animosity against the valley hunters or "outsiders," as they style them. In one respect this bitterness had provoked excellent results. A mountaineer will shoot a stray dog or a dog running deer without compunction. Wandering or underfed dogs

are a prime cause for the failure of the deer of Pennsylvania to increase properly. They harass them more than did the wolves, which could not have hurt very much, for when there were wolves there were hosts of elk and deer, and without wolves there were not enough deer to provide a stag for every hundred hunters who go out with the State License Tag on his elbow. Wolves were blamed for killing sheep in Pennsylvania. Bounties were paid for years and the wolves exterminated. In 1916 alone, nearly six thousand sheep were killed by dogs in the Keystone State, more than were ever killed by wolves in the history of the Commonwealth.

Many farmers feed their dogs very little, preferring that they "hunt a living." This means that they must kill deer or something to exist. These dogs "hound" the deer night and day, giving them no peace, causing the loss of fawns and energy, deteriorating the entire cervine race. Perhaps the new dog law, passed in the interest of the sheep-owners, will reduce the number of stray dogs at large in the mountains; in this instance, the stock-raisers and sportsmen have a common platform—the abolition of the stray dog. And it is a patriotic platform, these days when the food supply must be increased as a wartime necessity; venison and mutton, both are needed in an underfed world. Though the feud spirit as it affects man and man has about passed away, the killing of dogs owned by prominent lowland farmers and sportsmen, even when caught in the act of tonguing deer, creates a certain

animosity against the mountain hunters. In some cases game wardens, it is alleged, have hesitated to kill dogs belonging to politicians or influential farmers, but the backwoods hunters do not care who owns the canines, they must die if they are "deer chasers." A few instances of feud animosities in the Pennsylvania mountains, which occurred in recent years, might not be amiss in this article.

Every one in Clinton County is familiar with the case of a leading lowland farmer who sent sixteen shots from his Winchester after a prominent mountain hunter of Gallauher Township who had several months previously shot his favorite hunting dog. One bullet went through the mountaineer's beaver hat, one through the body of his coat, and yet another through his sleeve. These shots were all fired to kill, but Providence favored the mountain man.

Another case which occurred in the Summit country in Eastern Sugar Valley, Clinton County, of a noted mountain hunter, who had killed all the dogs belonging to a well-known party of "river" hunters, is often repeated. The mountain man was cutting ties when through a vista in the forest he noticed the party of valley hunters approaching. He had nothing in his rifle; he would be heard running on the dry leaves, for it was in October; there was nothing else to do but jump into a hollow tree. The river hunters walked around the tree in which he was concealed, during which time the mountaineer literally sweat blood. But they went their way, and the mountain man escaped.

Still another case, also in Clinton County, is dramatic. A young mountaineer had killed a youthful valley hunter's best pheasant dog, and the valley hunter had vowed to kill the mountain lad on sight. One autumn afternoon they met on the northern slope of the Bald Eagle Mountain, and the valley man put his threat into execution. But the bullet fired point blank merely parted the highlander's thick, black hair, and his foe left him for dead among the leaves. Later the mountaineer recovered consciousness and returned to his home. Ten years later it fell to the lot of the lowlander to discover the body of his rival by the railroad tracks, the mountaineer having been run down by a freight train. The scar on his forehead, which had permanently parted his thick hair, was still plainly visible. The lowlander, years afterwards, states that as he looked at him he involuntarily remarked: "I tried my best to kill him, but where I failed, the locomotive succeeded."

Among the more educated classes of hunters, the same keen rivalries existed, although they seldom ended in sanguinary clashes. But the hot blood aroused by the chase is no respecter of persons, though methods of redress are apt to be fairer and more temperate among gentlemen than the rude hunters of the backwoods. It is said that the real motive of the duel between James Binns, of Northumberland, and Colonel Samuel Stewart, of Lycoming County, which occurred on Sunday, December 16, 1805, was caused by feeling engendered on an elk hunt in the North Moun-

tain. Binns had lately arrived from Ireland and his alert mind soon grasped all the advantages and pleasures of the Pennsylvania highlands. In the "old country," and in England, he had been fond of shooting, but as most of the deer and other large game was confined in the parks of the landed aristocracy, he had few opportunities for gratifying his taste in that direction. His imagination enlarged upon the wonders of the almost fabulous Irish elk (*Megaceros Hibernicus*) extinct for centuries, but the antlers of which were being constantly turned up in the peat bogs and shell marls of the "Emerald Isle." When in the residence of the venerable Dr. Joseph Priestley, "The Discoverer of Oxygen" at Northumberland, he saw the huge spreading antlers and skull of a *Pennsylvania elk*, killed by one of the sons of the world-renowned scientist, his desire to slay one of these forest monarchs became almost a passion. Upon inquiry he learned that the elks had been driven pretty well back into the high mountains, but that in a day or two's journey he might have a shot at one of the fastnesses of the North Mountain country. He learned the names of the best guides, and after elaborate preparations started on his elk-slaying expedition. The spot selected by the experts was Elk Run, in Sullivan County, where the remnant of the great elk herds that had abounded in the North Mountain at the time of the Revolutionary War, still lingered on. It was in November, but a heavy fall of snow gave the forest the appearance of Christmas. The elks were said to have a yard near

where Elk Run empties into Fishing Creek, above what is now the village of Oak Grove. The snow would drive them from the high altitudes to the snugness and warmth of the densely wooded yard.

After several days of alternate waiting and stalking with no signs of game the Irish Nimrod showed indications of discouragement. He was on his way down the run to camp one evening just at dusk when he heard a clatter of hoofs on the path in front of him. Jumping to one side, into the concealment of the leatherwoods, he was appalled by the animal that hove into view. It was a mammoth bull elk hurrying up the creek at a combination canter and trot; it was blowing heavily, and its breath like steam, issued from its nostrils and mouth. Binns was a good shot, and taking steady aim, he sent a bullet plowing into the huge elk's shoulder, laying him low in the snow. A second bullet in the neck finished the antlered giant. The Irishman was gazing at his trophy in undisguised elation when he heard the approach of footsteps, and later human voices. A large party of hunters, headed by the noted political leader, Colonel Stewart, whom he had lampooned all through the recent campaign in a series of letters signed "One of the People." Stewart thanked Binns for bringing down the elk which he had wounded, and ordered his Negro servants, Rasselas and Izzard, to skin the carcass. The hot-headed Irishman protested that he had killed the elk, but the Colonel pointed to the bullet hole in the animal's haunch; it

was his by right of having fired the first shot. Binns, not understanding Pennsylvania hunting ethics, stormed and fumed and made all kinds of threats, but returned to camp minus the elk, hence the bloodless duel fought a few days later.



X. THE BEAVER MEADOW.

A BRAHAM LOVERHILL, of Heidelberg, in Berks County, found game in the Blue Mountains becoming scarcer every year, and not being able to exist without the pleasures of the chase, decided to "trek" with his family beyond not only the "Blauen Bergen," but the Broad Mountain, the Catawissa Mountain and the Huntington Mountain as well, to the bold, bluff headland known as the North Mountain that marked one of the far easterly terminations of the main Allegheny chain. There game was virtually untouched except by the careful and conservative Indians; it would be as a private hunting ground, with no white Nimrods or settlers to gainsay for years to come.

Of his racial beginnings "Abe" Loverhill, as he was called, knew nothing and cared less. His stocky body, dark brown eyes, high nose, ivory complexion and curled hair suggested a Semitic origin, and he was in all probabilities at least partially descended from that mysterious band of Hebrews—the first white settlers to venture to the upper reaches of the Schuylkill—they established themselves at Heidelberg, now Schaeffers-town (Lebanon County) in 1702—with the determination to reconvert to Judaism the Indians whom they believed to be a lost tribe of Israel. The mission proved a failure; the pioneers were better traders

than proselyters, the Indians never took kindly to the substantial limestone synagogue, the ruins of which, standing today, form, with the burying ground, the only tangible proofs of the existence of this colony of Jewish missionaries.

The settlers scattered; some returned to Philadelphia, others cleared some small farms and established trading posts in what is now Berks and Lebanon Counties. A considerable number migrated to Virginia, and there is a tradition that John Marshall, the great Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was descended from a member of this colony. The Oriental type of features prevalent among his descendants today would tend to emphasize this contention.

Abe Loverhill married a member of the Lefever family—French Huguenots from Oley—and raised a fair-sized family. There were five girls and two boys to accompany the parents on their trans-mountain journey, which ended on the Shraeder Branch of Towanda Creek. They had many adventures with wolves and panthers on the way, saw many Indians, with whom their relations were commercial rather than otherwise. "Abe" Loverhill at that time could never understand why white men and Indians failed to agree. They were induced to select the particular spot for settlement for the reason that it had been already cleared by the beavers.

These industrious little animals had made an opening in the lugubrious hemlock forest, the weeping

branches of whose stately but interminable trees formed the boundaries of the so-called "Beaver Meadows." It was good to see the sunlight after so much gloomy forest; there was light and air to cheer, while a permanent clearing could be made on the higher ground on the bank above the "meadows." All were pleased with the location, and old and young turned in with a will to make a pleasant habitation. They were so busy, in fact, that little hunting, except to provide food, was indulged in for several months.

One evening, when the rush of work was over, "Abe" was sitting with his children on a log in front of his newly-built log cabin, his rifle, of course, lying across his knee. Out on the pond behind the breast of the beaver dams he noticed the smooth, round head of a beaver swimming. The temptation was too great; he raised his gun, hit the head of the moving object squarely; it sank out of sight, and was never seen again. The children laughed—it pleased them mightily. Their father must do it again. It was done again almost every clear evening, only sometimes two or three beavers instead of one, as on the first occasion, were submerged. The beaver colony at this rate would be rapidly decimated.

One evening, while engaged thus at what he believed was "sport," a band of Indians—there were nearly a dozen in the party—approached the unfailing marksman. They were the first that had appeared since the establishment of the new home on Shraeder Branch. They paused at the western end of the meadow where

the creek emerges from the forest, watching the pale-face and his children. When they saw him lift his firearm and deliberately shoot a beaver, as it swam from its cabin to the breast of the dam, they uttered yells of horror and disgust. Then with scowling faces they hurried in the direction of the gunner. Their leader, a very old Indian named Haleeka, demanded of Loverhill why he had shot the beaver. "Abe," usually so suave and tactful in his dealings with the redmen, replied that he did it to keep his shooting in practice.

"Then make a target out of a board," said the Indian; "don't willfully kill an animal, the pelt of which has a commercial value, if not to your white men, to the Indians."

The white man did not like the dictatorial manner assumed by the redskin; he had heard too much of the massacres of 1755 along the Blue Mountains to allow the aborigines to take advantage of him. He told Haleeka that the affair was none of his business, that he and the rest of the pack should clear out; he wanted to kill another beaver before dark. Suiting the action to the word, he raised the rifle to aim it at a beaver's head, which had appeared above the surface of the water, rose-tinted and purple shadowed in the fading light. A young Indian, known as Haleeka's Son, who carried a long staff, struck at the rifle barrel impetuously. Loverhill, now thoroughly aroused, turned the muzzle on the lad and fired. Haleeka's Son was shot through the calf of his left leg. The blood spurted

like a red fountain. Old Haleeka, who understood the Indian methods of forest aid, tore a strip off his scarlet cape and quickly bound the wound. There was cursing and muttering among the Indian band; then they moved off, Haleeka's Son hopping along with the rest.

All went well for several days, but one night when the Indians were encamped on Mehoopany Run the wound burst open and the boy bled to death. This would naturally instigate the Indians to practice the rite of "blood atonement." Weeks passed, during which time many more beavers were slain. The meadows were becoming, as far as the tireless little workers were concerned, a "deserted village."

"Abe" Loverhill, his wife and family kept on with their improvements, so much so that there was some time left for play. The two boys, whose ages were ten and twelve, constructed a neat birch bark canoe, which they used when fishing for sunfish in a little forest-hidden pond on the top of the mountain north of their home, which came to be known as "Sunfish Pond." They had very good luck, and went there every day when work was light. One evening they did not return, and "Abe" Loverhill, accompanied by his eldest daughter, Genevieve—she was then a girl of fourteen—went in search of them. It was a dark night, but, by the aid of pine torches, the pioneer located the canoe floating bottom upward on the pond. The little fellows had evidently in their zeal capsized the boat and been drowned. As the lake was of vol-

canic origin, and said to be bottomless, it was useless to drag for the bodies.

The father's grief was pitiful to behold; the sturdy boys, his hopes for the future, were gone. It was hard to go back and break the news to the mother. Genevieve tried hard to console the heartbroken woodsman. She told him that she would be a boy henceforth and take the place of the lost ones. This was a droll statement, as Genevieve was the quintessence of femininity. She was tall for her age, but very slim; she had small, black, searching eyes, a narrow face of sallow complexion, and absolutely black hair without a lustre of brown in it. She was graceful and alert in her movements, intelligent in the extreme, but moody and easily angered. She succeeded in comforting both father and mother, who possessed the stoicism of the mountains.

After a few days of intensive dressmaking, the girl appeared attired as a boy, with long coat, trousers and leggings, which apparel added to her apparent height and leanness. But she did not cut off her wealth of soft black hair, but turned it up under her small leather cap. In her boyish garb, she came to be much admired by travelers and hunters. She realized her charms and set about to make a more elaborate costume, one that would be thoroughly distinctive. It was in the year after the loss of her brothers that she accompanied her father on a trip to Fort Augusta, later known as Sunbury, the Indian name of which

had been Shamokin, "The Place of the Horns"—*where the deer shed their antlers.*

There she attracted no end of attention among the officers, soldiers, traders and settlers. A contemporary writer thus described her costume: "She wore fine broadcloth trousers, beautifully ornamented with beadwork. These were worn under her short skirt, and they reached to her feet, which were adorned by blue leather moccasins. Her skirt and other outer clothing was wonderfully festooned with beadwork and hammered silver ornaments. On her head was a small beaverskin cap set off by a native paroquet's wing. She carried a rifle, the barrel and stock of which were elaborately inlaid with silver."

It was at Fort Augusta that Genevieve first saw a detachment of that remarkable body of borderers called the Rangers. They were literally the border police, making the wild country safe for the coming settlers. First commanded by the intrepid John Brady, later by his son, the immortal "Sam," they had among their other officers such noted figures as Peter Pentz, Terrence Quinn, Peter Farley, Peter Grove and Michael Grove. The two latter were of Berks County, and Abraham Loverhill fraternized much with them during his stay at the works of the Susquehanna. Genevieve was instantly attracted to the personality of Michael Grove. He was a young man of about eighteen at that time, slim and dark; a sparse beard was appearing on his soft cheeks, he wore his black hair very long. Even then he had a "record" as a hunter

and an Indian slayer. His achievements at reducing the number of the noble race of red men for the scalp bounty haunted him on his deathbed in 1827 as recorded in Linn's "Annals of Buffalo Valley."

He did not pay much attention to Genevieve—rumor had it he was already married—but his indifference rather fanned the flame of her emotion. When his brother, Peter Grove, suggested to Abe Loverhill that he give up his claim on Shraeder and take a farm on the Karoondinha, which belonged to another brother, Wendell Grove, the girl urged her father to look at the place. Not that she was anxious to leave the Towanda Mountains, but she wanted to live near the abode of her hero, Michael Grove.

One morning, in a canoe, the four—Genevieve and her father, Peter and Michael Grove—went down the river and up the Karoondinha and looked at the farm. It was a hundred and twenty acres partially cleared. There was a good spring and a commodious log house. The log barn of unusual size was covered with all kinds of carved signs and incantations against witches, the only thing about the place that the shrewd Abe did not like. But he agreed to buy the survey, if his wife acquiesced. Then Loverhill and Genevieve returned to Fort Augusta and "trekked" across the mountains to Shraeder Branch. Genevieve rode an old white horse which her father bought her at Fort Augusta. It was said that it once belonged to Colonel Conrad Weiser. On their way they fell in with two travelers, one a fur buyer named Levi Goodhart, an old friend

of Abe's from Heidelberg, and his Indian guide, Joe Pan, the Pequot. Goodhart said that he was on his way to Loverhill's to tell him a piece of information.

Joe Pan had learned from a band of Lenni-Lenape Indians, much under the influence of liquor, that they had captured and sold to the flesh-eating Mohawks, for sacrificial purposes, the two Loverhill boys, supposed to be drowned, as blood atonement for the death of Haleeka's Son, who had died shortly after Loverhill shot him in the leg in an altercation over some beavers. This was terribly disturbing news to Loverhill and Genevieve. It was told to the mother, who was out of her mind for a week from rage and grief. It was an added reason to abandon the claim on Shraeder and leave the accursed Towanda Mountains forever.

They loaded their household goods on some strong bullocks, put the mother and the small children on the faithful old horse, and Loverhill and Genevieve, walking ahead with their rifles, started for the new Promised Land on the beautiful Karoondinha. After they had gone, Goodhart and Joe Pan moved into the abandoned house and made it their headquarters for several years.

Michael Grove happened to be at Fort Augusta when they arrived and accompanied them to the new home. He lived with his brother, Peter, only half a mile away, so that they met quite often, when he was not absent on duty, which, with him, really amounted to Indian killing expeditions. Genevieve missed him

when he was away, pining for him, and growing moodier and more sullen. Her parents taxed her about this, but she would give them no satisfaction. She would not work when he was gone, and would walk up and down the bank of the creek dejectedly, making life disagreeable for all about her.

On one occasion, Grove stated that he had been ordered to Carlisle to take command of a newly formed company of Rangers. He would start in a couple of days. That night Genevieve crept out of the cabin, brained a big hound, which started to bark, with the butt of her rifle, and started across the mountains for the Valley of the Conodogwinet. She met an Indian on the way, and traded clothing with him. Unfortunately, the Indian, dressed in her finery, held up and almost beat to death an aged German, which caused much misunderstanding and a reward offered for the girl, which clinched her reputation as an outlaw.

At Carlisle, attired in the neat costume of an Indian and under the name of Abraham Sourkill (so the historical records state), she enlisted in the new company of Rangers. She gave her age as eighteen, whereas she was not within eight months of being sixteen. When Michael Grove arrived to assume command, he at once recognized her, but, imagining that she had been guilty of robbing the German, chivalrously made no information against her. After she explained the change of clothing and the real culprit was brought to

Carlisle jail attired in her glittering rags, he maintained his silence and made her his orderly.

At first Abe Loverhill imagined that his daughter had been murdered by the Indian who wore her clothing, but by the time he had the matter straightened out in his head, Lieutenant Grove and his company had departed for the wilds of the Sinnemahoning, traveling thence by way of the Juniata River and the Bald Eagle Creek. "Abe" made the tedious journey to Carlisle, mounted on his old horse like a Hudibras, demanding the return of his daughter. Haleeka happened to be in the town, and, recognizing him, charged him with the murder of his son. Loverhill was lodged in an underground dungeon, where he languished for six months on bread and water. At length it was intimated to him that if he would go quietly home to the Keroondinha, he would be released. He gladly acquiesced. Of course his horse had perished during his incarceration, so, sadly he wended his way northward, a decidedly wiser man.

Meanwhile, her identity becoming known, Genevieve became the very life of the Rangers. It was at the Great Swamp fight on Beaver Creek, a branch of the Clarion River, that the intrepid girl first really distinguished herself, although she had killed her first Indian during one of the first weeks of active service with the Rangers. The Indians, hard pressed, had entrenched themselves behind a windfall, where the huge, antler-like roots, caked with earth and stones, formed a natural rampart. In the forest on the opposite side of the

beaver meadows, which overflowed the creek bottom, the Rangers were hidden as best they could behind trees. The fire of the Rangers became so intense that it looked as if the redmen would have to abandon their positions and coming out into the open forest be shot down with no quarter.

Suddenly, to the dismay of the attacking Rangers, two young white boys, their faces smeared with pitch to make them unrecognizable, bound hand and foot, and gagged, were suspended over the breastwork. Taking up positions on either side of the captives' heads, the Indians commenced a deadly fusillade. Miles Lynch and Dominick Flaugherty, of the Rangers, fell dead; several others were wounded. But the Rangers had never abandoned a position—they would not do so now. Yet to kill the boys, who might be the flesh and blood of their own number was a hideous element with which to reckon. Amid the smoke and rattle of musketry, Genevieve Loverhill had disappeared. Lieutenant Michael Grove, ever watchful, detected her absence, but could not believe that she was showing the "white feather." But her absence seemed peculiar. In truth, the girl was running away; she ran as fast as her long, slim legs could carry her through the timber parallel with the creek to a point above the opening caused by the beaver meadow. A giant hemlock lay across the run, half submerged. Dropping to her hands and knees she crept across the creek behind the log. Then she began running again, faster and faster. She almost ran into an Indian outpost; she brained

him with her rifle butt before he could give the "scalp halloo," just as she had the tattling hound the night she ran away from him.

She quickly noted the Indian who seemed to be the chief of the band and shot him through the back of the head; as the redman at his right turned she shot him, and then the Indian on the left of the chief next. The rest, imagining that a superior force was approaching from the rear, dropped their guns and fled back into the forest, calling for quarter, abandoning the two captive lads on the breastwork. Bounding like a deer to the topmost root of the rampart, waving her beaver cap with one hand, her rifle with the other, Genevieve Loverhill proclaimed the victory.

Lieutenant Grove and his men, realizing what had happened, plunged into the morass and, waist deep in mud, waded over to where the brave girl stood, among the bodies of the four victims. Meanwhile she was unloosening the bonds which held the two boys to the antler-like upturned roots. The lads looked at her and fairly shouted "Sister! Sister!" They were the boys supposed to have been drowned in Sunfish Pond or sold as slaves to the flesh-eating Mohawks.

There was a joyous time when they gathered about and felicitated the girl upon her strategy and the restoration of her brothers. She was modest in her triumph; she only asked one favor—that was to be allowed to accompany the lads home to Switzer Run to turn them over to their parents, who had never ceased to mourn their loss. Lieutenant Grove granted

the necessary permit, and the girl heroine acclaimed as "Loverhill of the Rangers" started overland for the waters of the Sinnemahoning, there to embark in a canoe for the Karoondinha. It was a long but happy journey. The boys had a thrilling list of adventures to recount, but they glossed them over, they were so glad to be going home.

One afternoon, while Abe Loverhill and his good wife were husking corn in the field by the big log barn, its gables cut full of witch-craft hieroglyphics, they noticed three persons coming up the pine-shaded path that led from the Karoondinha. As they came nearer, they began to shout, and then to run. The couple gazed more intently—it was their missing boys, grown big and strong, and their renegade daughter, Genevieve.

There was an affectionate greeting, and over a turkey supper the stirring tale of the Great Swamp battle was related. All went well during the course of the evening, until Genevieve remarked that she must get an early start back to the Sinnemahoning country in the morning. Instantly the choler of father and mother were aroused. Abe had just returned from his six months' jail experience in Carlisle, which had not sweetened his temper; the wife's struggle to keep the family in his absence had been a hard one; she had attributed all the domestic troubles to Genevieve's conduct. She told the girl in plain language that her duty was to remain and do housework and repay her past ingratitude. But housework and husk-

ing corn had no charms for "Loverhill of the Rangers," besides her sworn duty was to return to her command.

She laughed at her parents' demands, and when her mother made a move to lock the door to detain her by force, she picked up her loaded rifle, swung the latch back and swept out of the door, slamming it after her. The parents ordered the boys to stop her, but as she had saved their lives only a few days before, they refused. "Abe" ran after her a short distance, but not being very strong, soon gave up the chase. So "Loverhill of the Rangers" disappeared into the darkness, never to return.

"Abe" fumed and threatened half the night. He would complain in Philadelphia and have her mustered out and sent home if he could get no redress at Carlisle. But the next morning he concluded to "let sleeping dogs lie;" six months in Carlisle jail had cooled his ardor as a complainant. In after years he was proud rather than otherwise to be known as the father of "Loverhill of the Rangers," though neither of her parents ever saw her again.



XI. THE PASSING OF THE MARTENS.

NOT many Pennsylvania hunters and trappers of the present generation have encountered the Pine Marten on their excursions in the forests. To all intents and purposes *Mustela Martre* may be numbered with the extinct animals of the Keystone State. A denizen of the dense coniferous forests, its range was limited to the Canadian life zone, comprising the "northern tier" of counties and perhaps along the main chain of the Allegheny Mountains southwesterly from the culminating point of the North Mountain in Sullivan County to the Maryland line in Somerset County. But even if this Allegheny backbone was included in its habitat, few if any have been recorded as taken south of the West Branch of the Susquehanna.

The Pine Marten was a handsome animal, almost as big as a cat, with rich brown pelage and much sought after by fur buyers generally. It was a harmless creature, at no time plentiful even in the regions where natural conditions were best suited to its comfort.

Probably none of the younger hunters of Pennsylvania are better posted on the range and habits of the marten than Oscar Huff, at present custodian of the White Deer Creek Reservoir in Union County. For forty years Huff has not only hunted and trapped through most of Northern and Central Pennsylvania, but has been a close student of wild life as well. He

relates that when he was lumbering in the North Mountain, in the region of Kitchen's Creek and Ganoga Lake, more than twenty years ago, martens were fairly plentiful. In 1896 he was fortunate enough to obtain a fine specimen in the vicinity of Jamison City. Several other hunters secured individuals during that year and the preceding year, according to reports of which reached him.

The naturalist, Buckalew, is quoted by Rhoads in his "Mammals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey" as hearing the nocturnal cries of martens in the North Mountain forests, and mentions a marten taken in Columbia County in 1895.

But as the primeval hemlock forests of Columbia, Sullivan and Montour Counties disappeared, the pine martens vanished with them; changed conditions were a more annihilating force than the hand of the huntsman. Changed conditions, rather than the rifle, the trap and poison took with them the wolf, the panther, the fisher, the wolverene and other interesting examples of the fine fauna that abounded in Pennsylvania on the arrival of the Quaker pioneers.

In the other counties of the northern tier, there are correspondingly few records of the martens. A marten was taken on the slopes of Mount Tom, near Ansonia, in Tioga County, then densely forested, in 1885; its mate is said to have made its escape. Another was trapped on Steam Mill Brook, in Steam Valley, in the same county, in 1886. In Potter County the noted nature writer, John C. French, the greatest

living authority on the birds and animals of that county, has much interesting data on the martens, which, he says, ceased to be plentiful after the "seventies." Seth Nelson, Jr., of Round Island, Clinton County, tells of a trap line fifty miles in extent, which was maintained by his brothers and himself in the Black Forest, up to the seventies, "when the martens became too scarce to bother with."

Evidently the survivors closed in for protection in the heart of what remained of the "hemlock belt," as Rhoads reports that no less than twenty-two martens were taken in Potter County, on the East Fork of the Sinnemahoning, in the winter of 1894-95.

In McKean County, Charles W. Dickinson, famed as "the greatest living Pennsylvania wolf hunter" and a naturalist of experience, relates much the same conditions prevailing as regards to the martens in the adjoining county of Potter. Half a dozen or so were taken annually down to the beginning of the "eighties."

In their final refuge in the depths of the vast hemlock forests in Norwich Township, Thomas Mullins secured six martens on Haven's Brook during the winter of 1899. Three were taken in Shippen Township in 1894 and three in 1895. There have been practically no martens taken in McKean and Potter counties since about 1910, when the last of the "Black Forest" fell before the money-mad lumber kings.

In Warren County, directly west of McKean County, Indians of the Cornplanter Reservation on the Allegheny River reported martens taken on Kinzua

Creek up to about 1881. In the vast Wheeler-Dusenberry timberlands in Southern Warren and Forest Counties, where original forest conditions existed until within the past year, where rare wild flowers persisted in blooming, where the wild pigeons had a nesting in the early "eighties," and where one of the last nesting colonies of the great blue herons in the east existed up to that regretful Sunday in June, 1911, when a band of "bark savages" made an orgy of destruction of it because they imagined erroneously that the herons were enemies of the trout, a few martens lingered until possibly twenty years ago. Emmanuel Dobson, famed as the slayer of the last wolves in Forest County—he "cleaned them out" during 1884—captured a few martens every year up to about 1890. John Quier, elk, wolf and panther hunter of Somerset County, in the main backbone chain of the Alleghenies, is said to have trapped a marten on Laurel Hill, adding its scalp to his list of distinctions, which, some said, included the killing of the last elk, the last wolf and the last panther in Old Somerset.

What obliterated the pine marten from its Pennsylvania *habitat* is an unanswered question. Possibly it was on the verge of extinction from natural causes when the rapacious white hunters turned their attention to it, or, never overly numerous, it may not have been able to withstand the combined ingenuity of the trappers and the circumscribing of its natural faunal zone in the original hemlock forests by agriculture and land reeling. And yet, if mysticism may be added

to the causes, it has merely gone away, migrated, departed for some other country, along with the wild pigeon in its myriad millions, the low-flying paroquet, the panther and the wolf. Some day, when the mystic purposes of their journeys have been attained, they will return again to tenant the Pennsylvania wilds with the life and motion and song of their presence. Ask the Indians, they are mystics; no doubt they can give an answer!

Among the redmen of the Cornplanter Reservation in Warren County many anecdotes and legends of the pine martens in Pennsylvania are repeated. In a sense the marten was sacred to the Senecas and other aboriginal dwellers in the "Northern Tier," for it was supposed to be a deadly enemy of poisonous snakes, which were so plentiful and troublesome in many sections of the wilderness. It is to be remembered that in the range of the marten, rattlesnakes and copperheads were rare, compared with further south where there were no martens. Old men say that since the martens vanished there are more venomous snakes north of the West Branch of the Susquehanna. But that may be due to the cutting away of the forests, as rattlers and copperheads both love bare rocks with plenty of hot sunshine whereon to bask and think out devilry.

At any rate, the Indians thought it best to protect the martens. There were other furs as good as theirs, and a snake-killing or a snake-scaring mammal in the woods was a blessing on their race. If their assump-

tion was correct, then the pine marten was the American mongoose! It is more than strange that the first settlers and hunters in Northern Pennsylvania—men like Philip Tomb, for instance—who were closely associated with the best class of redmen, did not learn from the Indians the good traits of the martens and protect them from the start. But the rapacity of white hunters is proverbial.

In South Africa we are told that the Boer farmers prefer to kill the ant bears for their hides, which sell for a pittance, than to let them live for the good they do in devouring myriads of ants so injurious to agriculture. It must be an axiom that in no realm or clime can a pioneer be a conservationist.

Old Jesse Logan, the dean of Cornplanter Reservation Indians, was fond of relating a legend of the early appreciation displayed by the redmen for the martens. It ran pretty much like this:

On the banks of the Ohe-Yu, "The Beautiful River," called by the white men the Allegheny, near where the Kinzua empties into the larger stream, lived for many years an aged hermit called Gawango. He never spoke to any one, eking out an existence trapping and fishing and cultivating a few stalks of corn and some melons in a small garden patch by his cabin. Once he had been a handsome youth, and in that youth a bold warrior and Nimrod. But a sorrow had come into his life, so he withdrew from the society of his fellows, built himself a shack near the mouth of the Kinzua, and let his heart eat his life away. But death by heart's

poison is perforce slow; he was more than five score years and ten before the angel of death unlocked the frame which held his suffering spirit.

Though he would talk to no one, the story of the disappointment which drove him to the life of a recluse was known to a few of his contemporaries, who handed it down to younger generations. Consequently the story which he would not let himself forget, yet wanted no one else to know, lived beside him as well as with him, to his end and beyond the grave. His tragedy came about in this way:

In his youthful wanderings as a warrior he had come upon a beautiful white girl, yet as dark as an Indian, Genevieve Loverhill, the same who, dressed in boy's clothing, had accompanied Lieutenant Michael Grove as orderly on some of his Indian-killing campaigns. Genevieve possessed a genuine hatred of Indians, and, together with the fact that she was a dead shot with the rifle, Gawango had been foiled in all his attempts to capture her alive. Once or twice from hiding places in the mountains he could have shot and killed her, but never when she was alone, or far from the band of Rangers to which she was attached, had he gotten within gunshot of her. This preyed on his mind and broke his proud spirit, so used to procuring easily everything he wanted.

He followed Genevieve like a shadow from the Ohe-Yu to the Juniata, from the Juniata to the Tiadaghton, to the Oswayo and Cowanesque, but she always eluded him, and this, with the preference she

always showed for the indifferent Lieutenant Grove, drove Gawango to fits of passion that bordered upon madness. As he followed his beautiful will-o'-the-wisp month after month, without success, his nerves were ripping under the strain; he must cure his love or die from it, the soul-ache could not go on. He was sure that if she could know him and be with him she would care for him, even more than she cared for Grove, but how to accomplish this was the root of his discomfort. At length, not caring to go on and on in the wake of a sunbeam, he decided to consult the noted warlock Osecaluwa, who lived alone in his cabin on the shores of Lycoming Creek.

Leaving the proximity of Genevieve, who was encamped with the Rangers on Marsh Creek, he repaired to the home of old Osecaluwa. The soothsayer greeted him affably; cases like this were not rare; he had charms which could cure even more stubborn instances of baffled love. But he could not exert his powers over absent persons; he must be near enough so that his thought waves could percolate into the consciousness of the desired object. When he heard where Genevieve was and how elusive she promised to be, he expressed considerable hesitancy. He could not go on any such trip, for who would watch his flock of tame martens which he had collected for Tocanonty, Prince of the Six Nations, trained to keep the regal stockade free from venomous reptiles during periods when the royal entourage invaded the more southerly valleys. When the master of the martens, of "The

Black Prince," as Tocanonty was styled, came for them, in possibly another six months' time, then he would gladly go with Gawango, and together they would subjugate and secure the said Genevieve.

But Gawango was both stubborn and desperate. He wanted the girl now or never; he was dying for her love. In another six months he would be too far gone to care whether he had her or not. His pleadings were so eloquent, so continued, and so overwhelming, that eventually he won the soothsayer's consent, provided he would watch the flock of trained martens in his absence. It seemed like an easy task; the creatures acted tractable enough, but the terms of such a favor were always arduous.

Oscaluwa would go, would approach as near as possible to Genevieve while she slept, would imbue her with a love for Gawango so complete that she would get up in her sleep and walk across the mountains in a trance to Gawango, and marry him before she woke up. After that the soothsayer would make no promises; Gawango, looking at his classic-featured image in a pool, was confident that the future would be as he wished. But if during Oscaluwa's absence, Gawango allowed a single marten in the flock of fifty to escape, the charm would be broken, Genevieve would awake, and woe be to Oscaluwa and Gawango with the Rangers hot on their tracks.

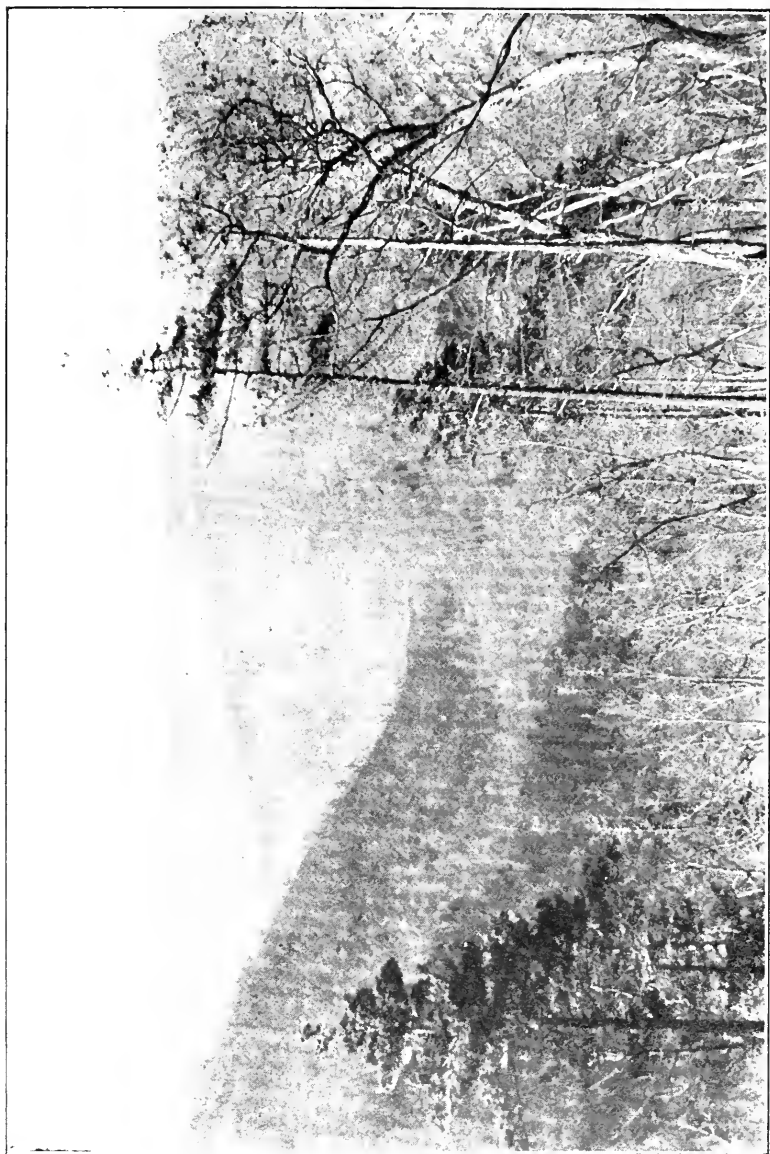
Gawango promised to be vigilant. Oscaluwa started. He was a quick traveler for one of his years, and in another night was on the outskirts of the camp

where Genevieve was quartered with the Rangers. Oscaluwa was captivated at the sight of her, so lovely in the campfire's glow, the only beardless figure in the group of Indian-killing frontiersmen, grim, savage, buckskin-clad men, who hunted and slew Indians for their scalps on which they were paid a bounty much as the State of Pennsylvania pays to their descendants bounties on the scalps of wild cats and weasels today. Our frontiersman savage blood comes out in that way!

The girl would make an ideal gift to Tocanonty, the Black Prince, who should possess such a beautiful creature. But the soothsayer had promised to deliver her to Gawango; there was nothing else to do and preserve the honor of an Indian gentleman.

Behind an escarpment of mossy rocks Oscaluwa waited until the campfire's glow had burned down, and to his infinite satisfaction Genevieve was left on guard. He watched her with his glassy black eyes as a black-snake fascinates a robin, until the beautiful eyes began to blink, the lovely head drooped on the buckskin coat, the long-gaitered legs moved unsteadily, the slender frame leaned against the lengthy gun-barrel. Then, when the charm was at its most potent point, Oscaluwa strode out from his place of concealment, touched the girl's ivory cheek with his finger, and, walking over the sleeping forms of the Rangers wrapped in their blankets, he started on his journey, Genevieve following.

Meanwhile, on the banks of the Lycoming, Gawango



was watching his flock of half a hundred martens assiduously. It seemed like such an easy task at first! As night came on, it appeared to be more difficult. The brown, shaggy things were always getting lost in the shadows or the bushes! He built a big fire so as to see more clearly. But yet he could not be everywhere at once; herding martens was harder than herding any other animal, wild or domestic, that he had ever known of! As a last resort—for he was utterly exhausted running hither and thither—he decided to drive them all into Oscaluwa's cabin and shut the door. He could then take a little nap, perhaps. He started to drive them in. As he did so he began counting them—one, two, three, four, five, six—all went smoothly until forty-nine—there was one missing! With feverish anxiety he began counting them over and over again. There were only forty-nine; one had in some manner escaped. It was terrible.

Stunned at the realization, he threw open the door, letting the other animals out and shrieking like a madman, he ran amuck through the forest, he knew not where.

Oscaluwa was picking his way through a forest path beneath the giant pines, followed closely by Genevieve, a glassy fixity in her black, beady eyes, a mechanical motion to her steps, her long arms hanging loosely. All was going well, when suddenly he was grappled from behind by a pair of strong hands and hurled to the ground. It was Genevieve, suddenly awakened from her trance by something, and instantly realizing

her predicament, was resolved to be revenged. Throttled and dazed, the crafty Indian was precipitated to the rocky path, and before he could raise a hand in his defense the girl had drawn her long bear knife from her belt and slit his throat from ear to ear. Then she nonchalantly cut off his head and started back in the direction of the Rangers' encampment on Marsh Creek, carrying the ugly trophy by the long, matted top-knot.

As he breathed his last, Oscaluwa probably realized that one of the Black Prince's martens had escaped, that the spell was broken. And that was why Gawango ceased to hope further for the possession of the beautiful Genevieve, and sensibly and quietly retired to the mouth of the crystalline Kinzua to eat out his heart in thoughts of what might have been. And the trained martens spread through the forests of Northern Pennsylvania, checking the depredations of rattlers, copperheads and adders to the lasting benefit of mankind.



XII. JOE NELSON'S WOLVERENE

A LONG with other species of animals typical of the northern faunal zone, the Wolverine or Glutton was found, although but sparingly, in all of the north tier of counties in Pennsylvania.

Rhoads tells of several wolverenes killed during the last century, among them one on the Tiagdaghton, now called Pine Creek, by the veteran trapper, C. C. Burdette. Seth Iredell Nelson and his brother, Joe, accounted for another during the Civil War, at the Great Salt Lick in Portage Township, Potter County. Le Roy Lyman, whose hunting diary indicates that he killed over three thousand head of big game in the forests of Northern Pennsylvania, captured several wolverenes that had looted his traps.

The animals were locally called gluttons, because of their insatiable appetites, and their propensity of following a trap line and devouring every animal in it from wolves to weasels before the hunters could get on the scene. For this reason the wolverene was continually persecuted until driven from his abode in the great hemlock forests of the northern tier.

Mike Long, a less spectacular but equally capable a hunter as his brother, the mighty Bill Long, "The King Hunter," or his nephew, Andy Jackson Long, slew several wolverenes in the wilds of McKean county. His exploits are attested to by C. W. Dickinson,

whose knowledge of Pennsylvania hunters and game of the old days is scrupulously exact. Jesse Logan, the Indian hunter, recollected killing a wolverene on Tuna Creek, prior to the Civil War. In Tioga County there is a record of a glutton caught in a trap on Marsh Creek shortly before the outbreak of the great War between the Blue and the Gray.

Seth Fredell Nelson, who was born in 1809 and died in 1905, thus described the wolverene to the writer of these pages :

"The glutton resembled a small bear, only its expression was crafty and cruel, its inexhaustible appetite showing in its ugly teeth and sharp, shifty eyes. It had sparse fur, large feet and claws and moved with the unsteadiness of a drunken man. It slept off its eating debauches much as a human inebriate sleeps after a night over the cups. It was feared by all the animals of the forests, even by bears, and there were instances where it took young cubs from traps, devouring them even to their hides."

It was only natural that around such a fiend and monster many wierd and curious legends clustered. Its rarity, the suddenness of its descent upon a trap line and the completeness of the destruction which it wrought made it an animal marked for the white man's vengeance. Though there are many tales of its connection with the supernatural in the annals of the red men, tales full of horror and gloom, the story of how Joe Nelson found the wolverene at the Great Salt Lick in 1863 on the trap line which his brother Seth and

himself maintained, is full of interest, especially as it concerns the last wolverene, as far as known, taken in the Keystone Commonwealth.

The mere killing of an animal belongs to the province of statistics, but the elements surrounding the killing, the romantic circumstances, belong to a broader field, which deserves to live along with the record of the deed. Seth Iredell Nelson was a modest man, a strangely reticent man, and it is a pity he was not given to autobiography like Philip Tomb, diary keeping like Le Roy Lyman, or possessed an able biographer like Samuel Askey did in Rev. F. B. Boyer. In the lengthy obituary notices which appeared in Clinton County newspapers at the time of Seth Nelson's death, little mention was made of his prowess as a hunter. His qualities as pioneer, gentleman and Christian were properly dilated upon, but the fact that he killed 100 elks and over 2,000 deer in the forests of Northern Pennsylvania received no mention. Rhoads, who visited the aged hunter in 1898 and 1899, was able to secure some of the choice bits of hunting lore which he has preserved for all time in his remarkable book, "Mammals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey." The writer, who visited the old Nimrod the same years as Rhoads, was able to gather from him a certain amount of data concerning his triumphs, but that was all; his hunting records had been destroyed, gone to that sea of oblivion from which no scrap of knowledge ever recrosses the black horizon. Through Thomas G. Simcox and John Q. Dyce, the writer heard

considerable concerning Nelson, also of his brother Joe, who possessed equal repute as a slayer of big game.

The writer will never forget that bright September morning, when, seated with old Seth on a little board bench between two red maple trees on the bank of the Sinnemahoning, he first mentioned Dyce's name to him.

The old hunter's keen blue eyes twinkled. "I should say I do," he answered. "He was the funniest man on the river."

And the old man chuckled and chuckled and chuckled as if recalling to memory droll incidents of the old rafting and hunting days. Then he asked the writer if he had ever heard Dyce relate the legend of Altar Rock, the great natural monument of red sandstone which rises like an obelisk at the rear of the Nelson home. He had not, but on returning home did not lose much time in seeking out the genial "John Q.," as he was called, and learning from him this odd legend of Indian times.

But to return to Joe Nelson's wolverene. During the winter of 1862 and 1863, when most of the north tier trappers were fighting for their country, the Nelson brothers, who were counted as too old for service—Joe was born in 1805 and Seth in "Abe" Lincoln's year, 1809—had hunting and trapping pretty much to themselves with their younger rivals absent. The record of the bears, wolves, martens, foxes, wild cats and other animals which they secured that memorable

winter was prodigious, even at a time when the Pennsylvania Mountains still abounded with wild life. The Great Salt Lick had always been a veritable paradise for game; three-quarters of a century before the bison had used it; elk, until a few years before, had come to it in droves; it was literally overrun with deer. Like the water-holes of British East Africa, immortalized by moving picture artists, fiercer animals, such as wolves, lynxes, wild cats and wolverenes were constantly prowling about, hoping to pull down a hunters. Panthers at that time rarely visited the Great Salt Lick. They had been driven out earlier, though they were still so plentiful south of the Sinnemahoning that James Wylie Miller saw the tracks of nine one morning at a "crossing" on Up Jerry Run, south of the village of Barclay (Wyside).

Squire Austin is quoted by Rhoads as saying in 1900 that in his long experience he only knew of one panther killed in Potter County, and that one by Henry Hulbert in 1841.

Felis cougar became practically a stranger to the entire Black Forest, but Seth Nelson, Jr., tells of scores killed in that region by his brother at an early day. It is noteworthy that Le Roy Lyman, a slayer of over 300 wolves, who died in 1886, was never fortunate enough to kill a panther, claiming that he never saw even the tracks of the Pennsylvania lion in Potter County.

On one occasion, late in November, when the Nelson brothers visited their trap line at the Great Salt

Lick, they collected all their pelts except at one trap, where there were evidences that a small bear had been taken. Its toes were in the trap, but cut off so sharply that it looked as if the operation had been performed with an axe. The brothers much doubted that a wolf or wolverene had been the culprit, as there would be signs where the beast had dragged its victim away through the snow to be eaten in some cave or rhododendron thicket. All indications pointed to the *carrying away* of the cub after its release from the trap. There was blood about, but no signs of a struggle. Furthermore, a wolverene would not have been satisfied with the one bear; it would have followed the trap line with unerring exactitude and made a feast royal until the last trapped creature had disappeared into its voracious maw.

About two weeks later another small bear was taken in the same way. It looked as if the culprit was a human being, but who in the forests was capable of such a mean act; all possible names were gone over and dismissed as guiltless; it must be a sneaking, stealthy wolverine, after all. Hunters, old-time ones as well as moderns, always love to blame some animal or bird for every forest tragedy. If the deer dies in the woods from old age or exposure they claim that a wild cat killed it; if the grouse die of throat trouble, they lay their disappearance to foxes; every chicken that the rats take is, they say, carried off by a hawk.

With no other solution at hand, the usually fair-minded Nelson brothers yielded to the practice of the

mountains and laid it to a wandering glutton. They continued to think that way until one evening when Joe Nelson was coming down a steep, heavily-timbered ravine that led into the waters of Freeman's Run, he came face to face with a very attractive young girl; in fact, the belle of that section of the wilderness. Her name was Katharine Ackerly, and she was the daughter of a riverman well known on the Sinnemahoning, Hiram Ackerly. It was rumored that the young man with whom she "kept company"—Mordecai Flask—had deserted from his regiment; that he was a fugitive with a price on his head. Nelson immediately conjectured that the deserter had returned to his familiar haunts in the mountains, where he was being fed by his sweetheart. The girl carried nothing on that occasion, but it did not matter. He noticed that she blushed and looked confused as he passed her. If not going to have a rendezvous with the deserter, she had some other clandestine lover in the forest.

Katharine was an uncommonly pretty girl for any time or community. She had ash blonde hair, dark brows and lashes, soft gray eyes, a straight nose, a round face, a plump but shapely figure; her hands were white and the fingers tapering; she was always washing her hands, a not noticeable trait among mountaineers. Furthermore, Nelson was now sure where the two young bears had disappeared to out of the traps; it wasn't a wolverene after all, but a human glutton was fed. He felt more resentful against the contemptible deserter's looting his trap line than he

had previously against the suppositious voracious wolverene.

Joe conveyed his surmises to his brother Seth, who agreed with him in every particular. They were not averse to "hitting the trail" of the deserter. There was a reward and a sense of duty done by his capture. If they could keep him away from the trap line, he would starve when cold weather set in, as it would be difficult for the girl to invent excuses to take frequent ten-mile tramps through the snow. They were too chivalrous to inform her parents; they did not want to get her into trouble, besides it might mean that the deserter would fly the country. But try as they would, with all their trapper's skill, they were unable to meet Katharine again in the forest or get on the trail of her lover before winter set in in earnest.

All old-timers recall the unusually extended cold spell which ushered in the New Year of 1863. First of all, there was a week of almost continuous snow. It drifted the paths in the ravines so full that it promised to make them impassable until spring. After these blizzard conditions, the weather unexpectedly changed to warmer for a night; there was a heavy rainfall, which reduced the volume of snow considerably—in fact, in many places it left the ground entirely bare. Then came a sudden frost, which made the floor of the forest look like a vast ice pond. It was bitterly cold, and towards nightfall the wolves, cold and hungry, were heard howling in the forest

back of the Nelson brothers' shanty-clearing, near the Great Salt Lick.

As the thermometer fell the two trappers kept throwing the clean beechwood chunks into the old wood-burner, from a pile that extended from floor to rafters, along one side of the kitchen wall. These wily backwoodsmen were too wise to stack their wood outdoors; it meant opening the door to get it, thereby counteracting the effects of the hot stove. The Nelsons agreed together that they had never felt such cold. It was too frigid, in fact, to go out and take a shot at the wolves, whose howling seemed to come closer and closer to the cabin as the shadows lengthened. The dogs were too cold to go after them, huddling with their tails, on which the hair was frozen, between their legs, just outside the shanty door, wingeing piteously to be let in.

Just at dark the wolves gave up their howling and began the low music of tongueing. The trappers imagined that they had found the trail of a belated snowshoe rabbit which was headed towards the clearing, as the melodious music grew nearer and nearer. Then the dogs got up and began barking. A minute later there was the sound of footsteps on the porch, and a quick, nervous knocking at the door.

The Nelsons were amazed at the idea of receiving a visitor on that blizzard night in such a remote spot. It was six miles across high mountains to the nearest house. They jumped from their benches and ran to the door. Joe reached it first, and, throwing out the

hasp, pulled in the door, revealing the shivering form of Katharine Ackerly. She wore a red woolen hood, cloak and mittens, with fur anklets about the tops of her high boots. She had on several skirts; evidently she had made every effort to protect herself against the cold on that wild night. The men were so excited they forgot almost to be polite.

"What are you doing here?" they demanded peremptorily. "Don't you know the wolves are out to-night?"

The girl had been walking fast over slippery ground, and she could hardly get her breath to reply. When she was able to speak she said: "There's a man dying on Portage Mountain; I want you to come and help him."

The Nelsons threw on their fur jackets, slipped on their woolen mittens, picked up their rifles, pulled their fur caps over their eyes, preparatory to starting. They were glad to aid a human being in distress, though they knew that the person in question was an army deserter.

"Have you any stimulants?" said Seth Nelson, just before he closed the door.

"I fetched him a quart of Reish for Christmas," said the girl, "but I couldn't find any trace of the bottle to-night."

So the trapper ran back and unlocked a chest and took out a large jug of spirits, which they had lately received from the Savidge distillery in the mountains north of Lock Haven. The wolves had become quiet,

the dogs trotted along by their master as the party filed out along the slippery, uneven path which led across the stump-dotted clearing to the dark, tall forest of original white pines. Into the forest they went, the girl leading the way. Seth Nelson carried an old-fashioned tin lantern, in which a tallow candle was stuck. It shed a flickering, uncertain light among the giant bronzed trunks of the ancient "cork" pines. They crossed Portage Creek on a log, which was very slippery, and then turned and entered a long, deep draft which cut into the side of Portage Mountain. Up the hollow they climbed, slipping and sliding. Several times the lantern glimmered out; it was difficult to strike the flint to relight it.

The Nelsons recollected that there was an old panther cleft somewhere near the top of the mountain. Could the girl be leading them to it? She said nothing, so they asked no questions. They would learn the whole story soon enough. When they reached the last bench they turned off from the path and passed through the forest in a southerly direction. In about a mile they came to a vast overhanging ledge of rocks, known as the "Panther Rocks."

Katharine stopped and gave a low whistle three times. There was no response, so she began climbing up the almost perpendicular face of the cliff. The two hunters followed as best they could with their rifles and packs—and the lantern. The girl was as agile as a pantheress; ice and sleet were as nothing to her. About fifty feet from the bottom of the ledge, and an

equal distance from the top, was a shelf of rock which ran almost the entire length of the cliff. She walked along it, steadying herself with one hand against the smooth wall, until she came to a crevice, perhaps two feet high, the same distance wide. She motioned to the men to come there, while she stooped and entered.

Seth Nelson's lantern seemed suited to such narrow quarters, for it illuminated admirably the chamber, which opened out within the mouth of the cave. On the damp, slimy stone floor lay a young man, his bed the hides of two young black bears. Over him were the badly frayed and torn hides of a buffalo and a wolf. The water from the roof of the cave was dripping on him. Their surmises were correct as to what had become of the cubs which vanished from their traps. The wolverene was absolved for once.

The unfortunate man was none other than Mordecai Flask, the deserter. He was semi-conscious and ghastly pale. His long, dark hair, and the beard which he had grown in the army, were matted and frozen and accentuated the whiteness of his brow, cheeks and lips. His eyes were wide open and had assumed the glassiness that portends dissolution. There seemed to be few provisions in the cave, a few crusts of bread, some rancid butter, a tin of stale coffee, a chunk of spoiled marrow—that was all.

Seth Nelson took his jug of spirits from the pack and poured out a tincup full which he poured down the sick man's throat. It gagged him; he was too far

gone to swallow. Katharine was kneeling over him, holding both his hands.

"Feel them," she whispered to Joe Nelson; "tell me what it means."

They were as cold as death. The gaunt backwoodsman simply pointed a bony finger upwards. The eyes began rolling back in his head, there was a gurgling and a choking, then silence and more choking, as gradually the spirit disentangled itself from the body preparatory to its flight. It was painful for the girl to watch the progress of dissolution, the inevitable finish of the brief earthly career of the man she loved, for at the time of his death he was only twenty-one.

At length the stillness became permanent. Joe Nelson, feeling the pulse, knew that life was extinct. The girl realized it, too; but, looking at the pallid form, she muttered bravely, "He is only in a trance."

Then the Nelsons lit a small fire at the mouth of the cave, put the buffalo robe under them, lit their pipes and discussed the question as to what to do with the body. They asked the girl. She confessed that her parents had known that she had been meeting the man, and for their sakes it must not become a matter of general knowledge. Flask, she said, was a native of Columbia County, from the headwaters of Kitchen's Creek. He had no near relatives, so it would be folly to think of shipping the body home. It would ruin her parents if it was known that she had been feeding a deserter for three months. She strongly advised interring the remains somewhere in the forest.

With true mountain chivalry the hunters acceded to her request. An old double-bitted axe lay against the depleted woodpile in the cave; it might be used to make the grave. They decided to wait until daybreak and carry the body from the cavern and bury it along the ravine. Then they fell to talking about the dead man: how he came to the East Fork, three years before, to work in a big pine job, how his "buddies" had persuaded him to enlist, how he started away in apparently good spirits; Katharine told how he had met her in the forest one evening after his desertion, which he stated was caused by ill treatment at the hands of an officer. He had knocked the officer down, been put in a smoke-house to await punishment, had escaped and come back to the mountains and the girl he loved. She told how she had brought him food for three months; that when she last visited him, on Christmas Eve, he was outwardly in good health and spirits. She had not seen him since, on account of the New Year blizzard. He had evidently caught cold from exposure; death must have resulted from chills or pneumonia.

At the first show of dawn the men wrapped the body carefully in the buffalo robe and carried it out of the cave, along the ledge, down the face of the cliff, and to a secluded spot in the ravine behind a cluster of tall rhododendrons. There they laboriously dug the grave in the frozen earth, with the old axe, and in it they laid all that was mortal of Mordecai Flask,

deserter. On top of the body they rolled heavy stones to prevent the wolves from digging it out.

Then they courteously agreed to accompany the bereaved sweetheart part way back to her home, a mile east of Prestonville. They would go at least as far as the trap line on Portage Mountain. The trap line in question lay the entire length of a gorge. It was a favorite "crossing" for many kinds of furbearing animals, and which never failed to yield its toll. As they neared the first wolf trap, in the gray, foggy light, they could see through a growth of shin-hopple a great, unsteady, shaggy animal tossing about in anguish, every minute or so giving vent to low guttural moans. The dogs pricked up their ears and sprang forward, Joe Nelson after them. He clambered over a prostrate pine trunk as high as himself and stood face to face with the most hideous monster that had occupied one of his traps in years—a giant wolverene.

Not waiting for his brother Seth and the girl to be "in at the death," he was so keyed up by the excitement of the moment, he brought his rifle to his shoulder, sending a bullet crashing into the noxious monster's brain. With a forward plunge, which had the force to shatter the steel trap, the hideous creature fell sprawling, dead with paws outstretched, eyes glaring and jaws distended and showing his tusks, like a specimen of the modern taxidermist's skill on the floor of some wealthy city sportsman's den.

"It never rains but it pours," said Seth Nelson, who, with the breathless Katharine at his side, had mean-

while reached the scene of the slaughter. "It was a wolverene after all that looted our traps."

"We will forget all about poor Mordecai when we tell of the disappearance of those two cub bears," said Brother Joe, as he proceeded to skin the heavy carcass.



XIII. WILD LIFE CONSERVATION.

GAME conservation in Pennsylvania has thus far been a costly and not altogether successful undertaking. While it is true that in Dr. Kalbfus the commonwealth possessed one of the ablest and most far-seeing protectors, yet results attained have gone no further than those of the best regulated game preserves of Europe; in other words, have fallen short of complete success. Yet all has been done that can be done with the methods now in use. There was a time when there was a number of persons who believed they could carry on the management of the Game Department better than Dr. Kalbfus, but with each year their number grows less. There is at present an almost unanimity of opinion that the good doctor was "over and above" the best man for the place. Besides, he was supported by a particularly intelligent and unselfish Board of Game Commissioners, making this one of the few departments not "in politics."

Game of some kinds has increased splendidly, notably the deer, which, despite the continual running by dogs, their chief foe, are doing better in Pennsylvania than in any other eastern state. But though they are increasing in numbers, they are deteriorating as individuals; good heads, except on western imported bucks which are occasionally killed, are becoming scarcer and more ragged every year.

The history of the true deer of Pennsylvania ceased when Dr. Kalbfus first imported western and southern deer into the state several years ago. At the time when the "good gray game protector" acted the Santa Claus to our hunters all deer were practically extinct in the Pennsylvania wilds. Previously there had been two types of deer within our borders—the northern type of the Virginia deer (*Odocoileus Americanus Borealis* Miller) and the southern type (*Odocoileus Americanus Erxleben*). The northern type, which were much larger than the southern deer, were found in the northern tier of counties, including Lycoming, Sullivan, Bradford, Wyoming and part of Columbia, counties embracing the North Mountain region. They abounded in Clearfield county and were found on the main chain of the Alleghenies in eastern Cambria, also in Blair, Somerset and Bedford Counties, clear to the Maryland line. Likewise they were found on the Laurel Hill range in western Cambria, western Somerset, and eastern Westmoreland and Fayette Counties.

The range of the southern type included pretty much all of the rest of the state. This diversity of habitat can be readily noted by consulting the admirable faunal map given in S. N. Rhoads' "Mammals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey."

The antlers of the northern type were strong and heavy, often growing to enormous size on stags in their prime and older. The horns of the southern variety were smaller, but often beautifully symmetri-

cal. The antlers of the northern variety were found at their maximum of size in Pennsylvania, those of the southern variety at their smallest.

It was the centre of the range of the northern variety; it was the very outpost of the southern variety, though at the present time the southern type are certainly found in the Adirondack Mountains of New York. The northern variety were the most persistently hunted, as they inhabited the last great timber belt in the state, and were shot out by pot hunters armed with improved rifles in and out of season. They were almost extinct when Dr. Kalbfus brought in his "outside" deer. A few families survived, hence the characteristic northern heads taken every now and then.

The last stand of the old northern deer in any numbers was in the North Mountain country. There the last good heads in any numbers were taken twenty-five to thirty years ago (1887-1892). Typical specimens of heads of stags a little past their prime can be seen in the Elk Hotel, Elk Grove, Columbia County, and in the dining room of the residence of Colonel R. B. Rickets at Ganoga Lake, Sullivan County. The philosophy of the red deer's antlers is as follows:

Up to five years of age the antlers increase in size yearly; after that they either remain stationary for a season or two, or else undergo a steady change. With some it takes the forms of irregular formation, monstrosities or palmation, hence the "shovel horned" stags and bucks so familiar to the old hunters. With

others it is a decrease in length and circumference, though with some the number of points increases at irregular intervals. The two Elk Grove heads are each "five pointers;" the Ricketts head has six points on each horn.

In extreme age stags often carry but long thin spikes, and are called "old spikers." Some few carry no horns at all, but the stag with the gnarled or uneven or palmated antlers is aged, as is also the one with weak, thin antlers. The so-called perfect antlers generally come from the "four prong" stags.

Among the old hunters of the North Mountains the male of the northern type of deer was called the stag; his racks were called "antlers;" the male of the southern type were called "bucks," and his horns "buck horns." The antlers of the aged northern stag, where they had decreased in size, were also known as buck horns. The antlers of the northern deer were often spoken of as "racks," and the horns of the southern deer as "sets of horns." Some splendid examples of the true northern deer of the North Mountain remained in the deer park of Honorable Alexander Billmeyer, at Washingtonville, Columbia County, until a few years ago. It is said that the magnificently antlered stags which ruled the herds in the grove surrounding the Park Hotel at Williamsport a quarter of a century ago were captured in the North Mountain. The antlers of the true northern stags of the North Mountain were characterized by an upward or perpendicular growth of

the tines and points, the extreme points curving upwards to a level with the other prongs, giving the antlers at side view the effect of an inverted comb. Among the old hunters the northern deer were generally spoken of as "big deer," and the southern type as "little deer." The northern type often dressed in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds, while the southern type seldom produced bucks which dressed over half that amount, at least in Pennsylvania. In southern Pennsylvania they have been found heavier, and in South Carolina a maximum of size and spread and thickness of antlers is recorded by the well-known authority, Archibald Rutledge. The northern deer were further characterized by their white or "bald" faces; the southern type by the heavy black stripe down their backs.

The pleasant pastime of collecting antlers has existed among sportsmen for centuries, some European collections—notably those of Count Arco and Baron Peccoz, of Munich—being valued at upwards of a hundred thousand dollars each. All collections of the antlers of Pennsylvania deer must date from before the period of the first "importations." At present no conception of type or form can be ascertained, with the forests running full of Michigan, Kansas, Texas red deer and European fallow deer, together with a few pure native "little" deer, possibly a still smaller number of pure northern deer, and the probable mixed breeds of all these types. These imported deer and the re-

sultant "mixtures" are called by the hunters "Kalbfus deer."

The largest rack of Pennsylvania stag's antlers which has been recorded by the writer was that of the grand head taken by the late Samuel Strohecker, of Rebersburg, Centre County. It was erroneously reported that this "forest king" had been killed in the Seven Mountains, Mifflin County, but a letter from W. H. H. Strohecker, of Milton, brother of the famous "Sam," states that it was killed on the Big Run of Beech Creek in Centre County, which is in the northern faunal zone.

A set of antlers, equally colossal in size, but with fewer points, was noted by the writer during the summer of 1917 in the Owl's Head Hotel at Keene, New York. This Adirondack giant, which must rival the famous Paul Smith stag killed in Franklin County, which had 22 points on one antler, 20 on the other, had been shot on the last day of the season of 1914, and dressed 290 pounds. There were six points on each antler, showing that it was an aged stag. The beam was of great heaviness, and there was marked palmation. The circumference above the coronet was six inches, the length of the right horn (the right horn is always the one measured) was 30 inches, the widest point 26 inches, and from tip to tip it was 30 inches.

Jasper Bower, on the last day of "deer season" in 1916, killed a stag on Kalbfleish Mountain, Clinton County, that was surely a remnant of the old northern

type of Pennsylvania deer. It dressed 180 pounds; the antlers measured $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in circumference, the length was 22 inches, the widest point 21 inches, from tip to tip it was 18 inches; there were seven points on the right antler and six on the left. The North Mountain stags at Elk Grove killed by the late James W. Perry in 1888 and 1890 measured respectively (1888) circumference above coronet, 6 inches; length, 20 inches; widest, 17 inches; tip to tip, 15 inches. (This head was notable for its heavy beam, as is evidenced by the circumference of six inches). (1890) circumference, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches; length, 22 inches; widest, 17; tip to tip, 12 inches. As previously stated, there were five points on each horn of both racks.

The "foreign" deer in the state can be distinguished by the shortness of the points of their horns, the compactness of the sets and the general lack of beam or circumference. A peculiarity of the southern deer in the North Mountain has been their tendency towards albinism. No specimen of the northern type killed in that region was so "afflicted."

White deer were fairly common in the foothills of the North Mountain, and were oftenest killed on the outskirts of farms, probably indicating that these "sports" were outcasts from the herds. More white deer have been taken in the North Mountain country than anywhere else in the state. Spotted deer were also occasionally seen and killed in this section, in the lower altitudes; these too were of the southern type. But the true deer of the North Mountain are but a

memory. The new race that will furnish sport for future generations are the descendants of the twenty deer liberated in the vicinity of Ganoga Lake by Dr. Kalbfus in 1915, and on which a closed season exists until the fall of 1918.

The wild turkey also has shown a notable increase, in the sections of the state where they are indigenous, but of the many specimens alive and dead observed by the writer last fall, most of them showed decided infusions of "tame" blood, indicating breeding out instead of on. More perish during the winter months now than did the hardier race of fifty years ago, say the old hunters.

Ruffed grouse, quails, woodcocks, and snipe are surely decreasing. Many causes are responsible for their decline, despite the almost motherly protection given them. The loss of cover and forest fires are prime causes for decrease in the grouse; the increase in the number of rodents is another potent reason, as these creatures take a heavy toll of eggs and young birds. The rat evil in the Pennsylvania wilds has not been treated of sufficiently, and its seriousness has been made light of. Careful observers find rat holes everywhere in the woods; there are a thousand to where there were ten, twenty years ago.

The forest fire destroys countless grouse every spring. When the flames approach the nests, the parent birds "fight" with their wings until they fall to death in the fire. The rats are the main cause of the decline of the quails; also their inability to

stand the rigors of winter as well as in former years. Loss of cover and forest fires seem to be the main reasons for the almost total disappearance of the woodcock. Added to these causes, disease unknown to these birds half a century ago have sadly decimated them, also the reckless distribution of poison in the woods.

With all these doleful but truthful admissions concerning the state of wild life in Pennsylvania, it is time that a solution of this problem, which means so much to our sportsmen, should be arrived at. There are two methods that can be followed. One is the course of action pursued by the gamekeepers of private preserves; the other is to let Nature, wise, all-sufficient Nature, do the work. As the area suitable for game in our state is so large, it would look like a very costly proceeding to run it like an English or German park. But the "gamekeeper" method is the only method that has ever been used to "increase" game. The protectors and protective associations seem to know no other, nor do they care to be enlightened. Here let it be said that the gamekeeper method dates back to the fifteenth century, or earlier, when the supply of wild game first began to show signs of diminution. Game propagation has made no progress since then, while every other line of science or industry has developed by leaps and bounds. The gamekeeper method takes for granted that the game to be "protected" and "propagated" is within a fenced enclosure, or in a guarded area, whereas, in Pennsylva-

nia, for instance, it is in a feral state on millions of acres of land. The gamekeeper method proceeds to forget that man is directly and indirectly entirely responsible for the scarcity of game, and to demand first the destruction of every animal and bird not in its narrow usage called "game," styling the creatures to be destroyed as "vermin," never stopping to realize that science has demonstrated their value. For instance, in the Pennsylvania Mountains fifty years ago wolves were blamed for sheep-killing. Heavy bounties were inaugurated, the wolves were either killed or driven out of the state. Then it was discovered that stray dogs, and not wolves, were the sheep-killers. During 1916 almost six thousand sheep were killed by dogs in Pennsylvania, yet there is no bounty or outcry against dogs, and the sheep-killing goes steadily on.

Then, when the game does not respond to this wholesale butchery of its supposed foes by showing the desired increase, the protectors set in to raise the favored animals and birds "by hand" and releasing them annually to stock the covers. While this is very well in enclosed parks, and the so-called "vermin" are out of place where man sets out to do the "breeding" himself, and keeps the game shut in brooders, coops or hutches, yet it cannot well be done on such a scale to supply in a vast country like mountainous Pennsylvania.

Yet even in European preserves, where artificial game propagation is most practiced, it so happens that when all predatory creatures are killed off and the

land becomes overstocked with game, diseases promptly appear to decimate the stock to normal. In other words, the covers will support so much wild life and no more. But unless fresh stock be added each year, wild game, where the necessary predatory creatures are removed, will suffer and no power on earth can stop it. Nature's method is undoubtedly best for the broad wilderness of Pennsylvania.

By Nature's method is meant, first of all, the actual elimination of forest fires. It can be done—take the Black Forest of Germany as an example, which teems with game in the heart of a densely populated country. Give the State Forestry Department the modest appropriations it asks for, and note the results. Secondly, the preservation of natural cover. By that is meant preventing, as far as possible, the further clearing away of forests, fence rows and the banks of streams, the natural haunts of the game. The continuation of the policy of extending State Forests will safeguard the covers of the future. Thirdly, end the bounty scandal instantly, and let all animals and birds live as they did before the white hunters sought to upset Nature's Just Balance. Last but not least, enforce the law forbidding the putting out of poison.

And now will be explained what is meant by the Balance of Nature. To insure a virile race of wild deer there must be predatory creatures, such as wolves and panthers, eagles and crows, to prey on the weakly and imperfect specimens, thereby preventing the spread

of pestilences, etc., encouraging the survival of the fittest, and allowing only those strong enough to live.

Eagles, all hawks, all owls, foxes and weasels should be rigorously protected, as they prey on the rodents which destroy the eggs and young of the game birds, besides taking a toll of the weakly and imperfect specimens, preventing the "grouse disease," "quail blight," etc. Wild cats preserve the same high standard among the hares and rabbits, but before the white hunters appeared, "catamounts" were also intended to keep the number of "cotton-tails" within bounds, lest they "bark" all the young trees in the forests. The skunk probably eats no rats, but devours countless worms and grubs which affect the growth of the trees so necessary as cover for the game. Likewise the porcupine feeds off the pine beetles, which kill so many cone-bearing trees, which trees furnish food for many useful birds.

Dr. Forbush, in his book on the "Domestic Cat," gives one reason why "pussy" at large is so destructive, that it devours so many weasels, and yet the state of Pennsylvania is paying out large sums of money every year as a bounty on weasels. In reality, the weasel is a necessary animal, destroying many rats, mice and moles. The weasel is suffering today because "natural history" writers of the eighteenth century condemned it before the era of stomach examinations which would have completely exonerated it.

All these animals are inter-related in their work. All must be saved. One cannot do the work of an-

other; each is a specialist, that wild game may propagate abundantly. Once the miscalled predatory creatures are destroyed, the game begins to go down hill. Fresh blood, added annually, postpones the evil day, but as *wild life* it is doomed, it is a costly makeshift.

If the deer of Pennsylvania deteriorate as fast in the next fifty years as they have in the past half century—and a study of their horns and weights proves this—they will be no larger than sheep and subject to all manner of diseases; there will be more barrenness among the does, and the only thing that will keep them from becoming as sluggish as sheep will be the infusions of "hand-raised" deer, or wild specimens from regions where natural conditions are approximated. If Nature's method is followed and the cobwebby gamekeeper method discarded, Pennsylvania would be the first state to adopt progressive, up-to-date game protection. The results would come very fast, and would be generally followed elsewhere.

Note the increase in wild life on any abandoned farm in the North Mountain country, where domestic cats, boys with air rifles and rat poisoners are unknown quantities for two or three years. First the jays and flickers come into the old fruit trees; then woodchucks, skunks and porcupines burrow beneath the rotting structures; after awhile the bears venture to prowl about in the abandoned orchards. Nature's animation and Nature's sounds replace the depressing stillness of the deserted premises. Game, under Nature's method, would increase fast, too fast to suit

most people, and it would require an army of hunters *to keep it in check*. Then there would be no talk about shortening seasons, closing counties, or establishing closed seasons or game refuges. Nature, allowing and encouraging the increase of all forms of life, would play a bountiful part towards the sportsmen of the Keystone State. In a few years the Legislature would have to repeal the hunters' license law; ten years hence it would have to pay hunters to reduce the game.

Game protection must discard ancient methods. It must be brought up to date, if the general public, who cannot afford the luxury of private "preserves" and hand-raised game, are to enjoy in the future the noble sport of the chase on the broad acres of Pennsylvania.

Richard Jefferies, that greatest of English writers on game conditions, has wisely said: "A certain balance of life has to be kept up. When aquaria first came into favor, such things as snails and weeds were excluded as eyesores and injurious. But it was soon discovered that the despised snails and weeds were absolutely necessary; an aquarium could not be maintained in health without them, and now the most perfect aquarium is the one in which the natural state is most completely copied." And it is the same in game protection, the existence of all the necessary attributes, such as natural cover, together with all forms of life, working for the common good in perfect unison, must be provided, else the game will languish, like goldfish in a sandless globe.

The North Mountain region was particularly rich in wild life a century ago. Practically all the animals and birds found in the state made their domicile in its vast forests. The prevalence of beech mast made it a favorite roost, and in some instances a breeding place, for the now vanished passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes Migratorius*). Thirty or forty years ago there was probably more game in the North Mountains than in any other section of the state, except, perhaps, the Seven Mountains in Centre and Millin Counties. Sportsmen came from Philadelphia and other cities to enjoy the rare sport of grouse shooting. Even at Elk Grove, where city sportsmen have been coming to hunt grouse up to the present time, their growing scarcity has alarmed the devotees of this fine sport. Even bears, which were very frequently met with in the old fields and abandoned orchards along Elk Run, are scarce in their favorite haunts. None were killed there in 1916, but one in the fall of 1917, whereas a dozen was the usual kill every fall a score of years ago. Among the old people it is related that in the North Mountain, in the days when the gorge of Fishing Creek was heavily wooded from Benton to where the impassable mountain wall above Jamison City begins, there existed a legend of a Lost Valley. During the days immediately preceding the War with Mexico, when the last elks had disappeared from the North Mountain country, and all other game, large and small, showed signs of becoming scarce, owing to reckless shooting at all seasons, hunters indulged in

lengthy pilgrimages to remote sections in search of the vanishing wild life. Everywhere they went the reports were the same—elks gone, deer diminished sadly in numbers, birds becoming rarer, fur-bearing animals not one where there were twenty a decade before. All this was in the forties of the last century.

If game was considered *scarce* then, what is it now? If the old hunters who complained still survived, they would now term it *extinct*. Of course the cry went up in those days as it does at present. The panthers did it, the wolves did it, the foxes did it, the eagles did it—whereas the misunderstood animals had become rare with the game animals and birds, being hunted more persistently. Bounties were demanded, huge sums of money were spent, but the secret of the failure of game to increase when hunted mercilessly passed unnoticed. Let us hope that some day a new era will dawn and the wild life of the Keystone State will come to its own again!



XIV. THE PANTHER'S PATH.

IT WAS in the last moments of a chill dusk in the month of May when we descended into Brush Valley, in Centre County, by way of James Logan's path—the path oft travelled by the melancholy and eloquent chieftain whose personality stands out clearest of all the figures in Pennsylvania Indian history—when traveling from the North Mountain to his historic headquarters at Reedsville, in Mifflin County, where was hidden away his white sweetheart, Jura McEvoy.

Across the broad valley stretched some magnificent grain fields, forty and fifty acres in a single enclosure, calm in the faded light, clear to the desolate slashings at the foot of the Brush Mountains, dark and mysterious and hooded in sombre clouds.

We were traveling eastward, and as we passed several brick farmsteads the heavy shade of their yards had already assumed the blackness of night. A chair or two and a discarded newspaper on the narrow front porches told of brief periods of repose or contemplation by the tired agriculturists "after supper." At last, after a mile or two, there appeared before us the tiny white school house in front of which stood a giant wild cherry tree and the stump of another, renowned in local history as "Francis Penn's Betrothal Trees," for they were planted about 1765 by a scion of the

Proprietor of the Province in honor of his betrothal to Marsh Marigold, a beautiful Indian princess, the daughter of Rock Pine (Dagonando), who later fled with an Indian lover, Leaning Birch, who in turn was captured and buried alive up to his neck in the waterfall at the heading of Elk Creek in Morgan's Gap.

Who "Francis Penn" was, is not perfectly clear, no such person being recorded in the Penn family history—perhaps he was none other than the ill-starred and romantic John Penn (1729-1795), the Proprietor's grandson, the promulgator of the infamous scalp bounty of 1761, for whom John Penn's Creek, formerly the Karoondinba, and Penn's Valley, just across Brush Mountain to the south, are named. A good account of his romantic proclivities is contained in Keith's "Provincial Councillors."

A few years ago a limb fell off one of the "betrothal trees," hitting a little girl playing in the school yard; a school board with a greater adherence to the principles of "safety first" than historical associations, ordered the tree felled. It is said that on wild nights, the surviving tree sighs mournfully, its great branches sway and creak as if in pain, it sends out fewer leaves every year, but its place in local history is secure, come to it what may.

A short distance beyond the remaining "betrothal tree," so sombre in its widowerhood, we met a solitary human figure—we waved to him and stopped to chat. It was none other than Bill Snook, hunter and belonging to a race of hunters. Bill, in his eager, enthusi-

astic way, proceeded to tell us that only last fall (September, 1916,) he had seen a flock of five hundred wild pigeons in his buckwheat field, not one hundred yards from where our carriage stood, and in the spring of 1916 he had seen two hundred and fifty of these elusive birds in the same field. He was sure that they were passenger pigeons. He had shot and netted them in great numbers in his boyhood, and could never forget their last great flight in 1816, when they extended from mountain to mountain, the myriad millions in flight literally "darkening the sun."

Though there is small hope that the passenger pigeon of other days still exists, it is a pleasure to hear of it, to know that it exists at least in some man's confident faith. The iconoclast of our party, as we drove away, whispered: "Blackbirds or English starlings; the pigeons are extinct."

It was dark when we reached Stover's, famous as a resort for deer hunters in the olden days, and gunners out after anything big enough to kill today. The tall Lombardy poplar by the pump stood like a toy tree outlined against the purple sky. Back of Brush Mountain was coming a russet moon, breaking its way through clouds of copper hue. It is at Stover's where is kept the antlers of the Centennial stag, killed by old Reuben Stover in 1816. It has eleven prongs on the right horn, and seven on the left, but it is principally celebrated for the heaviness of the beam, and the curious downward twist of the two brow tines.

The Poet and the Editor in our party remained at

the hostelry to discuss old times and old friends with Reuben Stover's son George, a genial boniface, while the Historian and his friend the Writer strolled down the hill, across the bridge which spans Elk Creek, amid a perfect din of whippoorwills' songs, to the little cottage among the pines where lives John De Long, son of "old" John De Long, who died in 1887, at the age of ninety-five years and famed as a slayer of wolves and panthers. The elder De Long was a noted deer tracker, always dressing in white from head to foot, white bearded, and with a white cap, when snow was on the ground, so as to approach the wily stags. He took his last trout fishing expedition to Fishing Creek (Clinton County) on his ninety-fourth birthday. The east end of Brush Valley, swampy and low, was once a vast jungle of rhododendron and grape vines, from which giant original white pines reared their dark, shaggy heads—they were not "stag-topped" in those days, but every twig was full of foliage.

In that impenetrable hammock was the favorite meeting place and trysting place of the Pennsylvania lion or panther, their stopping and abiding place on their peregrinations along their well-defined path from the Seven Mountains to the Beech Creek region where the Allegheny Mountains were once known as the Panther Hill Ridge, where they maintained a famous rendezvous. They traveled along the main Allegheny chain by their paths southwest to Maryland or northwest to the North Mountains. The lion of Pennsylvania never changed its habitation except along these

fixed lines of migration, which were adhered to by countless generations of the proud race.

So numerous were these tawny monsters, when the first surveyors came into the Elk Creek headwaters, that they named the section "Catland" on their early maps.

The Pennsylvania lion was not easily dislodged from his favorite haunts. He "stuck it out" with man as long as he could, and then with a despairing roar willed not to live, and the forest stillness was awakened by his weird cadences no more. De Long informed us that the panther's path from Catland passed up the ravine of Elk Creek in Morgan's Gap across the high plateau on the summit, and down Zubler's Run, now called Bull Run, into Sugar Valley, where it crossed the "winter side" road between two huge chestnut trees, which formerly stood a short distance west of the residence of Cornelius Karstetter.

The path crossed the open valley not far from the big spring where Peter Pentz, perhaps spurred on by his unrequited love for the beauty, Jura McEvoy, of the Muncy Hills, shot the Indian James Logan in 1771, thence "took to the mountains" in the little gap back of Shracktown on the "summer side."

The last time that De Long heard a panther on the path was in 1876—the year of the last great flight of wild pigeons in Brush Valley—the year that Reuben Stover killed the centennial stag. At that time he was living with his father, the doughty old Nimrod on the Peter Smull property on the high plateau aforemen-

tioned, and the panther's path ran a short distance east of the residence, in the rocky gorge where Zuber's run has its heading. That night the panther roared most mightily, the ancient forest seemed to quake—perhaps the lion's mate was on the ridge beyond Hope Valley—on Ben Derig, now called the Red Hill, or Ben Chat, now called 'Tunis' Knob—and he must be answered in his loving anguish or else he may have known that he would never cross his favorite path again. At any rate, he roared and roared and roared with every step he made. It was in the fall of the year, in chestnut time, and the moon was cold and frosty.

That some idea may be gained of the volume of the panther's roar, we can but quote old Franklin Shreckengast, whom we conversed with one evening two years ago at his cozy home near Tylersville, at the foot of the Nittany Mountain, in Sugar Valley. He had heard the king of the Pennsylvania forests often in his fastnesses on Beech Creek beyond the Panther Hill Ridge. The old man put the simile tersely; it was: "If a panther roared on the other side of Nittany Mountain, all Sugar Valley would be aroused tonight."

No wonder that with such a thunderous voice reverberating over hill and valley, revealing his whereabouts, that the Pennsylvania lion was hunted until he came no more.

Mrs. A. H. Perry, of Oak Grove, Columbia county, describes a panther crossing South Mountain on the

path back of her home, several years ago. As it passed each successive clearing, the dogs barked, but the giant brute mocked them until they were silent, then completing his "crossing" with the smallest degree of molestation.

The same night that John De Long listened to the panther's requiem in Morgan's Gap, the aged Cornelius Karstetter and wife heard two panthers, evidently the reunited pair as they crossed between the chestnut trees in the hemp field, near the old home on the "winter side" of Sugar Valley. The giant brutes roared, but not so frequently or so terribly as the lone lion on the high plateau, but the grand old pioneer couple can never forget the majestic passing of these rulers of the wilderness. The writer has often felt the thrill of this story of the wild days, and to properly appreciate the *feeling* of it, has gone at dusk to the highway above Logan's Spring (on the Matthias Snook property) and waited for a light to appear in the window of the old Karstetter home away across the valley, watched the darkness settle down, the mountains loom eternally blacker, and the full russet moon glide out from behind the banks of lurid clouds. Then the story of that last panther pilgrimage would seem to live again, the light in the cabin window re-enacting the scene of these tawny giants, with proud heads and swishing tails, marching across fields that once were theirs, feared by the red men and shunned by even bison, elk and bears.

Only a generation or two, at most three, and the bold pioneers came, planting their cabins right on the paths carved out by centuries of the brute's travel, if it was their choice, and the lion of Pennsylvania fought and lost against this new foe, and silent are the night woods. Spring and fall were the favorite times for the migrations of the panthers through Morgan's Gap; never an autumn up to 1816 but their earth-quaking roars were heard at night. Yet few were killed. Lewis Dorman, near the Great Sulphur Spring, just south of Catland, in Penn's Valley, killed a giant panther in 1868; Aaron Hall (of Panther Hill Ridge), Bill Perry and George Hastings killed quite a few along Big Run and Beech Creek up to 1816. It is supposed that Perry killed the one heard by De Long, Centennial year, but after that the few panthers that remained were more cautious; few kills except the cubs taken by Clem Herlacher in the Seven Mountains in the early nineties have been recorded.

In the North Mountain, Colonel R. B. Ricketts, of Ganoga Lake, Sullivan County, heard them crossing his property until after the Civil War. The wolves had disappeared earlier. "They will come back again," said the Colonel, with splendid optimism, "when game becomes plentiful enough for them to have something to live on."

In addition to the panthers, wolves were very frequent in Morgan's Gap at an early day. Peter Smull, who settled on the property later occupied by old John De Long, maintained a wolf pit in his garden.

It consisted of a deep trench with a three-foot wall of logs around it, the top covered with green hemlock boughs. In the bottom of the pit was placed a large piece of meat. The hungry wolves, sniffing the meat, would leap on the hemlock boughs, which, giving way, precipitated them into the pit. The pit was so deep they could not jump out, and they were forced to remain there until shot by the hunter at his leisure.

The present John De Long, born in 1853, can recall the pit in his early childhood. It was filled with stones by his father, as the wolves had become too scarce to be troublesome, and is a part of the present garden. The Pennsylvania wolf was brave to the last. When captured or shot, it never yelped like its degenerate pampered relative, the dog, but submitted silently, a true son of the wilderness.

On one occasion John De Long, Sr., met a panther on the path, and, taking aim to shoot, was surprised to find that his gun would not go off. He whistled for his dog, but the frightened animal did not appear. The panther coming closer, De Long retreated behind a giant hemlock tree. The panther followed him around it several times, when, with a disgusted growl, leaped away among the rhododendrons.

Jonathan Bower, a famous hunter who lived for a time near De Long's home on the high plateau, also encountered a panther on its path or "crossing." Bower, though he had killed many wolves, wild cats and bears, got what is known as "buck fever" when he saw the tawny giant of the forest. He could not

shoot; the panther ground its teeth at him and ambled away.

One afternoon, when the senior John De Long's wife was walking through the forest on her way to the Bower clearing, she chanced to look up and saw a mammoth panther stretched out at full length on a branch of a white oak which hung over the path. It was too late to retreat, so the brave young woman proceeded under it. The panther never "batted an eye," but to this day Mrs. De Long's descendants instinctively look up at the overhanging branches of trees when walking along a forest path. One evening, when Mrs. De Long was ill, she sent her daughter Lucretia to the Bower cabin to get some medicine. A short distance from the house the girl heard a crackling in the brush; raising her tin lantern, she beheld a giant panther at her side. Placing the light between her and the monster, she continued her way, the panther following at her side at a lope, but keeping just out of the gleam of the lantern's rays. Such were the almost daily and not surprising occurrences in the lives of the bold pioneers of Central Pennsylvania, pioneers who carved out comfortable homes in the wilds within our own or our parents' time, who heard the howl of the wolf and the panther's roar so recently that the echoes do not seem to have entirely died away. These echoes live on in the hearts of those who love the woods, the great out-doors that lies at the very portals and at the beck and call of every nature-loving Pennsylvanian. As we ascended the mountain

road, past the sonorous waterfall, a miniature Reeky Linn, where the cruel abductor of the beautiful Marsh Marigold paid the just penalty for his foul deed, towards the old Indian camp site, where the lovely half-breed girl, Atoka Strahan, waited in vain for the return of Captain Morgan, for whom the Gap is named—for this wonderful region is replete with legends and traditions of the long ago, on to the high plateau which stretches in its immensity to the east, where the south branch of White Deer Creek heads at Shreader's Spring in Dolly Hope's Valley, to the west to Shreckengast's Gap, with its virgin timber, the russet moon rose full above banks of clouds fiery as molten copper fumes, and shed its majesty upon the tranquil scene. The whippoorwills had been left behind in the gorge, all was still and very cold on the summit; except for one sudden cry, almost of pain, from some unknown night bird in a thicket by the roadside.

Almost within view of the road was the panther's path, no longer used, and we could see the tiny garden sheltered among the old pines where Peter Smull and old John De Long had maintained their wolf pit for so many years. Changes had come, the forests had fallen, romance was at its low ebb, but would not the tide change, the flow bringing with it, in the years to come, a new wilderness, inhabited by wild beasts, wolves, red bears and panthers? Would the panthers, king of Pennsylvania mammals, guided by the instinct of the ages, again travel their old-time crossing,

just as the tame moose in the Low Game Preserve at Cranberry Lake in the Adirondacks started for Canada on the original moose path, when the wires of the preserve were cut in 1901, a path over which none of these park-bred specimens have ever trod before, making the forest stillnesses echo with their roar of potency and power, of Nature's triumph over the temporary reign of man? Such is the dream of the lover of the wilderness when passing over the Panther's Path.



XV. THE PENNSYLVANIA INDIAN RESERVATION.

COMPARATIVELY few Pennsylvanians are aware that the Keystone State possesses an Indian reservation on which two hundred noble scions of the red race, mostly of pure blood, are domiciled. Though many know of the Seneca Reservation, just over the New York State line, the reservation in Pennsylvania, only a few miles distant, remains hidden in obscurity. The Pennsylvania reservation is situated on the west bank of the Allegheny River, or, as the Indians call it, Ohe-Yu, "The Beautiful River," never using the name Allegheny in reference to the river, reserving it entirely for the mountain range, Allegheny meaning, "Here many streams head," the reservation being eleven miles north of Warren, Warren County.

The southern end of the reservation is opposite Gawango, on the Pennsylvania Railroad; the northern end nearly opposite the town of Corydon, on the same line. Four miles north of the Pennsylvania reservation, at the New York State border, commences the famous Seneca reservation, extending fifteen miles along both banks of the Allegheny River, on which are quartered two thousand Indians.

The history of the Pennsylvania reservation is very interesting. It was granted to the celebrated chieftain,

Ga-nic-di-euh, or "The Cornplanter," a familiar figure in the early annals of the North Mountain region, and his heirs, in perpetuity for his services rendered in connection with many acts favoring the whites, including the treaty of Fort Stanwix, in 1784, which guaranteed to Pennsylvania most of the territory now embraced in the northwestern counties. Fifteen hundred acres of land along the "Beautiful River" were given to Cornplanter, the survey also including several islands in the river. The reservation is about four miles in length. Here Cornplanter started the town of Jennesedaga, where he resided with his numerous descendants until his death in 1836, at the estimated age of more than one hundred years. As he participated as a warrior at Braddock's defeat, in 1755, his age must have been close to the estimated figures. Cornplanter was a half-breed, his father having been a white trader from Albany, New York, variously described as Abeel, a Dutchman, and O'Boyle and O'Bail, an Irishman. Cornplanter often styled himself "John O'Bail," and this spelling of the name is adhered to by most of his descendants.

In 1866, the Legislature of Pennsylvania caused a magnificent granite monument and shaft to be erected over his grave in the Indian cemetery, which is not far from the site of his home in the lower part of the reservation.

From his white ancestors Cornplanter inherited much energy and determination. Every morning at 6 o'clock, winter or summer, rain or shine, he would

emerge from his home, wearing his familiar red cap, and ringing furiously a big brass dinner bell, calling on every Indian, old or young, to get out and get to work. As a result, every foot of ground on the reservation was under cultivation. Magnificent crops of corn, tobacco, wheat, barley, potatoes and melons were raised, excellent orchards were maintained, very different from the grown-up, dilapidated condition of the reservation of today.

Across the road from the cemetery stands the oldest house in the reservation—so old, in fact, that Jim Jacobs, "The Seneca Bear Hunter," who is hailed as the slayer of the last native wild elks in Pennsylvania in 1861, was born in it in 1790. Jacobs was an Indian aristocrat, being a grandson of Captain Jacobs, the immortal defender of Fort Kittanning, who was killed by the attacking party under General John Armstrong in 1756. Jacobs lived on until about thirty-five years ago, having been seen in the Seneca reservation near Carrolltown as late as Indian summer, 1884, by the noted naturalist, John C. French.

The older Indian hunters usually were accompanied on their hunting trips by younger redmen, and Jacobs' favorite protege was Jesse Logan, a grandson of Cornplanter, and also a grand-nephew of the gifted Indian orator, James Logan, he of Logan's Spring at Reedsville. Jesse Logan, born the same year as Abraham Lincoln—1809—lived on until 1916, dying at the advanced age of one hundred and seven years.

There are some who question the longevity of the Indians, for certainly the present generation do not live as long on the average as their white neighbors, but this is perhaps best explained by Jesse Logan himself, who said, when the writer last visited him, in October, 1915:

"The early Indians led simple lives. There was no whi-key, dancing, over-eating, or loafing. We lived longer because there was nothing to make us die."

Old Logan's idea of immortality was equally interesting. "When we die," he said, "the soul enters a canoe and starts on a long journey across a broad water. As no one has ever reached the end of that journey, we do not know what the distant shore is like, but we feel certain that it is all that can be desired."

Logan resisted the efforts of half a dozen generation of missionaries, dying as he lived, a pagan. Physically he was a magnificent specimen of manhood, even in advanced age; being in appearance a typical "story-book" Indian—tall, broad-shouldered, aquiline-nosed, and hawk-eyed, it was an inspiration to look at him. In his younger days he had been a noted hunter. Being a Seneca of the Wolf clan, he would not kill a wolf, and lamented the extinction of these noble animals by the white man. But he had killed panthers, the last one having been impaled by his unerring stake in 1860. On this memorable trip, he was accompanied by Owen Jacobs, born in 1848, now an Indian herb doctor of widespread reputation, who had practiced

his simple yet practical profession all along the "Beautiful River" between the reservation and Pittsburg for many years.

The Senecas hunted panthers with long, oaken stakes, sharpened at the ends. They tracked their quarry in the snow, following their trails for days on snow-shoes. On coming up with the lions of Pennsylvania, they rushed forward courageously and speared them through the heart with the sharp, strong stakes. This was described by the Indians as royal sport. Jesse Logan's father, Tod-kah-dohs, or "The Searcher," was the son of Captain Logan, for whom the Logan House at Altoona was named. Captain Logan was a son of Shikellemus, the vice regent of the Iroquois Confederation in Pennsylvania, and older brother of the beforementioned James Logan, the Indian orator. On one occasion when Jesse Logan was a small child, his father absented himself on an elk hunt. A panther appeared at the cabin and commenced walking around, swishing his long tail and roaring so loudly that the forest trees shook. When he had circled the tiny habitation about a dozen times the watchful squaw took advantage of the moment when the animal was at the rear, and bolted through the door with her little family in her arms and hanging to her skirts.

The panther, which was evidently waiting for the arrival of his mate, and possibly cubs, before attacking the inmates of the cabin, was unaware of their departure until some time later. Then, instead of taking

their tracks, he entered the hut, laid down and fell asleep. Some time afterwards little Jesse Logan slipped away from his mother and ventured back. Seeing the sleeping panther, he deftly seized one of his father's sharpened stakes, which stood by the door, and pierced the monster's heart.

About sixty years ago an Indian from Michigan presented Jesse Logan with a rifle, which weapon he said had been used when Tod-kah-dohs, in a fit of anger, had killed his uncle, James Logan, in Ohio in 1780. Logan accepted the gruesome relic and hung it above his couch. That night the ghost of "The Mingo Orator" appeared at the bedside and chided him for accepting a gift that was a token of an unnecessary family quarrel and tragedy, one that the chief actors themselves had forgiven in the "land of conscious oblivion," in which their souls were hovering. Jesse apologized to the ghost and next morning tramped to Corydon, where he luckily found a pedler to whom he sold the rifle for a dollar. Needless to say, James Logan's ghost troubled him no further.

Jesse Logan in his day was famed as an Indian athlete. He was adept not only at impaling panthers, but none could play the games of snow snake or long ball better than he. Even when considerably over a hundred years old, he would walk the four miles to Corydon to see any kind of a scrub baseball game. He could hit the bull's eye with his arrow at one hundred and fifteen yards, for he was skilled in archery when past the century mark.

The Indians on the Pennsylvania reservation pay little attention to agriculture at the present time. Twenty years ago they were in demand as loggers in the backwoods of the northern tier of counties, or as raftsmen on the "Beautiful River," but with the passing of the lumber industry their chief occupation is gone. The same may be said of hunting and trapping. There is not enough game left to support them, and fishing in the Allegheny isn't what it was. They produce some Indian corn, of the old-fashioned variety, the kernels alternately black and white, and growing solidly around the bottom of the cob, corn of a delicious flavor and sweetness. This is used in their staple article of diet, "Indian soup," composed of corn, beans and a strip of lean meat. They also grew some of the original Indian tobacco, a tobacco with small, delicate leaves and great mildness.

But as moving picture and wild west show actors, there is a call for their services, and there are few Indians on the Pennsylvania reservation who have not figured in such productions in recent years. A number have toured this country and Europe as long-distance runners and with the "Buffalo Bill" shows, and some have nation-wide reputations as football or baseball players.

Being good riflemen, the Indians naturally drift into military affiliations. Ezra Jacobs, son of Dr. Owen Jacobs, served with the regular army in the Philippines. During the Civil War the Pennsylvania Indians formed a company and went down the Susque-

hanna River on a raft to Harrisburg, where they offered their services to Governor Curtin. By some twist of the law, which says that Indians are not citizens, the War Governor could not accept them as a body, but many enlisted in various regiments, seeing considerable active service, especially as snipers and sharp-shooters. During the present World War they acquitted themselves with their usual distinction.

The Indian women are well trained in basket making and bead work, adding considerable to their incomes by their artistic productions. Each Indian of Seneca blood shares in the ground rents of the city of Salamanca, New York, which they own. Under the present lease, this amounts annually to seven dollars per capita. As musicians the Pennsylvania Indians excel. They have the old-fashioned camp meeting hymns, and their choruses are inspiring, but occasionally they sing the weird chants of the tribal days, songs filled with a melancholy and haunting pathos to the tune of the dulcimer.

No "un-reconstructed rebel," as some northerners delight in calling southern patriots of the old school, could adhere to a lost cause more passionately than do the older Pennsylvania Indians smart under the injustice and deception practiced upon them by the whites.

"We have not forgotten," said Jesse Logan, "that all this country was once ours, that it was taken from us by trickery; that is why I cannot accept the white

man's religion." Then he added: "This is our country. We are Americans. Whether its first white rulers treated the Indian well or not, does not mean that the present government are not good men. In time of war, every red man will do his duty."

These words, spoken in 1915, were almost prophetic. They were borne out by the sight of the magnificent Indian in full war paint and regalia urging young white men to enlist in the United States Army, who stood in front of the New York Public Library during the past spring. With erect figure and clear-cut features, and the setting sun behind him, he was an impressive spectacle of the unanimity of sentiment that is behind Uncle Sam in its righteous war. Though newspaper reports stated that some Indians on the Seneca reservation in New York have objected to the draft on the ground that, not being citizens, they are ineligible to military services, the statements are probably exaggerated. At least they do not deal with the red-blooded descendants of The Cornplanter, Captain Jacobs and Captain Logan on the Pennsylvania reservation.

The scenery at the Cornplanter reservation is very beautiful. The winding river, the towering wooded hills, the deep, dark gorges through which crystal streams flow, the grand old trees, mostly hardwoods, a banner of red and gold in the autumn, with the tiny cabins of the aborigines beneath, the primitive rope ferry between Gawango and the ruins of Jenessedaga, run by an aged Indian ferryman, all lend a uniqueness

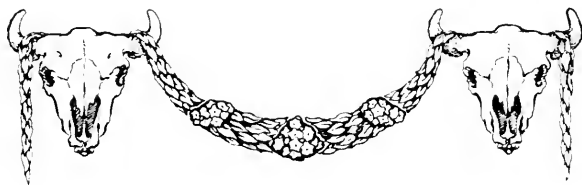
and charm to the country indescribably fascinating to the lover of nature and history. Not many books have been written about this delectable but half-forgotten realm.

Sherman Day, in his "Historical Collections of Pennsylvania," quotes a vivid pen picture of The Cornplanter as he appeared on the reservation about a year before his death; Elizabeth Wright's "Lichen Tufts from the Alleghenies" tells of life on the Pennsylvania reservation and particularly of the historic chieftain, Blacksnake, who died in 1859, aged about one hundred years.

Up in the Seneca reservation in New York, the war crowns, narrow bands of silver, worn by the three great leaders—Cornplanter, Blacksnake and Red Jacket—are carefully preserved at the home of the widow of King Jamison, who was a grandson of Mary Jamison, "The White Woman of the Genessee." One of the white woman's Indian husbands, Hiakatoo, figured in the massacre at Fort Freeland in 1779. The Cornplanter's crown is interwoven with yellow ribbon, Blacksnake's with black, Red Jacket's with red. Those were the colors of which they were as proud as had they been chiefs of Highland clans. The authenticity of these crowns is unquestioned. They were given to King Jamison's father by Dr. James Shongo, who attended all three warriors in their latter days. Dr. Shongo's brother, George, married Mary Jamison's daughter, Polly.

Not far away from Carydon is the home of George L. Tomb, who lives on the site of the residence of his grandfather, the mighty Nimrod, Philip Tomb, author of that fascinating work on Pennsylvania hunting adventure, "Thirty Years a Hunter," which has become a classic. Philip Tomb and the Van Campens, of the North Mountains, were hunting comrades in the early days.

George Tomb was himself a noted Nimrod in the days when game was more plentiful. On the walls of his sitting room are several sets of stags' antlers, killed on Kinzua Creek nearby, of exceptional spread and beam. But none of Philip Tomb's hunting relics remain, and, like many old-timers, he was averse to having his picture taken, claiming that it would shorten his life, but Jesse Logan described him as "an Indian looking man," which was probably the highest compliment he could have paid him.



XVI. WILDMANNLI.

IT WAS a gala Saturday night in the Forest King Hotel, in the palmy days of Jamison City. A traveling mountebank had braved the snows and ice and had come to the hostelry to give his simple performance in the lobby. He was a shabby, thick-set individual, low-browed, with a convict hair-cut and a clean shaven face, a face sunk in depravity and showing the marks of surrender to every passion, natural and otherwise, that was the whim of his uncharted nature. But his songs and antics were highly pleasing to the men from the camps, the sled-drivers, the skidway men, the hardwood crews, the cooks and hangers-on. They applauded and shouted over such inanities as the song which began, "I was born in the City of Norfolk, city of women and war talk," and when the battered derby hat was passed around, there were put into it over ten dollars in bills and silver to reward the ill-favored performer.

After the show all hands adjourned to the bar, got all they wanted, then with hands tucked in the change pockets of their trousers, the loggers swaggered out the side doors into the frosty night and started up the gorge in the direction of the camps. A few who were not "boozers" remained in the lobby, their stiff chairs tilted against the walls, discussing bits of the day's work, politics and local gossip, poor, disjointed efforts

at conversation without purpose and without result.

"Some of those lads were pretty well 'corned,'" said old Mike Gleason, as he slipped a fresh quid of tobacco under his heavy mustache. "They'll be seeing ghosts as they go up the gorge."

Another elderly man against the opposite wall, Jason Hall, nodded his acquiescence. "That is," he added, "if the ghosts remained after the timber was taken out, which I doubt very much."

The younger men present now became all attention. They liked to hear the older men talk, but the veterans were generally reticent about the strange, wild, romantic days before the railroad and the loggers came.

"I mind," said old Hall, "when I was 'baching it' in Morgan's Gap, near the Panther's Path, over in Clinton County. I worked one winter on a pine job in the Narrows between Penn's Valley and Brush Valley, that's just across the Centre County line. It was before the pike was built, and there was no lonelier spot on earth than the Elk Creek Narrows. We occasionally heard wolves howl at night on the 'Dog Back.' They had a crossing in the Brush Mountain near our camp, where they traveled back and forth from the Seven Mountains.

"When we pitched camp we soon heard that the Narrows were haunted by the ghost of a wild man—that is, a poor fellow who went crazy and lived for several years in a cave before they found him frozen to death. He had been badly treated by his friends in life. After death he sought to work out his grudge

against mankind in general. In those days there was a good deal of hauling in the winter time between Brush Valley and Millheim. Some of the sleds, loaded with corn and lumber, came from as far as Wolf's Store and Stover's, and often they did not get started back much before dark.

"There was one part of the Narrows at the foot of the Dog Back where the road ran very close to the creek, and where the water was very deep. Once some roystering teamsters going back to Kreamersville saw the wild man taking a moonlight bath in the pool, and had shot at him, wounding him badly. It was from the result of that wound that he ultimately died, it is said, for it weakened his system, made him more liable to exposure.

"After he had been dead a few years the belated sled-drivers reported that his ghost had taken to haunting that particular part of the Narrows and wreaking vengeance against the traveling public. It was queer he did not become a 'hant' right away, but there is no accounting for ghosts.

"On dark nights the spook could not be seen at all, but on moonlight nights it was clearly apparent. There would be no warning, but as the sleds came opposite to the pool, even when it was coated with ice, transparent form of the wild man, his flowing beard shining like foxfire, rose out of the ice and sailed straight for the sleds. With a bound it would land in the box just behind the driver's seat; then the trouble would begin. The horses could not pull the sled with

the ghost on board. The drivers would order it to get off, strike at it with their cruel sjamboks, or blacksnake whips, shoot at it with the rifles they always carried, swear and curse and shout, but the wild man's ghost would not budge until cockcrow; then it would dart away as quickly and quietly as it came.

"As the sleds were usually empty, except for a few groceries on the homeward journeys, it seemed all the more incomprehensible that the horses could not haul the ghost. A number of horses caught cold by the exposure; some died, and not a few drivers were laid up with various ailments for weeks. The teamsters sought to combine their forces, but the ghost always stopped the foremost team, leaving it and jumping in the next sled if one of those in the convoy sought to pass the one that was stalled.

"The staid, church-going business men of Millheim were interested, but none of the doubters cared to make the journey and investigate, so that the matter was never 'scientifically explained.' Many's the night that I have worked over a balky, lathery team, trying to get them started for home, to help the panic-stricken drivers, with all the while that ghost like a ball of foxfire squatting in the wagon-box.

"One old driver, a Dutchman, told us that he heard his grandmother, who had been born in the old country, tell him when he was a boy that a certain prince was riding through the forest near his castle when he saw a pretty little baby lying by the roadside. He ordered one of his attendants to dismount and pick up

the child. It was so heavy he could not lift it. Then one dozen stalwart orderlies tried, but could not raise it; it seemed to weigh a ton. The prince ordered the imp to be left where it was, and rode post haste homeward, praying like a sky-pilot.

"The wild man's ghost had to be laid or else sledging between the two valleys would have to be abandoned. It was a fine open winter, and such a course would have been a great loss to the farmers living in remote sections of Brush Valley. Old Daniel Karstetter, the panther hunter, was on one of the sleds when it was stuck; he had had considerable experience with ghosts in his younger days; his advice was to consult a witch, or, as the Dutch called it, a 'hex.' All the best known witches were dead, but there were some few pretenders to the gift who might be requisitioned.

"These would-be exponents of the black art all tried their various charms— I won't repeat what they were, because they were no good. They had evidently never seen the Black Book, and the ghost still held up traffic. It kept up all winter, stopping every belated sled or sleigh, so that a daylight schedule had to be instituted.

"It was just as malevolent in summer, although there was never much hauling at that time of the year. Most of the bark went north to Lock Haven. It was long before the L. & T. was built in the valley of the Karoondinha.

"About the beginning of the second winter before the sledging became really good, the man who had

shot and wounded the wild man was found dead in his bed at the first log cabin east of Kreamersville when driving from the Narrows. His face was so distorted that the undertaker would not let the friends view the remains. Some children who had been out gathering kindling wood in the back pastures earlier in that evening said that they saw the wild man standing at the edge of the woods. It made their parents mighty mad, as they knew that the wretch had been dead at least five years. But in the morning, when the man who had shot at him was found dead in his four-poster, they averred that the little folks knew a thing or two.

"That ended the wild man's ghost in the Narrows. He had evened the score, probably scared his would-be slayer to death by looking in his window."

There was a pause when old Hall finished his narrative, then some remarks of approval. The old clock above the desk was just striking eleven.

"One more story before we part," said Hall. "Can't you tell us one that happened around here?" he asked, addressing old Mike Gleason.

"I'd like to," said Gleason, "but the only appropriate story I know is familiar to so many of you; I guess that you even know it, Jason, and you're a comparative stranger here."

"I never had the whole story," replied Hall. "I want to get it from you, so that I can have it straight."

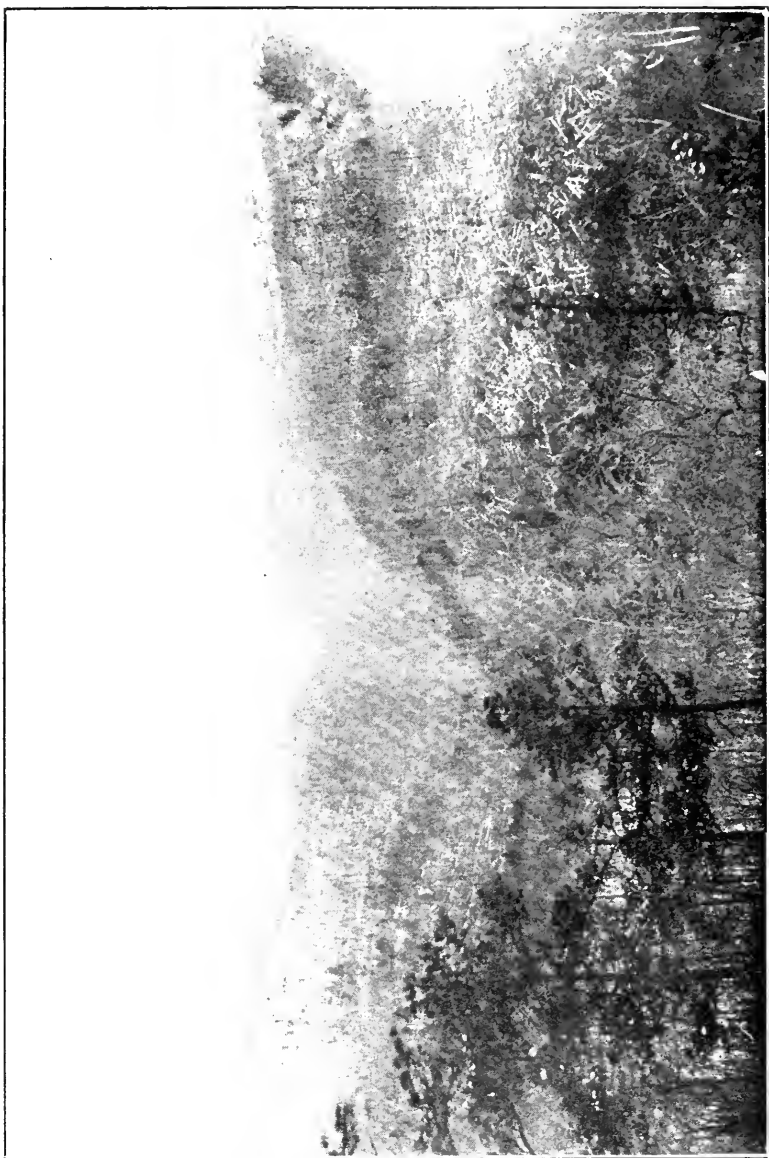
"All right; you shall have it, and straight; but I

will not mention names, because there might be some of you who will turn newspaper men and get me into a lot of trouble. It happened, you know, as late as Civil War times."

Ast of those present recollected the story, having heard it before, but were anxious to listen to it again with names left out.

"This story," began Gleason, "relates to a wild man who only appeared about here once, but that was enough. I have heard of other wild men; the old man of the Storm, who, like Goffe, the Regicide Judge at Hadley, appeared late one winter's night at a lumber camp on Mosquito Creek, in Clearfield County, not many years ago, warning the loggers of a blizzard, and after being warmed and fed, he went out into the tempest and was never seen again. Then there was the one that the pipe-line walker saw near Trout Run, all whiskered and wild looking, standing by the edge of the path, eating a raw rabbit. None of these were as terrible as the wild man who appeared one snowy night on the trail at the head of the gorge, up where our 'buddies' from the camps are climbing tonight.

"I knew the fellow well who was the wild man's victim—went to school with him at Benton. Never saw much of him after that, as he always thought himself better than me. His father had some money besides I went to war and he stayed home to raise the devil—and get it. At the school we attended, the little red school house just on the edge of the town, was a very pretty little black-eyed girl—you know



who I mean. She was very fond of the rich man's son, and he certainly admired her. If he had married her, I do believe that he would have made a decent man, but he thought himself too good for her, just as he felt too good to go to war. I calculate that he would have been a leader of the Benton Copperheads if the devil had not gotten him. He hung around the girl until it came to a point where he had to say the word or else back out. He backed out and she was sick a whole winter—a broken heart, I guess.

"But she recovered, began to take notice again, and married one of the finest young fellows on the top of the North Mountain. He was such a good fellow that he went to war, leaving the young wife in a nice cottage along the road which leads from the gorge to Ganoga. She didn't mind living alone; she could shoot like a man; she's the girl who killed the bear in her pig-pen. She had the courage of a dozen men.

"It was not long after the young husband went to the front that those who had occasion to be out after dark noticed a horse and sleigh driving in the direction of the Mountain Road almost every night. The bells had been taken off. One man, all huddled up in buffalo robes, was the sole occupant of the cutter. It seemed very mysterious. Those who sat up with the sick said that it returned never before three or four o'clock in the morning. Some of the boys thought of going out and stopping the outfit, but they did not quite have the courage. I was in the Army of the Potomac at the time on the Peninsula, but the folks

fore I would have had time to do so the matter came wrote it all to me. Some — of a — who hasn't the courage to enlist, I concluded; then it dawned on me who it was, though I did not write it home. Before long the affair came to a climax, and all parties were shown up and disgraced, as sinners always are. The story was just this way:

"As soon as the young bride's husband had shouldered his musket and gone off to fight, the rich man's son took it into his head to take a moonlight sleigh-ride up the creek and to the top of the mountain. The road wasn't even broken; the white pine had not been cut as yet, so there was no sledding, but he got through somehow. He felt cold, and his horse was tired, and, seeing a light in a window, he stopped and went in. It happened to be the home of his former sweetheart, the love of his school days, now the wife of the young soldier.

"The friendship was speedily renewed around the warm ten-plate stove, while the steaming, blanketed horse rested his tired limbs in the shed. The evening passed so pleasantly that it was extended until almost daybreak. It was repeated almost every night for nearly three months. It was a scandal and an outrage, but what was to be done? Nobody could prove it was the rich fellow who drove up the gorge every night, and those who suspected did not like to write to the poor volunteer off soldiering in Virginia. Some busybodies did drop a word or two to the girl's parents to put them on their guard, but it did not seem

to do any good. It was the chief topic of my mother's and sisters' letters to me, so I guess that it was pretty much all that was being talked about along the creek at the time.

"In one of my mother's letters she said: 'This thing ought to be stopped.' In her next letter she told me just how a wild man, an avenging ghost or something, stepped in and stopped it.

"About the last of February there was an unusually severe blizzard. It snowed steadily for three days and nights. It seemed as if the entire valley of Fishing Creek was to be buried from sight. Few went out; the farmers could not get their horses out of their barns. It was hard enough to get to the barns to feed the stock. But the moneyed chap from Benton went out every night just the same. On the last night of the storm, it was the most severe; a terrific wind accompanied the snowfall, causing high drifts everywhere. All went well with the opulent youth until he had almost gotten to the top of the pass. Then the wind blew out of the timber at a velocity that seemed unprecedented for forested country. He shook and shivered as the frigid blasts literally went through him. He urged his already jaded beast, but the wind almost overturned sleigh, horse and all. At the Big Spring, where the camps were built later when the pine was taken out, he noticed what looked like a huge glittering stalagmite icicle by the edge of the trail. As he approached he could see that it was a huge, white-bearded man, glistening like silver, though

there was no moon, and even if there had been, its rays could not have shown through the dense forest which overhung the road. When he came abreast of it, the icy monster leaped into the cutter beside him, throwing its long, cold arms about the rich man's neck, squeezing the breath out of his throat in a vice-like grasp. The youth struggled and sputtered, but the wild man only held him the tighter, sinking his freezing nails into the soft flesh of his neck. With self-protection uppermost, the rich man grappled with the weird intruder, though his strong arms seemed to be encircling thin air.

As they grappled the youth dropped the lines, and the blooded horse, released from restraint, careened forward like a mad thing. Somewhere it struck a rock in the road, and, overturning the light cutter, flung driver and the ice fiend out into a snow-bank, where the rich youth almost smothered to death before he could extricate himself. When he got on his feet his foe was gone, the horse and sleigh were nowhere to be seen. It was almost daylight, and he plowed his way along the road, so weak that he had to sit down in the snow to rest every hundred yards or so. It was broad daylight—ten o'clock in the morning—when he arrived at his beloved's cabin at the head of the gorge.

"The young woman was distracted waiting for him. He had a number of terrific chills after he entered the kitchen, so she put him to bed. The woman did not want her nearest neighbor, who lived a mile

further up the road, to know about her visitor, so she attempted to nurse him out of his illness. He grew steadily worse, pneumonia set in and, despite all her poulticing and home-made remedies, the fellow passed away on the third day.

"Soon after his arrival he had told her the story of his attack, showing the bloody marks on his throat where the wild man had gripped him. He declared that it could not have been a ghost, as no spectre would have such sharp nails or be strong enough to throw him out of the sleigh—he, the stoutest young man along the whole creek from the Big Flats to Catawissa.

"His death was an awful one; he screamed and shrieked, and seemed to be battling with the wild man in his last moments. Like all immoral men, he was an infidel, so his end was particularly hideous. Like the Creamersville man, his features were so distorted as to make him unrecognizable.

"After he was dead the girl had to tell the neighbors, and so the whole story came out. His parents were notified, and they had the body brought down to Benton after night. The preachers were shy about performing the last rites for such a vile wretch, but finally one was persuaded to officiate, but he confined himself to the general topic of the man who dies in sin, making the significant remark that such enter into a partnership with his Satanic Majesty, and, being thus favored, occupy the choice seats next the stove.

"A search was made for the runaway horse and

cutter. They were found fifteen miles away, in Davidson Township. The horse had gotten entangled in a rhododendron thicket, having been pursued by a pack of wolves, fallen and been devoured by the rapacious creatures. Only the skeleton of the horse was found in the harness, which the wolves also tried to devour. As it was, they ripped and tore the buffalo robes to pieces.

"Somehow or other, when the husband received the news of the tragedy, he got discharged from the army and slipped back by way of Tunkhannock and got his wife and took her west. They were living a few years ago in Western Kansas.

"That was the only time that a wild man was actually seen in the gorge, though there have been some few very queer happenings there before and since that time. We lay them all to the wild man, though he appeared only once—but that was enough. His memory is sufficient to keep some folks straight who might have gone crooked but for fear of him.

"Soon after the horse ran away, a pack of wolves and scented him. They were scarce in these parts at that time, but they probably came in from Tioga or Potter Counties, famished, and their tracks followed the horse for seven miles until they brought him to bay in the rhododendron jungle, where they finished him.

"The undertaker who brought the dead man's body down to Benton, said that he stopped his team at the Big Spring and examined the snow very carefully. He declared that he saw some very large footprints.

bigger than could have been made by the corpse with his wild cat skin moccasins. But they were not hoof-prints like the devil makes. We concluded that the wild man, whatever he is, is a power for good, and no devil. He has done one or two helpful turns before and since, as I have said. If we are ever in real trouble, let's hope that his influence will be felt again."

The clock on the wall back of the desk was striking twelve, the landlord was shifting on his feet uneasily and opening and closing his registry book.

"That's a wonderful story," said Jason Hall. "That's a better wild man than they had over in Centre County."

"Yes," concluded old Gleason. "I hope that if our wild man meets that gang of boozing hicks who were here tonight he will steer them back to their camps or the summit in safety."



XVII. THE LADY OF PINE SUMMIT MANOR.

WHEN Phoebe Brungard married Asher Laneey and went away with him from her parents' comfortable home near the Sand Spring, at the headwaters of White Deer Creek, to the wilds beyond the Loyalsock, it seemed like a very long journey into a little-known country—although Sugar Valley was wild enough to the uninitiated of such mysteries, as it still harbored wolves, and occasionally panthers crossed it by their well-known path.

The old folks bade the girl a very tearful farewell, hardly ever expecting to see her again, as in the days before the advent of the railroads there was very little visiting—marriage to a person living at a distance literally meant *adieu*. The bride possessed a certain spirit of adventure; it was one of the elements that attracted her to her husband—the fact that he had settled in a remote section about which little had been heard. For the first year of her residence in the North Mountain country but little had been heard from her. She was happy; that was all. With the second year she began writing frequently, as she possessed more than the average education, having originally planned to become a teacher. A number of things that she saw made a deep impression on her growing intelligence.

It had all come to pass because her husband had entered the service of one of the manorial lords of the mountains, Hugh Pawling, a man of intelligence, wealth and force of character, about whose surroundings and personality seemed to rest a glomor of romance, the first experience she had had with the higher side of existence. Most of the manors granted in the North Mountains by the Penn family were held by absentee owners. Local woodsmen acted as agents, selling off plots to settlers and later attending to the sales of timber, from which they rendered scrupulously exact accounts to the proprietors, who generally resided in Philadelphia or in Europe. Some of the owners never laid eyes on their vast holdings; others visited them occasionally, or lived on them for a time until ennui overcame them, but Hugh Pawling was the third generation of his family to actually reside on their vast estate.

The manors were all attractively named. The names of most of them were of British origin, but the one on which Hugh Pawling resided possessed a certain local flavor. It was called "Pine Summit," as it commanded the watersheds of at least a dozen streams, and was a height that had to be crossed by travelers going north, south, east and west. The great rolling upland, slashed with deep ravines, culminated in a cone-like top, heavily wooded with jack pines, in a sheltered nook of which the big stone house of the landowner was located.

It was a bare-looking structure, more like a Scotch

manor house of the seventeenth century than anything erected by the pioneers of Central Pennsylvania. Alexander Pawling, the first, had married a Philadelphia woman shortly before he moved to the Pine Summit estate in the pre-Revolutionary days. Hugh was the only grandson of the original proprietor, and, born on the frontier, he partook of all its opportunities and deprivations. He was sent at an early age to Philadelphia, to the home of his maternal grandparents, who placed him under a Scotch tutor, who prepared him to enter one of the English Universities.

But meanwhile, during a vacation, he had met a young half-breed girl, a granddaughter of Mary Jenison, the celebrated "White Woman of the Genesee," descended through her first husband, Skenin-gee, and, although he was not of age, his parents gave their consent and he married the dusky belle of the forests. Then, like Rolfe and Pocahontas, he toured Europe with his bride, visiting at the homes of relatives of his grandparents in England, Scotland and Ireland, and completing the trip by a grand tour of the Continent.

The excitement of the trip, the inconveniences of the time, or perhaps the confinement in ships, coaches and castles, sapped the vitality of the fair Indian bride, and she died at the age of twenty years, a year or two after their return to Pennsylvania, leaving a daughter less than one year old, who was named Daphne. This girl was just past her sixteenth birthday when Asher Lamey and his wife abandoned their

stony, upland farm and accepted service in the manor House. They did not come as mere domestics, as it would have been unwise to enforce social distinctions. They occupied a position above the Indian and German servants, though not on a parity with the master of Pine Summit and his daughter.

Phoebe acted as housekeeper, Asher as general supervisor. The young wife was so much pleased with her life at the manor that she eventually wrote her brother Clifford, a boy of eighteen, to come to the North Mountain and enjoy the advantages of the elaborate establishment. He was a peculiar boy in many ways, a believer in ghosts, and among a few of the older people it was whispered about that he possessed the supernatural gift of seeing the dead walk on All Souls' Night. On three successive years he had been absent from home all through the entire night in question, and had been seen on one All Souls' Night on the Indian Path which led along Fishing Creek (Clinton County) in the vicinity of Stracktown Church, though it was fully a dozen miles from where he resided.

He was a good-looking boy, very slim, and with large, black eyes and dark hair, which was worn long, and, hanging about his face, accentuated the wan-like pallor of his countenance. His looks and actions were so different from those of the stolid farmer boys of the valley that the ignorant predicted that he was a child of the devil and headed for a bad end. There were many who were glad when he announced that he

was going on a visit of indefinite duration with his sister at Pine Summit Manor. His father would not give him a horse; it was too slow to wait for the freight wagons which occasionally traveled down the White Deer Narrows to the river, so he struck out on foot for the delectable region beyond the Loyalsock.

He had been prepared for much by his sister's letters. She was known to possess some of his imaginative gifts, hence her descriptions were discounted at home, but the first sight of the manor house fairly made him realize the correctness of all she had written. The great, gray, formal house rose from an ample lawn or common, on which a few old pines and ornamental shade trees grew; the house was the tallest that he had ever seen, and the slate mansard roof and high chimneys added further to its imposing appearance.

It was in the spring time. The afternoon air, though a trifle hot, was sweet, and on the gentle breezes were wafted the odor of the lilac and the fresh balm of the forsythia which flourished in clusters about the house. Clifford was a lover of nature and flowers, his favorite flower being the old-fashioned bleeding heart, that fair flower that is emblematic of all that is purest and loveliest in the life of the mountain people, so he admired the lovely scene. He swung the knocker of the big walnut door, which was quickly opened by his sister herself. She had been expecting him, and went to the door on the chance that he might be there. The very sight of her made him feel at

home, she looked so happy and contented. Taking his brown knitted cap and leather coat with otter-skin collar and placing them on a rack made of elk horns, she led him into the living room, where a fire was smouldering in the big open hearth. All the household seemed to be grouped about it. The room was rather dark, as the afternoon was well advanced, but not late enough to light the candles.

Phoebe first introduced the lad to the lord of the manor, who, despite his manorial surroundings, was not above getting up and shaking the self-conscious country boy warmly by the hand. Phoebe had written so much about the master of Pine Summit that the boy was curious to see what a real gentleman looked like. He was large and powerful, sharp featured and clean shaven like an Indian, except for white side-whiskers. His keen eyes were gray in color and seemed to beam with friendliness and sincerity. Though master of his broad acres, his was hardly a face of the man of action that was met with in the big world. He wore a brown shirt, buckskin breeches and boots, giving him almost the look of some hero of border romance.

Clifford was next introduced to the master's daughter, Daphne. She was the great-granddaughter of the White Woman of the Genessee. The boy liked her looks immediately; she was natural and approachable, like her father, but there was an air of refinement and poise that almost belied her backwoods and savage origin. She was above the medium height, quite dark,

like her Indian progenitors, though there was a glint of brown in her hair, that was worn in disorderly profusion over her eyes. Her complexion was sallow, her nose had a decided curve, but her Indian blood was best revealed when she smiled. Then her high cheek bones closed over her eyes, and one could see the child of the wilderness. Her eyes were deep amber in color, deep set and soulful; her lips were very thin and were her most expressive feature.

The mountain boy was drawn to her, to her father, and still more so when she showed him the home-made cradle in which slept his sister's six-weeks-old baby boy, his little nephew. Asher Lamey was also present to greet him, and he also met several neighbors who happened to be at the manor that afternoon. He had never heard of such a thing as class distinctions, yet he had pictured to himself that rich and powerful persons were reserved; it was a relief to discover that they were not that way at all, and they continued to be very clever to him. His special work seemed to be to accompany the master on fishing trips to remote sections of the mountains, but he also looked after his favorite rifles, horses and hounds.

Daphne, or "Dickie," as her father called her, which was an abbreviation of her grandmother's Indian name, "Dickewaumis," seemed to take a marked interest in him. It was highly flattering, and he laid awake a good many nights thinking over things she had said to him, trying to reason out from them that perhaps she cared for him. But he did not presume

when in her company. He was naturally modest and shy, even mysterious and so diffident. She had been educated by an English woman who had recently died, and now her father was contemplating sending her to England in the autumn to finish her education. Like Clifford Brungard, she had a vein of mysticism in her nature. It was a side of her Indian nature that could not be suppressed. Gradually the boy told her more and more about himself, confessing to some of his super-normal traits that to any one not possessing such vagaries would have put him down as "crazy." But he did not allude to the most serious charge of black-artistry, his power to see the dead walk on All Souls' Night. That was his secret of secrets; there is always one mystery in every heart too terrible to reveal, one chamber in our soul to which no one ever gets the key. But he came close to telling everything, so easily did Daphne draw him out when he sat with her under the big trees while her father fished the foaming brooks.

He told her one thing that he had never revealed to any one else. As a very small boy lying in bed he had heard footsteps coming softly down the long flight of stairs that led to the attic, and pausing outside of the door. Night after night he heard the steps, after the house was dark, then the silence for an hour or more, while his little heart thumped against his breast, heard the footfalls advancing, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, up an eternity of stairs, but he was always asleep before he heard the final step. It lasted

at least four years, during which time he always wanted to get up and slip over to the door and find who was waiting outside. He was afraid of waking his brothers and sisters, who lay beside him, though the call in his soul became irresistible. Finally, one night when he was about eight years of age, he could endure the mystery no longer. The little ones by his side seemed sound asleep, he got up and crept softly to the door on tip-toes. Quickly turning the big iron handle he stood looking out into the hall. A tall figure, all in gray, with a skeleton's face, was standing quietly by the door. The dark, eyeless sockets rested on the boy, and then without a word it started to ascend the long flight of stairs which led to the attic. The boy was impelled to follow. There was no carpet on this flight, and the familiar tap, tap, tap of the ghostly feet was plainly heard.

At the head of the stairs the figure opened the door leading into the garret, and the boy followed into the huge apartment, which had always been his delight and his mystery, which covered the entire upper part of the house under the raftered roof. In a far corner of the gloomy apartment, which was used as a lumber room, there was a trap door which led out on the roof. A stationary ladder ran from the floor to the trap door, up which ladder the boy had often climbed, but the hatchway door was always too heavy to push open. The gaunt figure with a touch of his bony fingers pressed it open, which, to the boy's surprise, did not reveal the stars, but another long, dark staircase. Up

these the spectral guide flitted, followed by the now toiling neophyte. Up and up they went, at the end of every flight encountering doors leading into lumber rooms, with trap doors opening into still other long flights of stairs.

At length they came to the end of their climbing and passed into a long, broad passageway, the roof of which was upheld by granite pillars; the floor was stone paved. Frequently they met strange, ghastly figures, more fantastic than the skeleton guide, for some of them had the heads of wolves or griffins. The boy showed signs of alarm, but this subsided when the weird monsters greeted the guide in such a friendly manner.

"Fear them not," said the guide, speaking for the first time. "They will do you no harm; they are my friends."

On and on they went. There seemed no end to the vast, vaulted arcades. At length they came to a huge door, guarded on either side by great, dragon-like creatures. At a signal from the guide these were flung open and they stood looking in at a huge, high-ceilinged, brilliantly-lighted room. In even rows, as far as the eyes could reach, were countless marble tables, all piled full of severed human heads, male and female. Some had been freshly cut off, as the blood was oozing out of them; others were old and blue and withered. The boy might have been expected to shudder at such a gruesome sight, but he did not. The awful shambles fascinated him.

The guide watched him closely and then said, in quiet tones: "Those are the heads of persons who have died in sin. Their bodies must forever wander through the world of oblivion, blind, groping and incomplete."

The boy heard a slight flutter of wings, and, looking around, saw a huge white bird, like an eagle, with out-stretched wings of snowy hue, poised as if for flight. The guide pointed that the boy should climb on its back, which he did without fear or hesitation. The great, eagle-like bird rose with all the lightness of a feather and soaring over the long rows of tables crammed with severed heads, swept through an open window near the roof of the vast chamber out among the clouds and stars. Almost in a twinkling the boy found himself again in the hall of his home, where he had met the skeleton guide, and, quietly opening the door, he rushed pell mell to bed. There natural terror overcame him and he pulled the covers over his head. He was soon asleep, and in the morning awoke none the worse for his nocturnal adventure. After that every night he heard the tap, tap, tap of the footsteps coming down the long flight of stairs from the attic, "and the pulse in his pillowed ear beat thick," but they did not pause at his door. Even though he tried to keep awake all night, he never heard them returning; though the next night they would be heard going down again.

This and similar ghostly adventures were told to Daphne, like a blood-letting for his soul. He had at

last found some one who he felt could understand, who was the last complement to his spiritual entity. But while his companionship with the girl led him to reveal his spiritual self and his emotions kept pace with his heart's confessions, he completely overlooked the social difference which existed between them. It was a treacherous undercurrent that would bear him down. Work, play, self-revelation, all helped to hurry along the days with unwonted alacrity, but with the very young it does not always move so speedily.

At length, with the waning of the summer, the young man could not but help overhear conversations between the girl and her father concerning her proposed trip to England to complete her education. She complained that she hated to leave the freedom and ease of Pine Summit for the restraint and formality of great cities, but otherwise she said very little against the plans which the master of the manor was working out. It was all right when there were thirty days between the Present and the beginning of the Parting; when it came down to fourteen days, ten days, one week and less, it began to strike terror to the lad's heart. Not only did he dread her departure for the spiritual void that it would create in his life, but because some words that he planned to say before the parting seemed more difficult of expression as the time drew near. Why this was so he failed to understand, because he could not conceive of any barrier in telling one secret of his heart to her who had heard all other phases of it.

At length the fatal night came—the night before her departure. Clifford had been selected to accompany her to Philadelphia, along with her father, but he felt that he would like to reveal his heart before the turmoil of the long, rough journey in the coach and six. It was a fine moonlight night in September; the air was mild, but a heavy halo around the orb betokened the nearness of the equinoctial rains. After supper it was Daphne's custom to go for a solitary stroll on the lawn, and on this occasion she was particularly anxious to do so, with all nature so beautiful. Clifford followed her out of the door. He had never done so before, but on this occasion his spirit was bold. She greeted him pleasantly, and they walked together across the sward until they came to a rustic seat between two giant stag-topped white pines. There the ground sloped away to the south, there was a remarkable view of the veiled moon, cowered above endless ranges of mountains. Daphne sat down, while the young man leaned against one of the trees. Both were silent for a time. Then Clifford said:

"Will you think of me when you are gone?"

"I certainly will," replied the girl, with much earnestness. "I have enjoyed the time spent with you more than anything that ever happened in my life."

Thus seemingly encouraged, the boy seated himself beside her on the bench, folding his long, white hands across his breast.

"Could you think of me enough to want to marry me when you return?" he said abruptly.

Daphne smiled and looked him squarely in the eyes. "I think a lot of you," she said; "more than any one else in the world except my father, but why should such a happy association like ours always have to end in marriage? It is a silly idea, anyway, because the feeling you now have for me would die down after we were married for four or five years, and then neither of us would be able to achieve our fullest destiny. Yours is along philosophic lines, mine in a worldly direction. When I marry, and I hope to do so before I return from abroad, it will be to some one of noble birth, as befitting to the Lady of Pine Summit Manor. My father is descended from the nobility of England and Scotland; through my mother I have the right to be called the Indian Queen."

Clifford was stunned at first by her cold, calculating statement, but his rejoinder was not impatient or unkind.

"I am sorry for what I told you," he said, quietly. "I did not understand, but I realize that this difference in birth was a part of your education, and it is now a part of your life; it cannot be eradicated. As for myself, I never knew that there was such a thing until I came here. I don't know who I am descended from—from Indians or what. I supposed that all men were born free and equal, and those with brains forged ahead and were appreciated. I believed that in my case the extent of my great love for you would

be fully sustained through life. It should be in every case; it is spiritual carelessness when it is not. I have been drawn to you as a magnet attracts a piece of steel. As long as the magnet exists my heart will remain the same—yours."

The interview being at an end, the young couple returned to the manor house. If the youthful lover passed a sleepless night, he did not show it in the morning, for he was at the stoop bright and early, superintending the loading of the baggage, of which there were many pieces, on the fly of the heavy, lumbering coach. "Dickie" also seemed in good spirits, unruffled by the events of the previous evening. The youth rode on the box with the driver, where he suffered mentally during the entire journey. He bade farewell at the Market Street Wharf with as good grace as he could command, then commenced the journey back to Pine Summit in the coach with the Lord of the Manor.

He felt less at ease with the lord than in the old days. He had learned that men were held to be different, not for their brains, but for their birth. He was relieved when the trip was over and he could get out of the old aristocrat's society. He kept a great deal to himself, looked wilder and more wax-like. His nights were made hideous by all manner of dreams. All life looked black since the door which revealed the bright vista of hope was closed. On All Souls' Night he wandered out in the moonlight, across the lawn by the ancient Weymouth pines, and down the

slope to the little church by the highroad to Berwick. He went through the wicket and took a seat on the stump of an old yellow jack pine which had stood until lately by the grave of the original Alexander Pawling.

His head sunk on his chest, his long, white hands were clutched convulsively by his sides. The night wind blew his coarse black hair about his face, from under his brown knitted cap. He remained there in a stupor or trance, though it was very cold, until the witching hour when the dead walk. Almost instantaneously they appeared, as natural as in life, a melancholy procession filing along the path and through the wicket into the high road.

First of all, there was the original Alexander Pawling, clad in a broadcloth coat, with buckskin breeches and boots, a strange combination of gentleman and frontiersman; his wife in her silks and laces, and a number of children who had died very young. Then came a motley crowd of retainers of the house, bearded, knotty, shabby Redemptioners, brutalized in death. Then came nine tall, straight, slender Indians, butchered at the orders of the first Lord of Pine Summit, but buried in the furthest corner of the churchyard, because they happened to be Moravian Indians. Clifford remembered how tall the grass grew over their common grave, and that during the summer a pair of upland plovers had nested there. Then came the second Alexander Pawling, bearded and less refined looking than his sire, clad in buckskin

hunter's suit, with his wife, a well-bred but carelessly dressed dame; after her came the half-breed wife of Hugh Pawling—Daphne's mother—how much she resembled her beautiful daughter, and was probably just as calculatingly cruel, for had not her grandfather, Sheningee, been noted for refusing quarter in his battle with the whites? And her father, Thomas Jemison, had also been a bloodthirsty character. Then came the English governess, a weak, consumptive, sad looking spinster of middle age. There were not many more. As each passed, they looked him full in the eyes, with glances filled with wonderment. The last to pass was clad just like Clifford, even to the brown knitted cap. Before the youth could recognize the features the apparition turned its back. After it had gone, Clifford uttered with a sigh of relief:

"It is just as I had hoped," he muttered.

The old witch-women of White Deer Creek had told him that the last person in every such procession was a *living person*, and the next to die. If the last figure averted its face, it meant that the seer would be the next to go. Clifford Brungard did not return to the manor house that night. He took the high road in the opposite direction from the way pursued by the dead walkers. He traveled all night in the direction of his old home, to the house where the footsteps could be heard at night on the attic stairs. He traveled fast, for he was at home in time for supper the next evening, and, apart from being dirty and dusty, was not particularly fatigued. He told his parents that he was homesick; he would never go away again.

Though he ostensibly lived with his parents, he indulged now in many long walks in the woods, particularly on the Indian Path along Fishing Creek, which, like White Deer Creek, had one of its sources on his father's farm, being absent sometimes a week at a time. On Sundays he generally walked eastward as far as Shracktown Church in the mornings, and back in the afternoons, about a twenty-mile walk. Although practically every resident of the valley was a hunter, this strange lad never carried a gun.

One Sunday morning, nearly a month after his unexpected return, he started, as was his wont, for Shracktown Church. It was one of those marvelous days in late autumn when there is no humidity in the atmosphere, and not a cloud is visible in the azure sky, when the bright sun brings out all the marvellous tints of the brown fields, when there is a particular richness to the green of the pines, and chilled nature seems more buoyant than in the relaxed period of leafy summer. As the young man passed a large stubble field which stretched clear to the fringe of big pines on the bluff along the creek, he noticed a magnificent snow-white bird, like an eagle, floating along the tops of the golden stubbles. It was probably a male marsh hawk, which sometimes remains very late in the season in Sugar Valley, busy searching for mice. It is a bird so characteristic of stubble fields and newly-ploughed ground that it is vulgarly called "clod-hopper." Clifford watched it as it floated over

the surface of the field, like a great ball of cotton; it recalled old memories to him.

Was it not the eerie bird that had carried him back from the room of the slain in his strange spiritual pilgrimage as a boy of eight? He watched the noble bird transfixed until it suddenly rose in the air and drifted eastward across the open fields, through the crystalline atmosphere. He left the path and followed it until he noticed that it settled down in the top of a big original chestnut tree, which rose high above all the surrounding timber on the bluffs a mile further eastward. He returned to the path and scurried along it until he reached the giant tree. Its long, smooth stem was without stab or branch for a hundred feet, but the strange resolve came to him to climb it, to penetrate the retreat of the elusive clod-hopper. Always quick and agile, he was up the tree with the alacrity of a catamount. He was groping along the tangle of branches and crisp dead leaves in the guarded top, when suddenly a rifle shot rang out on the calm morning air. There was a single cry of pain, and then a rivulet of blood came trickling down the smooth bark of the tree.

Without looking to discover the extent of his victim's injury the hunter who had fired the shot, having mistaken the boy in the tree-top, so it is said, for a bear, fled to the nearest farmhouse, a mile away, to summon help. In those early days it was the custom of the pioneers to carry their long rifles with them to church, hunting along the way. When they reached

the sacred edifice at Shracktown, they left the firearms outside, and after services hunted home again. Many a turkey, grouse, squirrel or sometimes deer or bear was added to the backwoodsmen's larders by this Sunday marksmanship.

When the hunter with his aids arrived, the stream of blood had run from the gnarled top of the tree to the ground, where it formed a big, deep pool. The body of the boy could be seen in the crotch of the tree top very clearly. In justice to his slayer's memory it must be said that his brown suit, brown gaiters and cap gave him almost the color of the red color phase of *ursus Americanus*. It was hard to find any one active enough to climb the tree and bring down the corpse. But by noon a crowd of over a hundred persons, returning church-goers, had assembled around the tree, and eventually a couple of sturdy mountain lads climbed the smooth stem and brought down the body of poor Clifford Brungard. Funeral services were held on the spot that night, the mourners holding pine torches, and the next day the remains were buried in a small graveyard on the pike, around which later grew up Brungard's Church.

Winter soon closed in and few visited the tree where the fatal shooting had occurred. But in the spring it was noticed that the strip of bark where the rivulet of blood had run had died and peeled off, leaving a long, barkless strip the entire length of the trunk. It is that way today. The slayer was conscience-stricken, and did not carry a firearm for six-

teen years, until the Civil War broke out, when he enlisted, becoming one of the deadliest sharpshooters in that mighty conflict. He survived the war many years, and at his death, at the age of eighty years, his remains were interred in the graveyard at the old Shracktown Church. But the souls of those who have transgressed the laws of nature, intentionally as well as unintentionally, must suffer. Children crossing Sugar Valley by the Panther's Path at dusk tell of seeing a shabby, gaunt old man hurrying up the creek in the direction of the blasted chestnut tree, muttering and wailing, clenching and unclenching his hands as if in mental agony. On still nights, when not a leaf stirs in other trees, those who live nearest to the old tree say that it soughs and creaks, and cracks, and gives vent to all manner of unaccountable sounds, as if a soul in torment was wandering about its spreading roots.

And in the North Mountains, at the ruins of Pine Summit Manor, there is said to be a fair ghost seen when the moon is full, sitting motionless on a bench between the stumps of two old Weymouth pines, as if waiting for some one to join her in her eternal vigil. It is the shade of "Dickie," the erstwhile Lady of Pine Summit Manor, expiating a life of misguided pride. Within a year after her arrival in England she married Colonel Sir Ivor Place, Bart., a man ten years her senior, a veteran of many wars, who died a year later, leaving the young widow to battle with a mountain of debts and lawsuits.

After sacrificing much of her personal fortune to obtain peace and quiet she was able to set sail for America. At Pine Summit Manor she found her father in poor health, and she nursed him until he passed away several years later, after a lingering illness.

The strain of these five or six worrisome years of life, after so many years of ease and luxury, told on her never-too-robust constitution, and the poor young woman died within a year of her father's demise, from pulmonary trouble.

As to the shade of Clifford Brungard there is no record of its having appeared to any one or rattled or gibbered in any dismal spot. Perhaps the great white bird carried it on its release from the crest of the ancient chestnut tree to a higher plane in the soul's pilgrimage to eternity, where there can be no revisitation of the sad scenes of the life quitted amid so many harrowing incidents.



XVIII. JACK O'LANTHORN.

“**D**O YOU notice,” said old Jason Hall, one September night, as he lolled on the bench on the front porch of the Forest King Hotel at Jamison City, “that we never see the Jack O’Lanthorn any more? It is years since I have seen one on Fishing Creek, and though I have inquired from all the old-timers hereabouts, few of them have noticed this curious phenomenon in recent years.”

Then the old woodsman lapsed into silence, winking his one good eye and stroking his long, white beard, and leaning his head so hard against the wall that his battered derby was pressed further down on his head.

“When I was a boy,” he resumed, “I met them on nearly every cloudy night, and on some nights when the air was clear. Once when I was coming home from gigging eels on the West Branch near Hightown, I saw one floating across from the opposite bank. I stood and watched it until the great, steaming phosphorescent ball rested on a fence post. I approached it bravely, resolving to lay hold of it at any cost. But the nearer I came to it the more my courage sank. When I was close enough to catch it in my hands, my nerve left me altogether, and I backed away. It rested there, shimmering and shining as if to mock me, while I, captivated by the sight, stood in speechless wonder until at length it rose from the top

of the post and gracefully drifted inland in the direction of the mountains. When it was gone I felt a terrible mental depression, as if it had taken away part of my spirit, and I could not shake off the effects of my close contact with that will-o'-the-wisp for several days.

"I met one of them along the South Branch of White Deer Creek. It came towards me, and no matter which way I turned, it seemed to be steering its course so as to hit me. I was near old Johnny McCall's shanty at the time, and I picked up an old shingle from the woodpile, resolved to strike the ghostly fireball when it came within reach. I had my shingle in position, much as a ball player would swing his bat, but when the light got to within three or four feet of my face it veered off, and the last I saw of it it was shimmering over the tops of the yellow pines in the direction of Tunis' Knob. I met Mike Courtney, Ario Pardee's famous woods boss, at the hotel in Loganton the next day. He said that one had pursued him through Chadwick's Gap, and the faster he walked the nearer it came to the back of his head. When he came to the divide it was not more than ten feet behind him. He dropped down on the ground and the light passed over him, climbing the path that he would have followed, and disappearing across the notch.

"When a matter-of-fact man like Mike Courtney could have seen a Jack o'Lanthorn, it can't be a myth. Why, even preachers have encountered them. I

never heard of any one being hurt by them, but they like to play pranks and scare people; they must in some way be linked up with the Black Man himself."

"What is a Jack o'Lanthorn, anyway?" asked Leary Miller, a stalwart young bark peeler, who happened to be standing in the vicinity near the group of old-timers. "I have heard my people talk of them often enough, and though I've spent the past ten years in the barkwoods in Clearfield County, in the Black Forest, and in the North Mountain, I cannot say that I ever saw the animal."

It was now old John Dougherty's turn to discuss the absorbing mystery. "I have seen a good many Jack o'Lanthorns in my time on Young Woman's Creek and further out in the Black Forest, and when I have worked in the camps in the North Mountain, I have also observed them, but they are growing scarceer all the time. I'll tell you what the Indians and the very old people thought they were, though it may surprise most of you here, all except such experienced hicks as old friends, Jason Hall and Mike Gleason.

"They are the spirits of persons who lost their lives by violence, in war, by murder, suicide, or by accident, where the blood was spilled, and of animals shot by the hunters. There was something about the suddenly-released blood that made it congeal when it touched damp ground, and when night came on it grew into a flaming ball and flew about like a lost soul. The Indians said that after their tribal wars there were always Jack o'Lanthorns about, especially on the

battlefields, and at the licks where they had killed unusually large numbers of bison, elks and deer.

"Out where the City of Clarion now stands there was a famous buffalo swamp, to which the bison came by the thousands every spring and fall to wallow and to enjoy the salt licks. The Indians always slew quite a number of these beasts for their hides and flesh, and the swamp always abounded with Jack o'Lanterns. But when the white men got there they killed every bison, whether they could use it or not, until such a stench arose that no settlers could live there for two years. They probably slaughtered ten thousand buffaloes at that one spot, and even five years afterwards the swamp resembled Wilkes-Barre at night, there were so many lights; it was full of Jack o'Lanterns twenty years afterwards when my grandfather first visited it. He went there to collect bones for fertilizer and carted them away by the sled-load; it was the only use ever made of those poor bison except to use up a lot of ammunition that might have been pumped into the Indians.

"When I was a young boy on the southern battlefields we always saw the Jack o'Lanterns after bloody engagements in the spring and fall of the year when the ground was soft. There were many about Gettysburg, because there was an awful rain before the blood had a chance to dry. It stands to reason that if I am right as to the composition of the Jack o'Lantern that it possesses a certain amount of dumb consciousness. It has no great power of volition, but

much perversity and contrariness. That accounts for its tantalizing conduct, its inability to do what we would like it to do. It has no inherent meanness, for it has never really harmed a person. A Jack o'Lanthorn formed from the blood of a bison, a bear or a wolf would have the perversity but not the force or cleverness of one made up of the essence of a sturdy red-blooded young man cut down in the prime of life."

"That is all very well," broke in Mike Gleason. "You know your subject thoroughly, except that you did not tell of cases where the Jack o'Lanthorn exercises a peculiar fascination to those who see it and follow it over all manner of broken or watery country to their own peril. That is a very familiar and important part of the mystery which we are discussing."

Dougherty, a tall, lean old man, with a white mustache and imperial, took the interruption good-naturedly. "I don't know so much about that side of the Jack o'Lanthorn's nature, but I'll admit it is a most important phase of it. If you can tell us some instances of the will-o'-the-wisp leading any one into harm's way by its beams, it will enable us to better understand the entire question."

It was now up to old Gleason to "make good," which he proceeded to do with a startling array of facts and fancies. "A good many years ago, when my great-grandfather, Hugh Dougherty, a younger brother of Captain Samuel Dougherty, who was killed by the Indians at Fort Freeland, was marching with Peter McManus and Peter Madden to join Captain

Peter Grove in his campaign against the redmen at Sinnemahoning, they came considerably after dark, to the Moshannon near the Rocking Stone. On a hill on the opposite shore among the tall trees they could see great numbers of lights. These seemed to them like campfires, for the Indians only built very small fires of twigs and chips, or else were torches to illuminate some conclave of the dusky warriors. They were speculating on the subject, not knowing what to do, when they were approached by a strange Dutchman. The fellow told them that what they saw on the hillside were the lights of a large Indian encampment under the command of that intrepid fighter, Good Hunter. He advised them not to think of proceeding to Sinnemahoning by that route, as there were outposts all the way from Grass Flats to Round Island. It would be better to go back and ascend Kettle Creek, cross the divide and join the Rangers by way of the East Fork. The young men thankfully accepted the stranger's advice, and, after camping for the night in a deep ravine, they toiled their way across the mountains, coming out at the river by way of Fish Dam Run.

"While they were making a dog raft to ferry themselves across, they noted a fleet of canoes coming down the river. They waited until it approached, when, to their surprise, they saw the rugged features of Captain Grove in the vanguard. As soon as he spied them he ordered his paddlers to send his skiff ashore, which they did. He demanded to know why

the young riflemen were builing a dog raft at the mouth of Fish Dam, when they were ordered to report to his command on Up Jerry Run, by way of Deer Creek.

"The young fellows were much perturbed, but replied that they would have reported on time at the place indicated only that two nights before they had seen a number of lights on the west bank of Moshannon at the Rocking Stone, which they were told by a Dutchman belonged to a huge encampment of warriors under the command of Good Hunter.

"Captain Grove's dark eyes lit up with surprise. 'It is impossible that there could have been any Indian encampment at the Rocking Stone that night, as we completely routed the entire force on Rammage's Run the day previously, and the few that escaped with their lives were running northward towards the Portage when we last saw them.'

"Then one of the Captain's orderlies, the Frenchman Jacob Groshong, and an experienced woodsman, said that the lights that the lads had seen were the Jack o'Lantern or *Ignis Fatuus*, that a big band of elks had recently been annihilated there, and as for the strange Dutchman, he was a common ghost.

"The boys were humiliated by this exposure of their credulity and were afterwards always very careful to ascertain the true nature of any lights they saw in the forests before being scared away by them.

"Hugh Dougherty became an expert Indian fighter and figured in their pursuit as far west as Ohio. In

his old days he was fond of telling about Priscilla Ramsey, an unusually pretty white girl, who was carried off by the Indians about the same time as Mary Jemison. Her beauty was so compelling that no chief dared espouse her for fear of incurring the lasting hatred of his companions. At length Big Bill, who is chiefly known in history as the uncle of Chief Little Billy, lured the beautiful creature to a spring, threw her down, bound and gagged her in the twinkling of an eye and carried her down the Ohio River to the furthestmost boundries of Kentucky, where he lived with her far from the jealous hatred of his fellow chieftains. Priscilla took in the situation philosophically, and made the ruthless redman a good wife. Three children were born to them. In due course of time Big Bill was attacked at his camp by a rival band, and in the melee he was slain. The attack was repelled, but Priscilla had been widowed. There was a famine this winter, and the poor girl and her children wandered northward in sarch of food. They reached an outpost of the federal military forces, were taken in, clothed and fed. During the time that she was at the post her beauty brought her a number of proposals of marriage, among them a Major of Dragoons. Priscilla hesitated, as she had been forced into one marriage and did not care to repeat the experience. Besides, during the first days of her captivity by the Indians she had learned to know and love a fellow prisoner, a mysterious young man who went by the name of "Nettles." It was gossiped about that

he was an Irish nobleman, but he never spoke about himself in any way.

"When she was carried off by Big Bill she mourned more for Nettles than for her lonesome situation in the wilds of Kentucky. When she was admitted to the fort she saw visions of restoration to her old home where she might institute a search for her lost lover. Therefore the Major's attentions were decidedly unwelcome. While he was not her only admirer by any means, he was the one who possessed the power to make her life miserable in case she refused to accept his addresses.

"The officer was frightfully insulted when she informed him that she could not be his wife. In order to salve his feelings, she told him frankly that she was in love with some one else; but it did not assuage his lacerated heart.

"In due course of time a party of escaped and exchanged prisoners were started north from the camp, to be restored to their friends at Pittsburg. But Priscilla and her children were not permitted to accompany the party. She realized from this incident that she was to be held a captive until her spirit was broken; she resolved to effect her escape. During the daytime she had the run of the surrounding country, but at taps every person quartered in the stockade had to be accounted for. She therefore put her children under her skirts and took them to a dense thicket several miles from the camp, where she bade them to wait until she returned. She put dummies in their

bunks, so that they would not be missed if any spy peeped into her shack.

"It was a dark, moonless night when the brave woman sallied forth, armed with a club, in the head of which she had driven a heavy spike. She pushed open the gate, which had been left unlocked. The sentry was walking abstractedly up and down his post, trying hard to keep awake. Priscilla approached from the rear and knocked him to the ground senseless with a single well-directed blow. Then she hurried off through the dense forest to secure her children. She located the tots and proceeded with them to the Ohio River, to a point where the Major kept several canoes for his private fishing excursions. Putting the children in the stoutest skiff, she started up stream as fast as she could apply the paddle.

"All went well with them for several days, but at dark on the third day she noticed a light moving about on the eastern shore. As she usually put in for the night in some secluded eddy, she was tempted to go to the light, as it might be in the hands of some friendly person, for her stock of provisions was running very low. She was tired and rather discouraged; she was willing to run the chance. The light kept moving about in such an uncertain fashion that she imagined that it must be in the hands of some person looking for something in the darkness. She ran her canoe on shore, and bivouacked with her three small children.

"She called to the unseen torch-bearer, but there was no response. She saw the light a few feet ahead,

retreating into the forest. The children were comfortably resting on a buffalo robe; she was inclined to follow the light. On and on it went. She began to realize the uncertainty of her quest, but she was strangely fascinated and had to proceed. She traversed fifteen miles, over logs and windfalls, across creeks and swampy places, until she came to a wide, swift-flowing stream that was impossible of fording. The light crossed it and settled on the roof of a log cabin which stood in the centre of a cornfield on the opposite shore. Tired and sick at heart, Priscilla called to the light to come back to her, but it only danced tantalizingly along the ridge-pole. Then, to her surprise, a light appeared in the door of the cabin and a man's voice shouted:

"Who's there?"

"Almost before she could check herself she called back: 'Priscilla Ramsey.'

"Good heavens!" rejoined the man, 'how did you get here? I'm Nettles.'

"Carrying a torch, he ran down the bank to where a dugout was moored behind a clump of red birches, and sped the craft to the bank where his long-lost sweetheart was standing. As he landed he cried out again: 'How did you ever get here?'

"The two lovers fell in one another's arms and had a blissful meeting. Priscilla noted the mystic light still dancing on the ridge-pole and pointed it out to her lover.

"I followed it here,' she said.

" 'Why, that's the Jack o'Lanthorn,' he replied.

" 'I won't say it's that,' said Priscilla. 'I believe that it is Big Bill's ghost trying to right a wrong,' and she proceeded to tell of her abduction, Big Bill's death, her captivity by the Major's orders, and her dramatic escape after knocking the sentry senseless.

" 'The sun was well up when they reached the river, where they found the children comfortable and happy. 'It was a big risk to have left them,' said Nettles. 'The forests are full of brown tigers (panthers) and wolves.'

" 'I didn't think,' replied Priscilla. 'I could only follow the light.'

" 'Nettles married her and adopted her half-breed children. It was a happy union, as attested to by Mary Jemison, who paid them a visit at the log cabin, which was not far from Pittsburg. Later they removed to Canada, where they lived to a very advanced age.'

" 'It is quite conclusive,' said Mike Gleason, 'that the Jack o'Lanthorn, ghost or whatever it is, takes a friendly interest in mankind, but I have heard stories where it endeavored to lead those who followed it to destruction. I had an uncle who lived at Benton—old Jake Hargist—who encountered the Jack o'Lanthorn one dark night when tramping home from Berwick. It came out of the dense woods on the top of the mountain, as he was going through the Jonestown Gap, and he followed it right to the edge of the old red-covered bridge in Jonestown. He was on the

road, he was sure, until he passed Kunkel's blacksmith shop, when the light took a tangent to the right, and he was so enamored of it that he found himself up to his neck in the creek before he came to his senses. He caught a heavy cold, as he persisted in walking to Benton in his wet clothing, and almost died as the result of the exposure.

"Then I have heard that there is a mysterious light always flitting about the ruins of the old Irvine mansion further up the creek; those who follow it invariably fall into a tangle of blackberry vines and are badly scratched. I knew of one man who followed a Jack o'Lantern over one of the falls of Kitchen's Creek and barely escaped with his life. I've been told of dozens of instances where the *Ignis Fatuus* has done more harm than good."

It was getting late. The pause in the conversation accentuated the din that the crickets and katydids were making; on the outskirts of town a small owl was giving vent to its tremulous complaining. The party broke up, some going up the road to the camps, others retiring into the hotel.

"Well," said old Jason Hall, as he removed his battered derby hat and blinked with his one good eye in the bright lamplight of the lobby, "if all of us had a light to guide us as pure and true as the one that Priscilla Ramsey followed, the world would be happy. Even if the will-o'-the-wisp came from battlefields or salubles, it often served its purpose to brighten peoples' lives and keep up hope. I hope that some time it

will come back again in this valley. We all need it; we are getting too far away from our old-time, simple way of living; we will have a rude awakening when all the timber is gone."

"Once upon a time," whispered the old man, pausing and leaning heavily upon the balustrade as we were going upstairs, "I was in love, but she was married to another. That was why I left my folks and hid in Morgan's Gap for so many years. One bright, cloudless night in the fall I saw a bright light shining over the oaks at Davie Reninger's deer crossing. I resolved to go to it, but it moved on, across the ridge, and towards the Indian orchard. The idea flashed through my mind: 'It is my beloved sending for me; I will follow to the ends of the earth.' I followed, a mad chase all the way down the South Branch, over to the main branch, past the Haystack, Lick Run, Four Mile Run, Clambake Springs, the old furnaces, on to where my love resided. I was a sorry looking object, all black beard and hair. I was coatless and hatless besides. But I never walked so fast. My heart beat so fast I had to move rapidly or it would have leaped out of my bosom. I did not feel tired or even lose my breath, but that was nothing to one who had been through the campaign in the Wilderness. I came in sight of my love's abode; there was a light shining in the window; after I saw that light I could see no more of my Jack o'Lantern. Even the gate stood open as if to welcome me, no dog stood in the yard. I flew up the boardwalk and knocked on the

door. I felt I would die as I heard the latch slide back. There she stood just as beautiful as the day I first saw her and loved her, when I boarded with her after I came home from the army in '64.

"But her greeting was only an open-mouthed 'I thought you were some one else.'

" 'Don't you love me?' I demanded in fierce tones that welled from my impatient soul.

" 'Of course I do,' she said, meekly, 'but what are you doing here, coatless and hatless, at this hour of night?'

" 'What time is it?' I cried out. 'I want to come in.'

"She had been edging all this while more and more behind the lea of the door. I could hear something on the floor thump, but I was too excited to take any precautions.

" 'You had better go away from here and prove your love by not tempting me,' she said at length.

" 'Let me come in - for half an hour - then I will go away quietly and never come again; the Jack o'Lan-thorn led me here; it must be for some good purpose.' I stepped forward, grabbing the outside knob of the door.

" 'I love you,' she said, 'but I will kill you before I let you come in.'

"I threw myself against the door savagely, a shot rang out, I felt a blinding pain in my head and in my left eye. The door was slammed, locked and bolted. I was out in the darkness, a load of shot in my head, all through following the will-o'-the-wisp.

"I had a friend down by the river, an old-time shad fisherman, who now eked out an existence by ferrying people across the river in his skiff, and whose nets I had often mended as a boy. I resolved to go to him and get myself patched up. All the previous chapters in my life were closed. I reached his cabin before daylight and found him eating his frugal breakfast by his sperm-oil lamp. He was glad to see me and listened to my story. I had no money, but he invited me to remain until I went crazy or got well, as he expressed it.

"I got sensible as the result of my nocturnal mishap, sent to Mike Courtney for my things, but the shanty had been ransacked meanwhile. It was clear that a new chapter was beginning, so I bade farewell to the old fisherman and started my earthly career anew in the pineries of the North Mountain. I have done well; I don't have to work much any more, but I wish that Jack o'Lanthorn had guided me to happiness."



XIX. KING HENRY.

OF ALL the quaint and fantastic characters who contributed to the wealth of romantic lore along the narrow valleys which run up into the dark, mysterious recesses of the North Mountain, "King Henry" Heizmann, the old pump-maker and wolf-slayer, occupies a unique position. Though he was in the zenith of his curious career at the time when Old Nichols, the Seneca fortune-teller, Bill Brewer, giant "Hick" preacher, Peter Hauntz, the ventriloquist, Billy Martin, the flute player, Tom Miller, the eccentric artist, and a score of other traveling tinkers, simplers, cordwainers and pedlers were figuring in the same region, "King Henry," as he was generally called, will linger longest in the memory of the North Mountain people. It is hardly thirty years since he passed away, while on one of his hunting trips on White Deer Hole Creek, consequently many persons not even middle-aged remember him very distinctly.

He was a small man, with a large head, bright blue eyes and snow-white beard; were it not for his high cheek bones and high nose, he might have been mistaken for an aquiline Santa Claus if met with in a lonely glen on a snowy Christmas Eve. He was able to traverse a wider expanse of country than most mountain characters, as he always managed to pos-

sess an old horse on which he rode, much like the figure of Hudibras with his high-crowned, wide-brimmed hat, perched on a top-heavy, old-fashioned saddle; the resemblance to Kriss Kingle was enhanced by his old-time saddle bags, which he kept filled with various tools, relies and joints of choice basswood.

He was a good-natured old man. The few who were able to draw him out declared that he was a man of education. The story went the rounds that he belonged to an excellent family in one of the eastern counties, but, like most of the hermits and recluses, he had come into the mountains because of a love affair. This unhappy romance is so invariably in the lives of the picturesque mountain characters that it almost discourages writing about them, as their life stories are so monotonously parallel.

They evidently represent a very definite type of mental context, men of imagination, ideals and steadfastness of purpose, all of them finding forgetfulness amid wild scenery and away from prying neighbors. They are to be found in every county in Central Pennsylvania where there are mountains, but are growing scarcer with the opening up of the country. The correctness of this sweeping estimate of similarity comes from the fact that few hermits have ever revealed their hidden motives themselves; it has been mostly surmise on the part of the persons with whom they reluctantly come in contact. A few retired to the mountains after beloved wives had died,

but this class of recluse is less exclusive and more apt to talk about his own affairs.

"King Henry" never talked about himself, although he was not averse to mingling with people. He could not have made a success of his trade as pump-maker if he had kept away from the back-woods settlements. But there was an aloofness about him that was felt by the mountaineers, who are always intuitive, and, coupled with his equestrian proclivities and eccentricities of garb, that gave him a touch of superiority to other mountain wanderers and earned for him by common consent his kingly sobriquet. He was such a mild old man that it was hard to reconcile his success as a slayer of wolves with his degree of inoffensiveness.

The typical wolf hunters of the Pennsylvania mountains were usually alert, virile, sturdy men, but it must not be imagined that any of them were loud or coarse. They had no affinity with the loud-voiced, argumentative, clean-shaven, fat-faced, heavy-paunched individuals who nowadays ride out in their automobiles and slay a few squirrels and rabbits before returning to their steam-heated city apartments. The wolf hunters of the North Mountains were all tall, lean, eagle-nosed and eagle-eyed, bearded and long-haired, soft-spoken and reticent, men in every sense of the word. Christians and warriors.

"King Henry's" methods were very different from those of the other wolfers. He was fond of saying that he had never trapped or tracked a wolf; that he

had killed them only by one method, calling them out of the forests by imitating their howling.

In the Black Forest there lived a younger contemporary of "King Henry"—Edwin Grimes. He was born in 1830, and kept on killing deer and bears nearly every fall. In his younger days—in the forties and fifties, when "King Henry" was in his prime—his younger prototype was decimating the wolves of Potter County by his clever imitations.

Grimes had a log cabin in the depths of the wilderness near Buttsville, where, on moonlight nights, he would call the great, gray, shaggy monsters to the edge of the clearing and by the gleam of their eyes pick them off one by one with his unerring rifle, "Big Joe." In those days all the old hunters named their rifles, which they held in affectionate regard, and would lay down their lives rather than lose them.

Thomas Jefferson Stephenson, Elk County wolf hunter and Bucktail, and a most picturesque old man, is fond of telling how, when he went down the West Branch in '61 with General Kane, he left his favorite rifle, "Horace Warner," with a friend on Silver Creek. The rifle, which the State issued to the great riflemen, not coming up to his expectations, he wrote to his friend to send on "Horace Warner" post haste. The friend, evidently knowing a good thing, held on to the rifle, which made "Jeff" Stephenson "hot under the collar." He then penned a missive which brought "Horace Warner" in a hurry. It ran:

"DEAR SIR:

"You——of——send me my rifle right away, or else I will come home and kill you. Yours,

"T. J. STEPHENSON."

The old man, in relating the incident recently, said: "I got my rifle because the fellow knew I always told the truth."

The wolves of the North Mountain were of the large, grey variety, the same type as were found all through the northern tier of counties. "King Henry" said that out of the two hundred individuals killed in that region all were gray timber wolves; he also killed half as many wolves in the Seven Mountains and thereabouts. Those taken nearest the river were gray wolves, while west of Shreiner Mountain, in the Seven Mountains proper, they were all black wolves—*canis lycaon*. In the western part of the state gray wolves were found, together with a variety of small brown wolf; these small wolves, according to old Stephenson, were much like the coyotes of the plains. But for size, strength and sagacity, the gray wolves of the North Mountains were not exceeded anywhere, the mature males often weighing close to one hundred pounds. They were adepts in escaping traps and pitfalls, and could out-distance the fleetest hounds and the most persistent trackers, but they fell ready victims when "King Henry" Heizmann called them out of their sylvan retreats.

There are many stories told of how the shrewd old wolfer brought the gaunt monsters to their doom. It

was during a period of the Civil War that the last pack of wolves harbored in the trackless hemlock forests in the vicinity of Ganoga Lake. Colonel Ricketts, the genial master of "Ganoga House," recalls their nocturnal howling on the opposite side of the lake from where his mansion was located, before he went to the front. There was evidently a big pack of them at the time and they lived well off the wounded game which the army of hunters abandoned in the woods, and game which the alleged "Nimrods" killed but were unable to recover. A high bounty was paid at that time, which was a special inducement for the wolf hunters to ply their trade, but the results were meagre, considering the time and trouble expended.

At night the wolves collected in packs, making the mountains resound with their noisy vociferations; in the daytime they were occasionally seen singly or in pairs flitting along the forest trails, but always beyond gun-shot. At butchering time, as was their wont, they were particularly boisterous, coming by droves into the forests which were nearest to the farmyards, and yowling with jealous fury, not only all night, but all day long.

"King Henry" was at his southerly haunts, along Buffalo Creek, White Deer Creek, the Christum and the Karoondinha, during the first two years of the war; it was the week before Christmas, 1863, when his familiar figure was seen riding his ancient "flea-bitten" white entire, a steed which at that time he admitted was twenty-seven years old and, in addition to

other defects, had a bad case of spring-halt, up the rocky, rain-washed road that led from Jamison City to the North Mountain summits. The ground was frozen, there was a skiff of snow, and under the spreading hemlock boughs which arched the trail, he resembled a predecaceous Santa Claus. The few settlers at the upper part of Fishing Creek paid little attention to Yule-tide—life was too hard. It was so little observed that a Kriss Kingle looking old man failed to excite the children as they looked out of the cabin windows while he passed. The curious affliction of the spring-halt horse interested them much more.

Half way up the mountain he dismounted and rested the horse at the Big Spring, where, despite the cold, the old "crow-bait" drank copiously. The old man was standing by the faithful animal, leaning against its withers. As he glanced up the road he saw, to his surprise, a large, snow-white wolf crossing the trail with mouth wide open and long, red tongue lolling out. White wolves were rarities; the old man only knew of two or three of them being killed in all of his forty years' experience in the Central Pennsylvania highlands. One was the famed white wolf of Sugar Valley, in Clinton County, a monster with a good deal of *spook* in its composition. In fact, it took a whole convocation of warlocks and witches to eradicate it. The old man was anxious to reach his destination, a lonely farmhouse still five miles distant, before dark, so he made no effort to unsling his rifle and lay the monster low.

When the aged horse had refreshed himself and gotten his breath, "King Henry" remounted, and the long, toilsome journey was resumed. Two cabins were passed ere long after suppertime the decrepit cavalcade rode up to the favored farmhouse. "King Henry" was a man of strong prejudices; he liked some people, felt indifferent to others; there were only certain houses where he would ask for a night's lodging. He always returned to them year after year, though by this exclusiveness he probably missed some business as a pump-mender and builder. But he declared that he knew only "good people," his trade was good. Gradually the old windlass and pole wells were replaced by the neat, serviceable basswood pumps of his making, they in turn to be superseded after his death by the iron pumps and "factory made" pumps of today.

He left his old horse Snowball at the gate and hobbled around to the kitchen door, where he knocked. He knew that he would be welcomed by all, especially by the children, and it was as he expected; the greeting was cordial. It being Christmas time, the children were overjoyed, the little folks hanging all over him. He was given the choice seat by the open hearth while the housewife busied herself in preparing some supper for the belated but none the less welcome guest. The farmer went out to put old Snowball in the horse stable.

The old man ate heartily, all the while asking after old friends in the neighborhood, as he had not been

through the North Mountain summits in over two years. He was of excellent cheer, a veritable spirit of Christmas-tide. After the meal the children clustered about his knees and asked him to howl like a wolf. The old man laughed, saying that he would be glad to accommodate them, but before doing so he turned to the farmer, saying that he had seen a huge white wolf a few hours before near the Big Spring. The farmer told him that a large pack of wolves had been terrorizing the summits for several months, but that no one had yet reported seeing a white wolf.

"That is not unusual; it would not be allowed to travel with the pack," declared "King Henry." "The gray wolves are as suspicious of it as human beings are of them, but white wolves become lonely and like to keep within sound or smell of their gray relatives. They always trail the big packs."

The farmer expressed the opinion that perhaps the white wolf had followed "King Henry" from the spring, suggesting that he go out on the kitchen porch and give his inimitable "wolf-call." The old man was delighted to do so.

Followed by the children, he went out in the yard, where the starlit mountain plateau lay before him. For a considerable distance from the house the timber had been cut away; the vast pasture so created was covered with tall hemlock stumps, charred, black and weird looking. The stars were twinkling on the placid waters of a little burn that meandered across the common. At the southerly edge of the clearing the

great hemlock belt began, stretching away in unbroken limits for miles; the delicate, lacelike tops of the giant original trees all pointing to the east, were silhouetted black against the pale, translucent sky line. The old man gave his wolf call with a will; it was certainly terrible and wild, and sent a shudder through the listening children. One of the little girls, overcome with terror, ran back to the house and hid behind her mother's skirts.

As he stood there, calling and calling, the echoes of the wild chant echoing over the forest stillnesses, there was something about his face that would have interested a student of lycanthropy; even his flowing locks and long beard resembled the heavy mane of a dog wolf.

The farmer slipped a loaded rifle into the old man's hands—he had almost forgotten the main purpose of the calling. It was fully five minutes before the first answer came. It seemed several miles distant, on a high isolated knob to the southwest. The answer was repeated at frequent intervals until it seemed almost at the edge of the hemlocks beyond the clearing. Then suddenly two eyes like golden stars shone out among the rhododendron tangle which grew about the roots of the hemlocks. It was nearly three hundred yards distant, but "King Henry" was in his element as an expert rifleman.

Lifting the firearm, which belonged to the farmer and which he had never tried before—his own rifle had been taken to the house unloaded—he essayed the

chance. There was a loud report, followed by a howl of pain, and the white wolf bounded out into the open and fell dead, with the North Star glimmering on his frosted coat.

The children proceeded to run indoors, while the two men, followed by the family watch dog, which suddenly became much in evidence now that the wolf was finished, hurried across the lot to where the dead monster lay.

It was the lone white wolf, sure enough, shot squarely between the eyes, and he was a big fellow. It was a load for the two to carry the carcass to the house, where they threw it on the kitchen floor before the hearth. The children, speedily over their alarm, ran forward to inspect it, while the courageous watch dog sniffed all about it with a great show of nonchalance. The white wolf was certainly a handsome object, even in death. Its coat shone with an almost phosphorescent lustre, the hairs were like those of an angora goat, the great plume-like tail was curved and shaggy.

As the children and the dog romped over it, old fancies were revived in "King Henry" as he rested in the cozy settee, his eyes scanning the dead wolf and the blazing blocks of beech wood on the hearth. The wind began blowing down the chimney and about the pent-house roof. It was a night fitting to slay a weird creature of the woods like a white wolf.

The former's wife, a stolid Dutch woman, had had little to say during the evening's excitements. She

made no exclamation of surprise when the old man gave the wolf call, but she had heard it before—she accepted the slaying and bringing in of a white wolf as a matter of course. But as her eyes rested on the huge carcass, "terrible still in death," she began to evince some curiosity on the subject. At length she broke the silence by asking of "King Henry" what was the nature of a white wolf; what made it so different from its fellows—was it true that it had some link with the Black Art?

The old man laughed heartily, and then proceeded to answer her query. "I was like you for many years," he began. "I was wondering what made a white wolf white. I have read that very old gray wolves became white, but if you will look at the fangs of that dead fellow on the floor, you will note that he is in his prime, a male of about eight years of age. A wolf will live about twenty years. I do not call a wolf old until he is at least twelve years old. I believe that if a white wolf is born white he doesn't acquire whiteness. I did not see the white wolf of Sugar Valley, but a good friend of mine, Rube McCormick, told me that it wasn't a day over ten years old, and it had been cutting up pranks along White Deer Creek for at least six years before it was killed. Whenever I am in doubt on any subject I go to the Indians for information. They know everything; what is more, they tell the truth. They don't have to lie, because they always have something interesting to talk about.

"When I heard of these white wolves, and how hard it was to kill them, I asked my Indian friend, Old Nichols, or Old Nicholas, as some call him, just what a white wolf was and how it came to be white. This is what Old Nichols told me:

"When he was a boy he killed a white fawn, and being amazed by its marked difference from other deer, he asked an aged wise man who lived by himself in a cave to account for the absence of color. The wise man said that the whiteness of animals and birds was caused by subterranean surroundings, they were cave dwellers. Once, when he was very young, he had followed a white elk from Brush Valley, through Minnick's Gap and the Fox Gap to Penn's Valley, and across that valley to the bed of Pine Creek, a stream which, after sinking and rising again several times in its course empties into the Karoondinha at the Forks (now called Column). At this confluence Elk Creek and Pine Creek join the Karoondinha and flow southward through the Narrows, emptying into the Susquehanna near Selinsgrove. Midway between the present town of Woodward and The Forks the creek sank from sight in a dense jungle. The Indian tracked the elk to the entrance of the tanglewood, where it disappeared from sight. Nothing daunted, he plunged into the thicket after it. He noticed a cleft in the rocks, scarcely wide enough to squeeze in, but as the elk's tracks seemed to lead there, he forced himself through the aperture. After pushing along for several hundred yards in the darkness, the path widened and

began a very steep descent. After a time he found himself in a vast subterranean amphitheatre, where, to his wonderment, his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and he was able to see about him.

"Everything was of a snowy whiteness, walls and earth. The strangest sight of all, when he cast his glance upwards, was the numbers of white animals and birds crawling like flies on the roof of the vast vault, seemingly browsing on white grass and plants with white leaves which grew out of the ceiling of the dome. There were countless white bison, white moose, white elks, white deer, of the large and small varieties, white bears, white wolves, white wild cats, and so on down the scale of creation to white hares and white rabbits; among the bird creation were white eagles, white hawks, white ravens, white crows, white wild turkeys, white wild ducks, on down to white robins, white wrens and even white humming birds. All these albino specimens seemed contented and happy to lead their flylike existence.

"The Indian now knew where all the white creatures came from which were killed in the mountains from time to time. If he had been a white hunter, he would have begun killing the white animals and birds indiscriminately, but although he carried a loaded rifle and plenty of ammunition, and the white hides and feathers were particularly prized by the redmen, he made no effort to destroy anything. Instead, after watching the grotesque actions of the white creatures for a considerable time, during which period he was proba-

bly unnoticed by the animals themselves as they browsed and capered directly above where he stood, he made his way out through the labyrinth and into the fresh, pure sunlight of the Pine Creek dale.

"He took the greatest amount of pains to mark the spot where he emerged from the underground passage. With his tomahawk he blazed the high rhododendrons on either side of the path, and notched four large original white pines, two on each side of the creek where it flowed into the thicket. He was sure that he would know the place again, even without marking it; he had been in the immediate vicinity many times before. It was not more than a quarter of a mile east of the famous caves, in one of which is the huge stalagnite known as "Red Panther's Funeral Pyre." But he had heard of so many cases where enchanted wonderlands were shown to Indians, but who were never able to find them again.

"He returned to the royal encampment on the banks of the Susquehanna—it was shortly before the redmen withdrew from the West Branch—and informed his chief of his remarkable find. The chieftain was overjoyed at such a discovery; it would mean that all his high priests and courtiers would be attired in white robes, to the envy of all the other tribes and clans in the province. A large expedition was organized to visit the cave and kill a sufficient number of animals and birds to equip all the royal *entourage* with white garments and white feathers. The wise man, marching at the head of the party, felt the im-

portance of his situation, and his pride expanded as he drew near the wondrous spot. It was no witchcraft this time; *he* knew where the cave was, and would deliver it over with its rich store of albino animals and birds for the glory of his chief.

"An armed bodyguard accompanied the party, some of whom were to remain as guardians of the cave, which was to be annexed to the private domain of the chief; the rest were to accompany the priceless cargoes of white hides northward.

"When they reached the point where Pine Creek sank out of sight in the thicket, and the guide observed the notched pines, his bosom heaved with pride. It was the high water mark of his existence. The exploring party followed as he plowed his way through the tangle of rhododendrons and grape vines, past the blazed bushes, to the cleft which was the entrance to the underground wonderland. In he boldly plunged, followed by the sturdy band of killers and skimmers, traveling, of course, single file.

"All went well until they emerged from the narrow passage into the great subterranean amphitheatre. It was inky black; not a man in the party could see his hand before his face. The guide had promised that they could see perfectly: what was this hoax? Luckily one of the party was able to strike a flint, which for a moment gave a splendid view of the vast chamber. It was big enough, but not a single white animal or bird was to be seen, either on the roof or on the ground. A loud howl of disgust went up from the

Indian band. Probably they had been fooled before, like most humans.

"The guide protested that the white creatures were probably to be found in an adjoining apartment, and, to please him, several of the party returned to the open air, coming back with flaming torches. The atmosphere was not very propitious for keeping them lighted, but a pretty thorough examination of the vault and all outlying chambers was made. The guide was taunted and insulted, but he protested that he had made a mistake of some kind. His life was spared because the disappointed hunters believed that he was telling the truth.

"It was a dejected and doleful party that was ushered into the presence of the august monarch a few days later. As usual his majesty flew into a passion when he learned of the expedition's ill success, but to the surprise of all, he sentenced the guide to the study of the mystical sciences instead of to be burned at the stake, as every one had feared.

"It was close, confining, toilsome work to a warm-blooded young hunter, but he eventually learned to concentrate his mind and became a master of sooth-saying, divining and the Black Arts. Though he never got up the courage to revisit the subterranean vault on Pine Creek and see the myriads of white animals and birds which he confidentially believed were there, he always gave his experience there as his explanation of the numbers of albino deer, bears and

wolves which were brought in by the huntsmen from time to time. Personally, I believe that the entrance to this mysterious cavern is through the Stover cave."

There was an exclamation of enjoyment and appreciation from the entire assembled household when the narrative was finished. The old man chuckled, rubbing his hands together, evidently pleased with its reception. Then he sat silently gazing into the declining fire. There was a long silence; then the Dutch woman yawned and said:

"We'll all dream about white wolves tonight."

Meanwhile her husband was trimming and lighting a number of tallow candles which stood on the cupboard; it was a gentle reminder for all to retire. Soon after they had gone upstairs to the cold bedrooms, and the house was still the tall family clock in the corner of the kitchen opposite the cupboard struck twelve in its slow and mournful way. The cold starlight shone in through the windows on the gleaming carcass of the white wolf, lying there so still on the hearth stone that he could scarce be told from the big watchdog sleeping nearby, except for the phosphorescent glow on his coat which perhaps betokened his subterranean origin, or his close association with the frigid stars when from the topmost pinnacle of some lonesome knob he bayed the night through, yelping and yowling at the imperturbable moon above the Endless Mountains. Wretched, misunderstood, persecuted symbol of all that is boldest and bravest, the spiritual element of the wilderness, was he not the faded shadow of

things primeval, things primordial, which also have gone, only to be replaced by the charred stump, the shrunken stream, the treeless mountains, the songless waste and desolation untold? Give us back our wolf days in Pennsylvania, even the ghostly white wolf; better by far were those days compared to the selfish materialism of the present.





XX. EAGLE ROCK.

ACROSS a deep, dark ravine, the precipitous sides of which are barren except for a few stunted and gnarled Jack pines, the Eagle Rock stares at its fellow pinnacle, the Cornplanter Rock.

In Cornplanter's time, a pair of golden eagles nested on the rock which bears their name, unmolested by the kindly and kingly redman, who only killed for food or raiment, and never for sheer wantonness or sport. For a century their nesting has been but a memory, as the nest was destroyed and the eagles killed not long after the close of the second war with Great Britain. No other pair of golden eagles has ever attempted to settle on the rock; in fact, most naturalists aver that *aquila chrysaetos* does not breed as far south as Pennsylvania. Probably on account of the rarity of the bird, it has not bred within the borders of the Commonwealth, in many years, but when the species was abundant, there were doubtless cases where it chose a southerly breeding ground.

In the air, or at rest on a high crag, the golden eagle is at all times a more imposing looking bird than its relative, the bald eagle, chosen as the Bird of Freedom of our great Land of Liberty. In habits, frequenting the most inaccessible cliffs, it is more emblematic of freedom and wide expanses than the tree-nesting, white-headed eagle. Of late the golden eagle

has come to its own on the gold coins of our country, where its legs, feathered to the toes in contradistinction to the bare legs of the bald eagle, prove its identity for all time. Almost extinct in all parts of the United States because of relentless persecution by hunters and frequently caught in traps intended for wild animals and poisoned by eating strychnine-loaded carcasses "laid out" for wolves, only a reduced number of pairs remain unmolested in the wilds of Canada to carry on the proud race.

There is something thrilling and inspiring in the sight of a golden eagle soaring high above the mountains. There is majesty in its flight that is approached by no other American bird. It is as the poet has said:

"He clasps the crag with hooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands."

Occasionally this superb king of birds visits the Pennsylvania highlands, but it is allowed no peace by the rapacious hunters who covet him to sell to taxidermists, who do a thriving business supplying lodge rooms. He is especially persecuted at the Otzimaehson Deer Park, in Clinton County, where three have been taken in the past fifteen years. If ever a bird deserved absolute protection, it is the golden eagle, if only to raise the aesthetic standard of existence among the American people. No wonder that the Duke of Argyll and Lord Breadalbane instituted the protection of the golden eagles on their Scottish estates, as carrying out to the fullest extent the harmony of nature.

The last time that the writer of these lines saw a pair of golden eagles in Pennsylvania was in the Seven Mountains, near the Mifflin-Centre County line, in the early summer of 1906. The writer was on horse-back, on his gallant coalblack entire Bonnie Dundee, hurrying to Decker Valley one afternoon ahead of a storm. Out of a thicket of scarlet oaks, a pair of golden eagles suddenly arose, flying in front of the splendid horse's face, with an awful roar of pinions, and rising straight towards the heavens, as if shot out from a catapult. Higher and higher they rose, until away up against the vast gray canopy they began slowly moving in wide spirals, gradually soaring higher and higher, until with conscious majesty they pierced the storm clouds and disappeared through them into the fresh, pure ether of the dome beyond, within the eyes of heaven.

Among the Indians the golden eagle was held in greater reverence than the bald eagle. It was unthinkable to desire the death of the noble bird which they likened in latent powers to the Phoenix of mythology. They believed that it possessed the power to triumph over death, and that it would not allow its lifeless body to remain in the hands of the hunter. They warned the pot-hunters who nailed the limp remains to barn doors, that the familiar spirit of the eagles would petition the Storm God to smite the structure with lightning and carry away the defiled body in the whirl of the tempest. Those who mounted the remains were warned that storms and floods would

assail the house where the effigies were kept, overturning them, if necessary, to release the glass-eyed manikins into the gloom of the gale. But the white hunters were not to be daunted by these whisperings of the red men. They chose to pursue an opposite course just to show their contempt for this well-meant advice.

Many were the cases where mishaps attended the possessors of stuffed golden eagles, and to buildings where they were kept, as if the angered Eidolons of the murdered birds were bound to carry them away to celestial eyries, but these events meant nothing to the hardened backwoods farmers. Thus did the noble race of birds decrease in numbers until they forsook Pennsylvania altogether as a breeding ground, only coming here when winters in the North were unusually severe, and tarrying only when they felt that they were safe in some particularly remote mountain top. It was hard to be secure very long, as the hunters penetrated everywhere on their bloody errands, killing sometimes one out of a pair, which was tantamount to killing both, as the bereaved bird, with a steadfastness that might well be imitated by the human family, never chooses a second mate.

The golden eagles being long-lived birds, their periods of widower or widowhood often lasted over fifty years—the bald eagle has the identical steadfastness, and the same can be said of most of the raptorial birds of the world—-notably the grandest of them all, the Lammergeier of the Alps. The last of that species

in Valais was deprived of its mate by a *chasseur* in 1862, and lived among its favorite *aiguilles* of the Lotcherthal until 1887, when it died from eating a poisoned fox, when it might have found a new mate by soaring over the Divide into Italy.

Dr. Kalbfus, the sagacious Pennsylvania State Game Protector, tells of a pair of bald eagles which inhabited a large white oak on an island in the Susquehanna below Sunbury. One was shot by a man from Selinsgrove in 1867; in 1916 the survivor was still noted about its familiar haunts, being observed at close range that spring while hunting mice in the slough by the eloquent Rev. B. H. Hart, of Williamsport.

One of the first settlers in the vicinity of the Eagle Rock was Adam Kriegbaum, who moved into that wild region during the first decade of the nineteenth century. He came from the mouth of Wolf Run, where he had been a tenant farmer. He was originally from Lancaster County, but migrated to the Muncy Valley at the close of the Revolutionary War. Soon after his arrival he was annoyed at the sight of a pair of golden eagles circling high in the air above his barn. At first he had thought that they were turkey vultures, which birds were and are still very common in Lancaster County, despite a less tolerant attitude than existed toward them formerly. Until a few years ago the turkey vulture, generally called the "buzzard," was protected by law in Pennsylvania. It deserved the protection, as it was a tireless and useful scav-

enger. Then some malicious persons started the story that it was responsible for the spread of hog cholera; a hue and cry was raised against it with the solons at Harrisburg, and in the face of positive evidence from the United States Department of Agriculture, the protection was removed and the majestic vulture became the legal target for every "gull-plugger."

The persecution became so intense that the poor birds were forced to abandon their favored haunts among the agricultural regions and hide themselves to the unfrequented mountains in the northern and central parts of the Commonwealth. There they nest in caves and enjoy a certain amount of comfort except when molested by curiosity-laden huckleberry pickers. It is a grand sight to watch these noble birds drying their broad wings on the topmost branch of a dead pine on the summit of some dizzy mountain after a shower. They have added materially to the mountain scenery, so lifeless since the destruction of the eagles and most of the larger hawks by ignorance and rapacity of the present generation. They are missed by nature lovers in the eastern counties, especially about the Blue Mountains, the South Mountains, and the Welsh Mountains. They nested near the summit of the Pinnacle, the highest point in the Blue Mountains in Berks County, where their constant wheeling and circling about the old pines, which grow like a fringe of black hair about the bald crest, created the same impression as eagles, and could be justly called

"Berks County eagles." Adam Kriegbaum did not like the eagles soaring over his farm, and was more disturbed when he learned that they maintained an eyrie on the great rocky cliff that towered above his back pastures. Why had his predecessor, Silas McCracken, permitted such a menace to exist? Did not eagles carry away lambs, young pigs and sometimes children?

Adam was a good shot, and when he could spare the time indulged in considerable hunting. In order to slay the eagles, he carried his rifle with him to the barn and to the fields. It caused a lot of inconvenience to do so, but with his characteristic Dutch stubbornness, he was determined that those eagles must die. Meanwhile no depredations occurred among his lambs, except when a neighbor's brace of hounds got into his fold one night and destroyed an entire year's increase and most of his breeding sheep as well. Hog cholera carried off some of his pigs. His children seemed comfortable and happy, yet, like most pioneers, his obsession to destroy the lordly and unoffending eagles grew stronger each day.

One noontime in the early spring he was at Muncy Town and stopped to take his "bitters" at the Elk Horn Tavern, a celebrated resort for raftsmen. The barroom was filled with pilots and other husky specimens from the river, quite a few of them being Indians. In the crowd he became acquainted with "Billy" Green, a redman well known on the river, and said to be the Green who married Mary Jemison's

daughter, Nancy. The subject of conversation happened to be Catherine Montour and her town which had once stood at the mouth of Loyalsock. Incidentally, Kriegbaum told where he resided, which interested the Indian raconteur very much.

"You live on old McCracken place?" he said. "I know that place well—once a great Indian headquarters. Two big rocks, hundreds of feet high, just behind the barn. One Cornplanter's Rock, other Eagle Rock."

At the mention of the word "eagle" Kriegbaum gritted his store teeth. Continuing the Indian said: "Catharine Montour was there in camp with her father and mother when she was a little girl. Old people go off to fish, eagle come down, carry child to nest. Folks come home just in time to see her high in air. Father great climber, scales rocks, gets little girl unhurt and brings her home safe and sound."

"Did he kill the eagles?" queried Kriegbaum.

"Of course not. Why should he?" said Green. "Indian people take it good omen to be carried up in air by eagle; sign of future greatness; and was not Catharine Montour greatest Indian woman of her time?"

Several drinks were pressed on the redman on the strength of his narrative, but Kriegbaum slipped away muttering: "If Indians were such fools as not to kill those eagles, I will do it for them." And he swore a string of oaths as he climbed into his wagon. That night, being talkative as the result of his "bitters," he

related the story of the eagle carrying away the little girl, at the supper table.

The good wife became aroused. "Adam," she said, pounding her ample fists on the table so that the coffee cups rattled, "unless you show some spunk and kill those eagles, I will leave you and take the children back to Lancaster, where it is safe."

This was too much for the Dutchman. The thought of losing his housekeeper and wife was too much to be endured. He declared that he would postpone his spring farm work and do nothing else until the eagles were slain. He was secretly glad for an excuse to put off his arduous labors. He had not known what a vacation was in his entire life. He found that it was hard to put his promise into execution. The eagles were wary; they had been shot at many times; it soon resolved itself into a point that he would have to camp on the rock where they nested or abandon the chase altogether. He conferred with his "woman," and she agreed with him that he had better camp on the rock, and not let the time he had spent fruitlessly be wasted. His spring plowing was already a fortnight behind on account of those eagles; he must bring the matter to a head somehow. He built a little lean-to of pine boughs in a concealed spot on the top of the cliff. It was bitterly cold and uncomfortable, but he was determined to "see it through."

He noticed the birds on many occasions, but they were always beyond his range. He pondered and planned, hour after hour, how to get at them, every

now and then casting furtive glances at his fields in the valley below, which needed plowing so badly. At length he hit upon a scheme. It involved some hardship, but he had become desperate. He would lay on the ledge that overhung the cleft in which the nest was located, coming there at midnight and lying perfectly still until the birds emerged at dawn, when he would bring them down with his double-barrel. He covered his back with shaggy pine boughs, and crept on hands and knees along the cold rocks to the very end of the ledge. Lying on his stomach, with his rifle beneath him, he struggled to keep awake until daylight. It was difficult not to doze, but if he did he feared he would roll off the rock and land a shapeless mass on the fields which so badly needed his attention.

His stubbornness triumphed; he remained awake until dawn, when he heard a scraping and squeaking in the cleft beneath; the kingly birds were getting ready for their morning flight. The Dutchman had the rifle ready. It seemed ages until the first bird shot out of the nest, overjoyed to greet the highland morning. The valley beneath was sheathed in mist, but the air of the mountain top was sweet and clear. What a joy to try those wings! Out the eagle sailed, unconscious of all danger. There was a crash, and, pierced by a rifle ball, the huge bird fell down, down, down, a thousand feet, landing a crumpled mass in the top of a tall walnut tree. The mate was so close behind that she could not stop her momentum. Out she rushed, only to be shot clean through, and tumble

down over her dead companion, eventually dangling by one claw from the crotch of the same walnut tree.

Adam Kriegbaum's strategy had been successful. He rose up on the rock, waving his rifle and dancing and shouting like a madman. He imagined that he had performed a great public service in destroying the eagles, whereas he had wiped out the most picturesque feature of the region, and the most potent foe of the rabbits, rodents and snakes which were the bane of his farming efforts. Before returning to his home, he sought out the big walnut tree and rescued the two dead eagles. Then, dragging them by the wings, he strode across the fields and into his kitchen with much the mein of a conquering hero. He was feasted and praised by his wife and children until he imagined that the entire county should know of his achievement.

Instead of going to the fields and starting to plow, he harnessed his ox-team in the wagon and drove to Muncy Town, a distance of nearly twenty miles. It was almost evening when he drew up in front of the Elk Horn Tavern. He scrambled out with his trophies, which he proudly carried into the bar-room. A big crowd immediately congregated, and a measuring of the wings commenced. The male bird measured eight feet from tip to tip, the female slightly larger. It was a gala night for Adam Kriegbaum, and he consumed many glasses of "bitters" as it progressed. Before it was ended he had a quarrel with another Dutchman, who had once killed a Great Blue Heron,

or "Gaudersnipe," as to which was the larger bird, and, despite his liberal patronage, the landlord came near putting him out of the hotel.

Among the villagers attracted by the presence of the eagle-slayer and his victim was a little Quaker from Montgomery County, a weazened-up old man, who sometimes earned a little extra money as a bird-stuffer; he was a chair-caner by occupation. He offered to mount both birds in life-like positions for five dollars, a large sum in those days, but Kriegbaum would have paid anything to immortalize his prowess as a Nimrod. A bargain was struck and the little Quaker disappeared with the dead eagles. The landlord put Kriegbaum to bed, beastly and hopelessly drunk. By the next afternoon he was able to start homewards, where, after his arrival, he became very ill, and as a result his crops got in the ground too late to be of much value; he lost an entire season by his eagle hunt. He was in Muncy Town on the Fourth of July, and, meeting the Quaker in front of the hotel, learned that the eagles were stuffed and ready for delivery. He proudly waited until they were brought to him, when he paid over the money and set the birds on the seat of the wagon for the holiday throngs to marvel at, while he went to the bar-room for some more "bitters." The pride of possession of the eagles was so great that he did not imbibe too freely on this occasion—he was able to get home the same night, and would not go to bed until the birds were placed on a table by the front window, where all passing

along the road—about one stranger every two weeks on an average—could see and wonder.

The next day he should have been in his hayfield, but he spent most of the time running in from the barn to admire the stuffed eagles. Judged by modern standards of taxidermy, they were probably ludicrous-looking specimens that would have made Eldon weep, with their lop-sided appearance and shoe-buttons for eyes, but Adam Kriegbaum was more than satisfied; he was elated. If there had been more eagles in the vicinity, doubtless he would have abandoned farming to kill them. As it was, he talked of going "up country" in the fall on an eagle hunt. Late in the afternoon the sky became very dark, but when the Kriegbaum family retired for the night the storm had not materialized. The last thing that the Nimrod did was to bolt the window in front of the stuffed birds, but he left the curtain up—probably so that wandering ghosts could admire the spectacle. Close to midnight the storm burst. It seemed as if the thunder and lightning would rip down the Cornplanter Rock and the Eagle Rock and precipitate them on the farmhouse. Kriegbaum sprang out of bed to close the windows, but he did not go down stairs, because he knew that he had locked the window where the eagles were exhibited. He got back into bed, but he could not sleep for the fury of the storm. Amid all the wierd sounds he heard a mysterious pounding on the panes of the front window, as if the casement would give way. He

stood it as long as he could, then started down stairs with a lighted tallow-dip. As he neared the last step there was a crash and a sudden gust of wind extinguished the candle, and he fell on his face in the darkness. He scrambled up as best he could, cursing and swearing. As he neared the front window he could hear something like the flapping of wings. Were those stuffed eagles taking on life? The air was cold and raw, very unusual for a night in July. When he was within a few feet of the table on which the birds had rested, he could see a great black object swaying and unfurling its sable wings, seemingly encircling the stuffed birds. It seemed to wrap them in an inky mantle and then merged into a vast, black, formless mass, swept out into the raging tempest.

Kriegbaum, overcome with terror, ran forward, bumped into the table, ran around it, and out into the storm through the empty casement. His wife found him the next morning wandering aimlessly along Beaver Dam Creek, muttering to himself. She led him home, where he was unwilling to give an account of what had happened. The window had been lifted out of the its frame and lay in the middle of the high-road, with all the panes broken; the stuffed eagles were gone. When he would talk, Kriegbaum preferred to give this version of the catastrophe: Some of the bar-room loafers who had admired the stuffed eagles had taken advantage of the storm to sneak out and steal them. He would find the thieves and have them punished just as he had fol-

lowed the eagles until he killed them. He never did find the thieves, nor is there much evidence that he tried very hard. In reality, the Indian belief was probably verified—the Eidolon of the slain birds, faithful unto death, had swept out of the mountain fastnesses in the storm and borne them to some aquiline Valhalla.

"Never mind," Kriegbaum's wife would always say; "more eagles will come on the Rock, and you will shoot them." But no eagles, golden or bald, ever did return, though the vicissitudes of a century have passed. The Eagle Rock and the Cornplanter Rock, staring at each other, tell no tales, though at night, when the torrent which issues from the ravine between them speaks more loudly, it may repeat to the foam and the spray and the wavelets the secrets of the bold spirits, human and winged, who dwelt on these rocks in the wild days of the past.



XXII. THE SUMMONS.

IT WAS New Year's Eve at the white pine camp in the Fishing Creek Gorge, below the Long Pond, now called Ganoga Lake. A dance was to be given at the quaint old Short Mountain Hotel at Orangeville, which induced one of the teamsters to organize a sledding party to attend. The invitation, extended to all, met with an almost unanimous acceptance, all except the camp boss, Jake Van Etten, who felt that some one should remain and guard the premises on such a festive night.

If there was to be a dearth of fiddlers at Orangeville, the lack would be made up by the medley of musicians who were sprinkled through the loggers who crowded into the box of the big bob sleds. There was Adam Crispin, who played the dulcimer, that unique, old-fashioned instrument that has almost disappeared from the Pennsylvania Mountains, but survives in remote districts of the highlands of Kentucky and Tennessee; Rube McCormick, a Sugar Valley Dutchman with an Irish name, who played a primitive accordeon; Isaac Kline, a popular performer on the flute; Azariah Van Camp, who was a proficient performer on the violin, his "fiddle" having a date on it preceding the Revolution; Vincent Hogarth, from McKean County, who played the violin, the lute and the Jew's-harp, as well as a half dozen others who had

good voices, possessing quite a repertoire of the old songs of the lumber camps and pioneer days.

Jake Van Etten was fond of music, but could play no instrument himself; neither was he much of a singer, and he had been hoping that some of the jolly crew would remain to furnish a little entertainment in the last hours of the old year.

It was a primitive day in the North Mountain wilderness, half a dozen years before the outbreak of the Civil War. Very little of the timber, except the very choicest of the white pine, had begun to be removed, and even that was being taken out slowly and with the greatest of difficulties. The logs had to be hauled from ten to twenty miles on sleds to the saw-mills, or were floated on the lower reaches of Fishing Creek to the Big Flats, where they were made into rafts and sent down the river to Marietta. The choicest white pine only brought a pittance, much less than cull hemlock does today, and after all the charges were paid, there was hardly more than a day's wages in it for the operators. A few years later, during the panic of 1857, it became practically unsaleable.

Lumbering was carried on on a very small scale; it was before the days of Arlo Pardee and other captains of the lumber industry. The owners of the pineries were compelled to take out the timber to pay the taxes, even if there was little in it; stern necessity forced ahead the demolition of the forests. While most of the white pine from the North Mountains was removed within ten years after the close of the Civil War, some

patches remained in inaccessible gorges and drafts, or where the tracts were too small to warrant operating by the first generations of lumbermen.

Oscar Huff, now watchman at the White Deer Reservoir, in Union County, who worked in the lumber camps in the North Mountains for twenty years, tells of a small stand of virgin white pines in a glen in the vicinity of Hughesville, where there was a large number of unusually big trees. There were a dozen trees that yielded sticks over one hundred feet in length; one stem was one hundred and twenty feet in length, with a fourteen-inch measurement at the small end.

Most of the fortunes made in the forests of the North Mountain were secured from the hemlock and hardwood. The industry assumed imposing proportions a dozen years ago. Every mountain gorge was penetrated by a log railway, and no tract was too small or too remote for the modern system of lumbering. Formerly the farmer boys made their winter expenses by cutting a few logs and sledding them to mill, but with the era of the log railroads, the forests were cleaned out rapidly, sparing not even the farmer's woodlots.

After the timber was gone the farmer boys could hardly afford to remain with the old folks after the fall work was done, leaving for the car works at Berwick and Milton, the hard coal mines around Hazleton, or the Pennsylvania or the Lackawanna Railroads, or the S. B. & B., "The Weak and Weary." The good pay and steady work appealed to the young

agriculturists, with the result that few felt inclined to succeed their elders on the farms. Consequently the narrow valleys of the North Mountains are gradually losing their sturdy, industrious population and the wilderness is coming to its own again. If only the forest fires could be eliminated, the hillsides would lose their brown, dreary look and re-forest with the rich and varied foliage of other days.

It would be a long, dreary evening for Jake Van Eiten. He was unmarried and felt himself beyond the age when he could interest the girls. He was a staid, serious man at forty, with a clean-shaven upper lip and a coal-black beard that reached almost to his waist, shaped in the latest style by the leading hair-dresser of Wilkes-Barre. He was not fond of reading, but if he had been he would have had to search a long while in the camp for anything more literary than the Lancaster Almanac of the year before. He never smoked, and on occasions like this probably missed the companionship of a pipe. He liked music, but neither played nor sung, hence was dependent on others for that diversion. He would be restless on a night like this, with the wind blowing a gale down the gorge from the frozen north. He could whittle a little – it was a popular pastime of statesmen and generals in those days – so he found a nice piece of white pine in the wood box and, seated on a home-made chair, he took out his case-knife and began shaving, shaving, throwing the long, smooth strips into the firebox of the ten-plate stove before him. He let the candle blow

out; he felt too inert to get up and light it again; there was enough ruddy light coming out of the stove to reveal the four corners of the lobby.

A bench ran along three sides of the wall, where the crew sat on stormy nights; there was a square table in one corner, where some of the men who had no church affiliations played cards; the chair on which he sat belonged to the card-playing outfit. There was the stove, the wood-box, and outside of that nothing worthy of mention in the cheerless apartment.

Van Etten sat very still. When he moved from the chair to throw more wood in the fire-box the floor creaked, as the boards were loosely set. Outside the gale was increasing in fury, the sleet was beating against the window panes, the door of the horse stable kept banging open and shut in the wind, but he was too comfortable whittling to go out and prop it shut. His mind wandered back over many incidents of his life. He recalled the days when he gathered ginseng, or "sang," as he called it, and his joy at finding a perfect "man root." It had lumpy protuberances just below the stalk line like a head and arms and legs.

"It will be bought by the Emperor of China," said the old man in the store at White Hall, who gave him a winter overcoat in exchange for it.

He thought of the superstitions connected with the ginseng, especially the man-root. It was said to grow from ground where a dead person had laid, or a deed of violence committed. It was said to spring up under the trees where the Indians were hanged to be riddled

with bullets by the whites. The man-root, when first extracted from the ground, always had a dusky, copperly hue, very like the skin of an Indian. As a very small child he had been unusually fortunate in finding four-leaf clovers; his older brothers predicted that he would find the man-root, and this prediction soon came true. He had tried the cultivation of the "sang," but never could grow a perfectly formed man-root; no one could unless the garden was planted in an unused cemetery, where it could be nourished by the dead.

From cemeteries his mind drifted to ghosts and supernatural occurrences in general. He had heard that the old Indian Path down Fishing Creek was haunted; that the ghosts which lingered along it were the souls of Indians who had never performed any deeds of valor.

"The lonely forms of men inhabit there; impassive semblances, images of air," so says the Odessey. Were there such things as ghosts? He for one confessed that he had never seen anything that remotely resembled one. Perhaps he was spiritually blind and could not penetrate the veil. The old-time religion, as he called it, was good enough for him; there would be spirits and angels enough if he could enter Glory. They were out of place in a world where there was so much hard work to do. But there ought to be a night side of life. It would be a lop-sided world where every one slept at night and nothing moved about except wolves and panthers and owls. Why did cer-

tain people see ghosts and not others? Perhaps it was the same with some people admiring beautiful scenery when others could not.

When he worked for the wealthy lumberman, William E. Dodge, of New York, he was often amazed to see him stand watching the sunsets behind Mount Pipsisseway from the steps of Phelps' Chapel, and listening to the songs of the warblers along the Tiadaghton, in company with his partner, Atterbury, and his superintendent, Campbell. They were strange men, these lovers of nature. Personally, he could see nothing in a sunset. A bird song was nice enough, but too common; and as for a tree, there was no beauty in it, except the number of feet board measure that it contained. Dodge was of a religious nature and saw beauty in everything; Van Etten saw beauty in nothing, consequently there must be that amount of difference between the seer of ghosts and those who could see them not.

He had heard many strange stories from the old people. Every one believed in ghosts when he was a boy, but nowadays fewer shared the belief, or perhaps they were ashamed to tell it if they did. Religious people kept their thoughts more to themselves than they did in the past, but infidels were getting more outspoken.

One of the last Indians in the North Mountains had lived on the West Branch of Fishing Creek, not far from Elk Grove, all by himself, dying at a very advanced age. The story went the rounds that this In-

dian had been accused of murdering a farmer with whom he lived on the banks of the Swatara. There was no direct evidence, and he was let go. He protested his innocence, feeling the accusation keenly, and in despair left the country and settled in the North Mountain. He was an expert hunter and trapper, and sold enough hides during the winter to support himself all the year. He had a tiny garden, and tried to raise a few stalks of tobacco. When he died his mountaineer neighbors gave him a decent burial in a little graveyard at the forks of the North and West branches of the creek. As the body was being carried out of the cabin, a strange, shaggy dog, more like a wolf than a tame canine, appeared in the road and followed the wagon containing the corpse all the way to the cemetery. The mourners tried to drive it away, shouting and throwing stones at it. One of them would have shot it only the lay preacher who accompanied the cortege declared it would be sinful to fire off a gun at a funeral. The dog hung around the grave for days, then disappeared.

Some time afterward it was learned that the real murderer of the farmer on the Swatara was a white farm-hand, who confessed on his deathbed at Messmerstown. It was the farm-hand's ghost in the form of a dog that had followed the Indian's body, unable to speak and clear the dead man's memory. If it could have spoken it would have vanished instantly.

The old Indian had a few legends to tell himself. One was of a wicked white man who murdered a red-

man who lived with his only daughter on the banks of the Nordkill, and cajoling the lonely girl that her father had run away, induced her to marry him. Once when crossing the Blue Mountain above Seyfert's Mill, the white man and his bride were surprised to see the figure of the Indian father standing by the trail. The girl had believed that her parent had deserted her, but as he stood there he held his left hand over his heart, from which a stream of blood was pouring. The girl looked accusingly at her husband, who started to run, but after taking a few steps fell dead, his body turning as black as a Negro within a few minutes.

Van Etten's thoughts then took another turn. The scene was at the Phelps-Dodge Mills, at the mouth of Tiadaghton, of the Indian camp ground on the East bank of that stream, of Old Nichols, the purblind Seneca, and his daughters, Shawana and Iona. Shawana was only fifteen years old when he saw her last, but she was the most beautiful girl that he had ever seen, Indian or Caucasian. If he had ever wanted to marry any one, it would be Shawana. He recalled how jealous he was of young Jack Knepley, son of the mail carrier on the Coudersport Pike. He had planned to go back just to see her that year, but before he could do so he learned that the slender, Oreadelike child had been carried off by an attack of virulent pneumonia, and been buried by the roadside of Nichols' Run, near the Indian Spring—the last Indian to die in the West Branch Valley. Indian children and young

people were always buried beside paths or roads, so that women in passing might receive their souls.

Lovely Shawana! If he had married her she might be alive tonight. He would have her long, ivory-like face, with its almond-shaped, dark eyes, to look into instead of the fiery glow in the stove. If he had the power to see ghosts, would that hers could appear to him. He remembered a story Old Nichols had told him of a hunter who was out in the North Mountain one Christmas morning and saw a group of deer lying in the snow in the form of a cross. They looked so beautiful he never killed a wild animal after that. It was a pity that some of the hunters who brought sled loads of deer into Milton, Bloomsburg and Berwick every winter could not have similar experiences. But then some are seers and others are not.

Fiercer and fiercer blew the gale. The whole flimsily-built camp structure shook like a tent, driving any sequence of thought into a jumble of unformed ideas; it was better to keep throwing chunks of wood into the fire and whittling than to dream. Van Etten looked at his big silver watch. It was within a few minutes of twelve. A new year would soon be born. What would it bring? He had been so occupied with his review of his impressions and experiences that he had almost forgotten to make any resolves for the new-born year. But the howl of the winds, which now seemed to be coming from all directions and meeting in relentless conflict above the camp, still drove any definite plans for the future from his heart.

The boys down at Orangeville ought to soon be getting ready to start homeward. They probably were having a royal time with so many musicians and musical instruments; he always liked to hear the strange old dulcimer; it brought back memories of his earliest boyhood, when "Thad" McHenry used to come on wintry nights and play it by the big fireplace at the old homestead on Huntington Creek, where he was raised. He remembered the old hunter well; his rather high-pitched tenor voice, whose life contained but two interests—music and the chase. The old race of hunters was given to poetry and song; there was beauty in their lives. Close association with high mountains, dark forests and vast solitudes was bound to influence them deeply, so that every hunter was a singer of ballads or played on some musical instrument. Were not Bill Long, Mike Long, Seth Fredell Nelson and the McHenrys, the greatest Pennsylvania hunters of their day and generation, noted in a dozen counties for their wizardly skill with the violin? It was as the Scotch writer said:

"From the loneliness of the watch, to pass the time, every hunter became a poet."

Van Etten had ceased to muse of the events of his life, his head swayed, but every moment he pulled himself together, sitting bolt upright in the rude chair to prove to himself that he was wide awake. It must soon be time for the New Year celebrators to return. Then, in the stillness, for the gale had died down for the moment, he heard some one in the adjoining room,

the bunk room, call his name, softly yet distinctly, "Jacob."

He was now genuinely wide awake. He was sure that every one in the camp excepting himself had gone off in the big sled party. Even Abner Yarnell, who was suffering from a heavy cold earlier in the day, had gone. He was certain that he had seen him climbing into the sled beside the driver. He found the candle, and, lighting it, walked boldly to the bunk room. The candle light illuminated the room sufficiently to show that no one was there. But to make doubly sure, he walked up and down the aisles, throwing the light into the bunks, and lifting every hap that was lying in such a manner as might conceal a human being. It was very peculiar—he must have been dreaming.

He returned to the lobby, put the candle on the card table, and again sat down in front of the stove, resting his feet on the fender. He had not time to fall asleep until he heard the same clear voice from the bunk room calling "Jacob." He again took the candle and started on a tour of investigation. He scrutinized every nook and corner of the bunk room, even more carefully than before, then went to the kitchen and to the kitchen porch. No one could be found. Strong man that he was, he felt a trifle queer when he returned to the cheerless lobby.

He sat down again, trying to think of pleasant things, of a glad New Year, with many good resolutions. For the third time he heard his name called—"Jacob."

"How dumb of me," he said aloud. "That voice is outside. Some one from the mountain, probably from celebrating too much, is staggering about in the snow and may be frozen to death. But it sounded as if it came from the bunk room, just the same."

After a moment's hesitation, when he stood by the bunk room door, candle in hand, he put down the light, and, taking his coonskin cap from the rack of stag horns by the main entrance, he started to open the doors. What an awful storm it was, a perfect hail of snow and sleet blew into his face and held the frames open despite his efforts. As he emerged he heard an awful roar on the mountain above. What was wrong? He hurried down the road, calling, "Who's there? Who's there?" but his voice was drowned in the roar of the storm. He turned and started for the stables. Perhaps the wanderer had sought refuge there. He could hardly walk, the snow was so deep and sleet blew so violently into his face.

Then he heard an even more terrific roar, like the explosion of a whole park of artillery, followed by a reverberation as if the entire North Mountain was falling down. He stood still up to his knees in snow, trying to gather together his senses and explain the phenomena.

It was a landslide, sure enough. Coming down the steep face of the mountain back of the camp was a vast aggregation of original pines, roots and all, huge rocks, soil and other debris. Clear from the mountain top it came, quicker than it takes to pen these lines,

and with a roar that must leave an echo still in the upper glen of Fishing Creek.

Van Etten, from where he stood, knew that the camp was engulfed in the avalanche, and a good-sized hill appeared where the public road had been. It was a long time before the cracking and crunching of stones and the smashing and ripping of roots finally subsided and the great mass lapsed into a state of equilibrium. The snow kept falling fast, making the newly-formed mound into a tabernacle of fleecy whiteness. He was almost frozen; he felt that he must keep moving, so he started down the road in the direction from which the merry-makers must soon be coming. It was hard to hear sounds in such a tempest, but he soon made out the distant and frantic jingling of sleigh bells. It was not long until he could discern the big gray horses galloping forward, the great sled swinging from side to side.

He stood in the middle of the road, and the driver, thinking he was a ghost, made no effort to stop the team, had not Abner Yarnell recognized him, and, grabbing the reins, pulled them to a sudden halt. The men jumped out and crowded around him.

"What has happened?" they inquired eagerly.

"An old-fashioned landslide buried the camp," was the reply.

"How did you get here?" they queried, all speaking at once.

"I may have been dreaming," he answered. "I was sitting in the lobby, when I heard a voice calling my

name. It called three different times. I answered the summons by looking in the bunk room the first time, nobody was there; in the bunk room, the kitchen and the back porch the second time, nobody; the third time I went out of doors just in time to hear the awful thing coming down the mountain; there is a hill as big as one of the bluffs at Berwick where the public road used to be, and the camps are buried under it."

Then the men told how they had heard the terrific roar—it sounded like a landslide—when they were just turning the corner at the forks of the West and North branches. They had whipped up the horses, endeavoring to get to the scene quickly through the snow drifts.

"Poor Jake Van Etten!" they kept saying. "If that landslide hits the camp, he's a goner; it will get him in his bunk."

"I would have been, sure enough," he replied, with a grim smile, "only I got to thinking about many things as I sat by the stove—ghosts and such like—and it kept me from falling asleep."

"I wonder who could have given that summons," said Adam Crispin, as he tried to protect his precious dulcimer from the sleet by shoving it under the cape of his buffalo coat.

"It might have been that wild man, or old man ghost that many of us think haunts the gorge. He's a kind-hearted spook, the only one of that kind I ever heard tell of."

"I'll erect a monument to him if it was," said Van Etten, his good humor tripping over the effects of the shock and the fierce force of the storm.

"All aboard," shouted the driver. "All aboard for the Short Mountain House. We'll be there in time for breakfast, and we can join in the last dance."

All the sturdy, stalwart woodsmen forgot the seriousness of the situation, and made a merry party, with sleigh bells tinkling as they plowed through the drifts towards Orangeville. Van Etten was in good spirits.

"I think I'll ask the supervisors to give me the contract to clean that mountain out of the road. I may find the fellow who warned me underneath it."

"Not if he's a spook," said Crispin.

"I'd like to grasp him by the hand, ghost or no ghost," replied Van Etten, "and thank him and wish him a 'Happy New Year.' I had about made up my mind that there were no such things as ghosts when I heard that voice for the first time, but now I am not so sure. There may be ghosts; there may be ghosts," he mused, as the sled plowed steadily onward through the falling snow towards Orangeville. "Could the voice I heard be that of Shawana, of whom I was thinking about so much tonight?"

THE END.



SHAWANA

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